# PHOTOPLAY

IL

25¢



NORMA SHEARER
By Paul Hesse

**SPRING FASHIONS FROM HOL**

**Exclusive Forecast of What the America**

**I Waited Five Years" Nelson Eddy's Own Sto** **Marriage**

**Reborn!—How GEORGE BRENT Brought New** **VIS**

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Sparkling with Stars, Gaiety, Romance and Musical Thrills!

# ICE FOLLIES OF 1939

starring JOAN CRAWFORD

with JAMES STEWART

LEW AYRES · LEWIS STONE

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture · Produced by Harry Rapf

Directed by Reinhold Schunzel

Screen Play by Leonard Praskins, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf

THE ICE BALLET in Technicolor is magnificent, featuring Skating Stars of the INTERNATIONAL ICE FOLLIES including BESS ERHARDT, ROY SHIPSTAD and EDDIE SHIPSTAD and OSCAR JOHNSON!




# The LION'S ROAR



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in American, Cosmopolitan, College Humor, McCall's, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

March comes in like a lion. (*advt.*)

★ ★ ★ ★

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

★ ★ ★ ★



He is standing on the shoulders of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.

★ ★ ★ ★

That is where Mr. Shaw says he stands. It's his way of describing the natural advantages which made him able to write his first motion picture "Pygmalion."

★ ★ ★ ★

Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have written the Shavian epitaph: Author, Critic, and Salesman.

★ ★ ★ ★

The singing West, the great outdoors, the open plain—action, action and more action . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

In other words, Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring," plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us.

★ ★ ★ ★

Soon our readers may say a gay hello to "Good-Bye Mr. Chips." Robert Donat, of Citadel fame, plays the heart-warming schoolmaster.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Wizard of Oz," now in production, will be the last word. Keep this confidential.

★ ★ ★ ★

## GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in "Huck Finn"? We now present Miss Joan Crawford. Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box W, Culver City, Cal.



Yes, Lew Ayres' appearance in Joan's skating picture is just a gay interlude. He returns to the bedside manner in "Dr. Kildare's Mistake".

★ ★ ★ ★

Johnny Weissmuller will soon appear in the newest "Tarzan" film.

★ ★ ★ ★

Oo-ee-oo-ee!

—*Leo*

# PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

**ERNEST V. HEYN**
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

**HEYWORTH CAMPBELL**
ART EDITOR

**RUTH WATERBURY**
EDITOR

On the Cover—Norma Shearer, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

## HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Vienna Farewell . . . . . Heinz Liepmann 17
*Dramatic glimpse into the past of Hedy Lamarr*

Reborn! How George Brent Brought New Faith to Bette Davis . . . . . Adele Whitely Fletcher 18
*Compelling story of a winning battle against heartache and failure*

Play Truth and Consequences with Alice Faye . . . Katharine Hartley 20
*This amusing interview makes a delectable blonde its victim*

Let's Hunt for Treasure . . . . . Errol Flynn 22
*Come share adventures, gay and exciting, with this thrill-seeker*

Glamour Girl Number 17,268 . . . . . Glamour Girl 17,268 24
*What is it really like to be on the production line to stardom?*

The Gay Romance of Cary Grant . . . . . Ruth Waterbury 26
*He's a madcap, in love with Phyllis Brooks—and vice versa*

Second Chance . . . . . Nina Wilcox Putnam 28
*The story of Marie La Tour and her comeback*

They're Talking About— . . . . . Marian Rhea 30
*Six up-and-coming players prove themselves newsworthy*

"I'll Tell You About My Marriage" . . . . . Sara Hamilton 32
*Nelson Eddy's own story—why he waited five years*

Spring Fashions from Hollywood . . . . . Gwenn Walters 57
*Exclusive forecast of what the American girl will wear*

Melvyn of the Movies . . . . . Howard Sharpe 67
*The vivid life of a rebel—Melvyn Douglas*

The Camera Speaks:—

Plenty of Umph! . . . . . 34
*A stepped-up, swing version of glamour*

"So You Want to Be a Star!" . . . . . 36
*Stunts make for stardom, as witness Norma Shearer's*

Photoplay Discovers Another New Photographer—Director Lew Landers 40
*A third exposure in this "exceptional photographers" series*

## NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

We Love 'em Natural . . . . . 42
*Candid or coy—how do you prefer them?*

Happy Birthday to You . . . . . 46
*A toast to Charlie Chaplin on his fiftieth birthday*

Boos and Bouquets . . . . . 4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures . . . . . 6
Close Ups and Long Shots . . . . . Ruth Waterbury 8
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop . . . . . Carolyn Van Wyck 12
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood . . . . . 49
The Shadow Stage . . . . . 52
We Cover the Studios . . . . . Jack Wade 54
Fashion Letter . . . . . 76
Movies in Your Home . . . . . Jack Sher 85
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood? . . . . . 92
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue . . . . . 97

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PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES *that prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*



Cary Grant, star of Columbia's "Plane No. 4," makes a voice test of his famous visitor, Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Better beware, Mr. V.—this "mike" business gets you, as witness Richard Barthelmess (top), who comes out of a very comfortable retirement to stage a comeback in this same picture

# BOOS AND Bouquets

**TOUJOURS L'AMOUR!**

THE intellectual press is hailing "Dawn Patrol" as a fine achievement because it is an indirect sermon against War. I agree. The Press also praises Warner Bros. for courage in producing a picture of men without women. They point to the box-office success of "Dawn Patrol" as an indication that the public is tired of "boy meets girl" pictures and will welcome more pictures of social significance, uncomplicated by "unimportant love stories."

Almost a thousand years ago lived a great thinker who wrote many works on logic and theology. He it was who, in an age of blind fanaticism, first preached that no belief should be compulsory unless it was first understood. Never heard of him? Yes, you did. For his name was Abelard, but the judgment of the centuries awards him an Oscar only for his love letters to Héloïse. His sermons on social significance are forgotten.

The Garden of Eden proved rather dull until God had Adam meet Eve. If Eden couldn't be run long without women, do you think Hollywood can? An occasional "Dawn Patrol" is okay. But don't make a habit of it. Love *is* important.

QUENTIN PUTNAM,
Brentwood, Maryland.

**THANKS FOR A GOOD READER**

PART of the function of a good editor is to provide a shoulder for the sobs of the world, so I know you are used to "taking it." Why, oh why, the "Unmarried" article? It was good reading surely—but what Hollywood understands and condones does not set the standards for the rest of the world.

And why not some good publicity on this John Payne boy—he can put a song over better than anyone in pictures (except Bing, of course) and we'd like to see him often.

I love Jeanette MacDonald's singing, but isn't it odd that the only song in "Sweethearts" which got enthusiastic applause, when I saw it, was the "Parade" recording song which Nelson Eddy did. I'll bet that burns up the MacDonald fans who seem to wage eternal warfare for some unknown reason with the Eddy fans. "Sweethearts" should satisfy both sides.

Thanks for a good magazine.

DOROTHY MASON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

*This seems to be Mr. Eddy's year! For illuminating copy on John Payne that you asked for—see Page 31.*

**SEE AMERICA FIRST**

THE other day Edwin C. Hill in his syndicated column, "The Human Side of the News," quoted a French explorer and anthropologist who was visiting New York and who had lived most of his life in jungle deeps as follows:

"I should like to see an equally revealing pictorial study of your quaint and indigenous tribal life." The explorer had just viewed "Dark Rapture" and had then turned his attention to American ways.

As I read this story by Mr. Hill, I recalled the film, "The Shining Hour," which had, for the most part, a Wisconsin locale. But such fleeting glimpses of Wisconsin scenery as the picture revealed could never be found in Wisconsin. The view of the inland lake, yes; but never the California mountains in the background.

So, to the question: Why not more American pictures really set in genuine American scenes? Films, many of them made in England, Ireland, Russia, Germany, often take pains to make capital of their settings, "in the Bavarian Alps," etc.

I realize, of course, that you can't go hauling a "Gunga Din" all over the face of the U. S. And that in many portions of the U. S. location work, except for winter scenes, could be done only two or three months of the year. But that could be time enough. And perhaps if you give a director a paltry few hundred thousand dollars instead of a million, he could do very well in an Iowa cornfield.

I think America would enjoy seeing itself really, not just simulated—and with those ever present California mountains in the background. And it isn't wholly incidental that it would be good for us to look at ourselves, good for California to see a few pictures of Indiana and Louisiana, good for New York to look at Wisconsin and Florida. It might help us to cling a little harder to our faith in the U. S. A. and knowing it better, love it more.

Here are a few places that would make mighty interesting locations:

Both the upper and lower valleys of the Mississippi.

The Great Lakes (You just can't make the Pacific look like Lake Michigan or Superior.)

Brown County in southern Indiana.

The Gulf of Mexico.

The Kentucky mountains.

The Ohio valley.

Michigan and Minnesota.

I suggest further the actual use of American cities, not Hollywood's idea of "typical cities"—with all their particular peculiarities: Minneapolis, Memphis, Charleston, Milwaukee and Cincinnati.

*(Continued on page 10)*

A GREAT CLASSIC COMES TO LIFE
IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR!

# SHIRLEY TEMPLE

*in* THE

# LITTLE PRINCESS





A bit of perfect casting—four sisters, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, fourteen-year-old Georgianna and Loretta Young, will be movie sisters in 20th Century-Fox's "Alexander Graham Bell"

# Brief Reviews

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

## SHADOW STAGE

THIS ISSUE


| | Page |
|---|---|
| AMBUSH—Paramount | 94 |
| BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio | 94 |
| BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio | 53 |
| BOY TROUBLE—Paramount | 94 |
| CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount | 52 |
| CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal | 94 |
| FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio | 94 |
| FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M | 53 |
| GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio | 93 |
| HONOLULU—M-G-M | 93 |
| IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M | 93 |
| KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists | 53 |
| LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M | 53 |
| LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Columbia | 94 |
| MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-U. A. | 53 |
| MIKADO, THE—Toye-Universal | 93 |
| NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners | 94 |
| ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Orlob-Paramount | 93 |
| PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount | 94 |
| PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic | 94 |
| SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal | 94 |
| STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists | 52 |
| ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount | 93 |
| TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox | 52 |
| THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—20th Century-Fox | 78 |
| WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic | 94 |
| YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners | 52 |
| YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners | 52 |


★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

### ★ ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners

Compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and a magnificent cast make this by all odds the best crime picture since "Scarface." It is the uncompromising story of two friends—one a gangster (James Cagney), the other a priest (Pat O'Brien)—and their influence for good or evil on a gang of young toughs (The "Dead-enders"). Has to be seen to be appreciated. (*Jan.*)

### ★ ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount

The 1938 edition of this yearly feature has a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep things rolling. Jack Benny is the theatrical producer who tries by hook and crook to keep his troop of beauties in Paris one jump ahead of the police. Joan Bennett, Mary Boland and the Yacht Club Boys supply the fun. (*Jan.*)

### ★ BEACHCOMBER, THE—Mayflower-Paramount

Somerset Maugham's tale of the regeneration of an English wastrel in the isles of the Pacific by a fanatical female missionary has lost none of its brilliance and laughter in the screening, nor has Charles Laughton lost any of his lustre. Add to this fine production Elsa Lanchester's acting and you have a movie masterpiece. (*March*)

### ★ BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners

You remember the excellent work done by John Garfield in "Four Daughters." This time he is the hard-hitting reporter who exposes venal prison conditions. Rosemary Lane is the policeman's sister who loves him, Victor Jory, Stanley Fields and Dick Purcell are in the cast. Packs plenty of punch. (*Feb.*)

### BLONDIE—Columbia

Beginning a series based on the comic strip followed by millions, this should be mildly important. Penny Singleton is *Blondie;* Arthur Lake, the frustrated, misunderstood husband, *Dagwood;* Larry Simms is *Baby Dumpling;* Gene Lockhart, *Dagwood's* boss. Be sure to take the kids—you'll all laugh. (*Jan.*)

### ★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

Made with fervor and frankness, this tale of three cadets at Virginia Military Academy departs from the usual style of campus drama. Wayne Morris, Eddie Albert and Ronald Reagan have three ideas—wimmen (Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryan) graduating, and winning the ball game. Everything is jake at the end. A honey. (*Jan.*)

### BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

First of another new series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as the country boy who likes to race cars, and uses the midget-motor racing field as locale. Cecilia Parker is the car manufacturer's daughter. Love shines, there is conflict with a crooked race track doctor, and Life goes on. (*March*)

### CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox

The witty Oriental detective's newest adventures deserve special mention as there is a new *Charlie Chan,* Sidney Toler. He does not copy the late Warner Oland, but the result is startlingly good. There are some pretty tough passengers on his Honolulu boat, so you'd better bring your smelling salts. (*March*)

### CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—M-G-M

Beautifully produced in the sentimental spirit in which it was written by Dickens. Reginald Owen plays *Scrooge,* the miser who thinks Xmas is a humbug until three ghosts come to show him his mistake. Terry Kilburn is delightful as *Tiny Tim.* the cripple, and the Lockharts (Gene and Kathleen) are *Mr. and Mrs. Cratchit.* (*March*)

### ★ CITADEL, THE—M-G-M

Made by the M-G-M unit in England, A. J. Cronin's touching novel emerges as a powerful study of an idealistic young doctor who stews in poverty until an easy way out presents itself, is later regenerated by his best friend and his loyal wife. The sure finesse of Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Richardson makes it doubly important for you to see this. (*Jan.*)

### ★ COWBOY AND THE LADY, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists

Rich girl, poor boy again, but as gay as your new hat and done in the usual Sam Goldwyn style—which glitters. Merle Oberon is a kind of cultured British Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper is in his element as the shy cowhand who marries her. Patsy Kelly is there for laughs and it all amounts to a charming interlude in your workaday life. (*Feb.*)

### ★ DAWN PATROL, THE—Warners

A stirring drama of war in the air without a female in sight, this is continuously thrilling, stunningly photographed and logical, if tragic. Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp and a host of others build up a gallant picture of friendship and heroism that will leave you thoughful—and thankful that Warners remade this picture. (*Feb.*)

### ★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

For those who love the theater, this is a handsome and well-done piece of education. Luise Rainer and Paulette Goddard are the budding Bernhardts; Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin and other troupers lend able support. Laughter and perhaps a tear—and watch Goddard! (*Feb.*)

### DUKE OF WEST POINT, THE—Small-United Artists

Gosh, do the cadets hate Louis Hayward, fresh out of Cambridge (England)—accent, physique and all. There is the usual to-do about a widowed mother, the big game, and The Girl (Joan Fontaine). Richard Carlson does some great work. (*Feb.*)

### EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* ménage has a new member in this rollicking episode. A quack doctor proceeds to bring up the baby scientifically and the net results of this hygiene are that the new grandchild succeeds in getting the family in a heck of a mess. The cast is the same as usual and good, too. (*Feb.*)

### FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Zanuck is resting on Papa Dionne's laurels. The five little Quints toddle about, squeal and sing cunningly; the story about a faked birth of sextuplets is stupid. Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero and Jean Hersholt make up the cast. (*Jan.*)

### ★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

Here Joe E. Brown is the leader of a troupe of actors who tangle with Leo Carrillo's South American banditti on a trailer trip to New York. Leo has his eyes on Steffi Duna, a dancer. Joe's attempts at suicide (to get insurance) will have you in a gale of laughter. (*Feb.*)

### GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE—M-G-M

The acting is what counts in this, people, not the story. That's about a man (Franchot Tone) who dates a little Swiss scullery maid (Franciska Gaal) in order to see the rich beauty Franciska works for. What a Gaal comes through with flying colors, as cute as a kitten. (*March*)

### GOING PLACES—Warners

Dick Powell is cast as the innocuous young hero who sings, watches the races and falls in love with Anita Louise. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and is a dish, from any standpoint. Never mind the story, just go to hear her—and Louis Armstrong's trumpet. (*March*)

### ★ GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures

Set in the grim background of German prison camps, this French film (with English subtitles) builds a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay and Eric Von Stroheim are only a few of the superb character delineations. Fascinating. (*Jan.*)

### ★ GREAT MAN VOTES, THE—RKO-Radio

A political satire on the prohibition and "boss" era, this has an original story, understanding direction and the superb portrayal of John Barrymore who outacts even himself. Playing a widowed historian addicted to the bottle, he rehabilitates himself with the help of Virginia Weidler and little Peter Holden (in "On Borrowed Time"). You could ask little more of a picture. (*March*)

### ★ GREAT WALTZ, THE—M-G-M

To the thrilling strains of Johann Strauss' best loved waltzes, the colorful story of the great Viennese composer's life is transferred to the screen with Fernand Gravet as Strauss, Luise Rainer as his self-sacrificing wife. Miliza Korjus, recent foreign import, sings like the proverbial lark. Outstanding photography and direction. (*Jan.*)

### HARD TO GET—Warners

No problem play this, but fair amusement provided by a new cineromantic team, Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a madcap heiress, Dick a gas station attendant. Plenty going on of the wacky variety and Dick scarcely sings a note—which is news. (*Jan.*)

### ★ HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners

Warners have taken the greatest chase melodrama of them all, put it into Technicolor and the result is surprising and exciting. It begins with bandits, stealing trappers, gold, killing a policeman. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and boy, does this Mountie get his man! Gale Page and Gloria Dickson both work their wiles on Foran. Great fun. (*Feb.*)

### INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

The second in the "roving reporter" series finds Michael Whalen again the intrepid newsman involved in a night-club murder when the villain steals the witness, Jean Rogers. Oh, well, it all works out. A weak sister. (*Jan.*)

### ★ JESSE JAMES—20th Century-Fox

The story of the famous Ozark outlaw embellished with all the romantic trappings (including Technicolor) at Darryl Zanuck's command. Tyrone Power as the bad man, Nancy Kelly as his

(*Continued on page 96*)



**EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS WAITED**
**TO PLAY THIS ROLE!**

Deep in the heart of every actress lives the ideal role she longs to play—a role that embodies every talent she possesses. Now such a role has come to Bette Davis in "Dark Victory." Not a "character" part, but a natural, normal woman who faces all that fate can offer—all the sweet and bitter of life—all the joy and pain of love—and comes through the dark with colors gloriously flying. Eight years she has waited to play this role. We sincerely believe it's her greatest screen performance.

*Warner Bros.*

**BETTE DAVIS** in
**"DARK VICTORY"**
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch
Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.

# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS





## BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE night after the first poster that read "Norma Shearer-Tyrone Power in Marie Antoinette" was posted up, across the road from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City, a car drew up alongside it and stopped.

Seated in that long, dark open car was a handsome boy who looked up at that poster and cried with joy and excitement. . . .

The boy was Ty Power. . . .

It is characteristic of Tyrone that he wasn't ashamed to tell me that story about himself, nor in the least ashamed of having given way to those tears . . . for this youngster, who has just been chosen the 1939 King of the Movies by the readers of twenty-two of this country's leading newspapers, loves his work and isn't afraid of emotion . . . and I, for one, think those two qualities getting together had a lot to do with his election to this honor . . . those two things plus a couple of others. . . .




What's put Tyrone Power and Jeanette MacDonald at the top of the heap? Hard work? Talent? Good looks? It took more than that to win Mr. and Mrs. Public's vote for the King and Queen of 1939

Another of those factors is his instinctive modesty . . . he says now about being the new "king" . . . "I hope my future pictures will justify this confidence" . . . no big "I" stuff, you notice . . . no promises about what "I" shall do . . . but just the quiet sensible attitude of merging himself into his productions . . . which, of course, is merely intelligence on Ty's part, for productions have had much to do with his present popularity, though they are not entirely responsible for it by any means. . . .

TAKE Clark Gable who ran second to Ty in this voting and who won out last year . . . in 1938 Gable had one fine picture, "Test Pilot," and one so-so picture, "Too Hot to Handle," but both of them added together did not equal in sheer production value any one of the pictures that Mr. Power has been in . . . Ty certainly didn't look much like an eighteenth-century Swedish count in "Marie Antoinette" nor a nineteenth-century canal builder in "Suez" . . . he certainly was made to appear silly in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" where he lived through some thirty years and didn't age by so much as one wrinkle . . . it is very much to his credit that he played these diverse and miscast rôles so convincingly that it was only after leaving the theatre that you were able to pick any flaws in them . . . .

But even allowing for Tyrone's charm and his acting ability, the fact yet remains that Darryl Zanuck put such elements into those pictures (excepting, of course, "Antoinette" which was an M-G-M production) that even if they were goofy on facts of time and history they were distinctly swell on the entertainment side. . . .

Gable was up against a stiffer problem to maintain his popularity than Tyrone Power was . . . boiled down into essentials "Test Pilot" wasn't so much of a story and "Too Hot to Handle" was plain goofy and it was the Gable personality (combined with Myrna Loy's, which is no slouch, either) that actually put both pictures across . . . in other words, his studio didn't back him up as well as Twentieth Century backed Power. . . .

Yet it is characteristic of that Gable guy, too, that he said of Power's winning . . . "It couldn't have happened to a nicer kid". . . which is absolutely true . . . it couldn't have happened to a nicer kid unless it happened to Gable himself . . . who, I bet, wasn't called a kid even at the age of ten . . . being always too loaded with that adult male ummph. . . .

NOW Jeanette MacDonald's winning out as "Queen" is even more of a pure triumph of personality than Power's . . . for this glamorous redhead has been associated in the public mind with Nelson Eddy . . . as half of a team, that is . . . when Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers used to lead in box-office polls they won as a combine and never separately . . . but Nelson Eddy, despite the fanatic loyalty of his personal fans, has never showed in the important voting . . . yet here is Jeanette, his co-star, triumphing alone and over every other girl in the movie business . . . and if you don't think I'll be able to find a moral in all that you just don't realize what an old moral hunter I am by nature. . . .

Seriously, though, I think it does prove that a right attitude toward one's public reflects itself from the screen . . . that plus, as in Ty's case, the terrific factors of ability, personality, charm and temperament . . . for Nelson Eddy, Astaire and Rogers, in fact every star in pictures has those latter assets, too . . . but few, indeed, possess such a wish to always do the right thing that will endear themselves to the public that Jeanette has . . . Joan Crawford is

*(Continued on page 14)*

# heartbreak..!



The heartbreak of two young people in love...facing the world with song in their hearts. Laughter... melodrama... and Carole Lombard in a brilliant transition from comedienne to dramatic star!



*Carole* *James*

## LOMBARD · STEWART

# Made for Each Other

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

*Directed by* John Cromwell • Screen play by Jo Swerling

Presented by Selznick International

*Released thru United Artists*

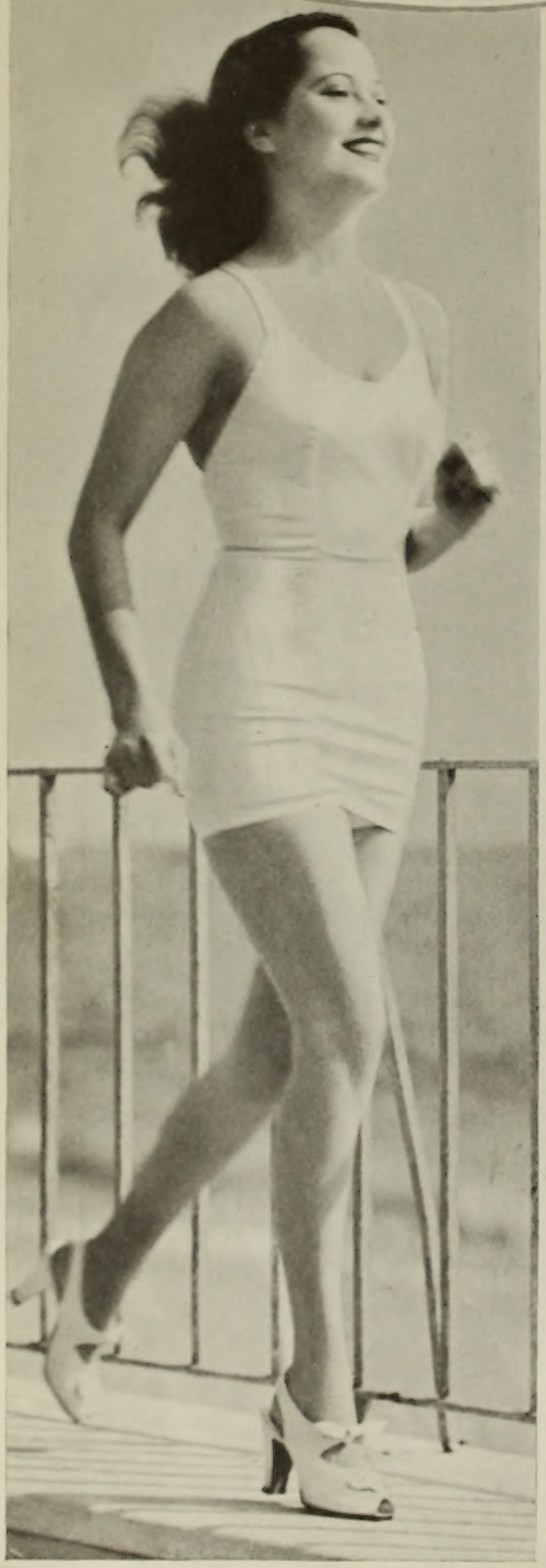
# PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.





Two wise misses, Rita Hayworth (left) and Arleen Whelan (above), take advantage of what modern science can do to keep them brimming over with vitality — concentrated vitamins



This Oberon lass is a daughter of the sun, for she knows that's one of the best ways to get vitamin D. Merle makes certain that her daily diet contains all the other vitamins necessary to keep her healthy

MODERN WAY TO BEAUTY—Rita Hayworth finished a difficult scene with Cary Grant for "Plane No. 4" and walked off the set. I had watched her rehearse the scene several times before this last take, and the terrific amount of energy it required to do the same thing over and over until it was done perfectly had practically exhausted me, even though I had nothing to do with it.

But Rita wasn't exhausted. She didn't even look tired. As a matter of fact, she looked more glowing and lovely than I had ever seen her.

"Nice going," I said. "I needn't ask how you are. You look wonderful."

"Oh, I feel marvelous," she laughed, "even though I'm working so hard. You know, this is really my big chance. It's the best part I've had, playing second lead to Jean Arthur, and I've just got to feel well and look well."

"How do you do it?" I asked. I felt positively haggard in contrast.

"It's simple," she said, "and you can see what it's done for me. I don't let myself get run down or tired. You know the importance of vitamins to health and beauty. I just supplement my regular diet by taking vitamins in concentrated form. They do wonders for you."

HEALTH and beauty are even more important to screen stars than to us. The cameras magnify every blemish, even the faintest sign of ill health or exhaustion, and the strain of spending emotions under hot lights too often leaves its mark upon a star's face unless her health is superb.

It's a wise girl who realizes that the basis of beauty is health; that bright eyes, shining hair and clear skin come from within.

Modern living demands so much from girls today, not only in the picture business, but in every walk of life. We rush around madly under tension all the time, yet we expect to look as rested and relaxed as though we did absolutely nothing all day long. But we don't stop to think that our hair and skin and eyes, even our capacity for having fun and enjoying life are all dependent upon those little things that we can't see—vitamins.

We find them in everything we eat, of course, but even a carefully selected diet, with plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits, can be low in vitamins, which are vital food substances needed to maintain good health, the basis of beauty. Modern refining of foods often destroys the vitamins, so that we see the result in our loss of vitality, our lowered resistance to colds, our wonder as to what can be happening to our looks and our definite suspicion that we're losing them.

When that happens to us, something has got to be done, and vitamins in concentrated form are the answer. They give us back our zest for living, our vitality; they restore lost color to our skins, luster to our hair, brightness to our eyes. They're modern science's answer to a woman's prayer.

THE life of a Hollywood star seems to consist of glamour and ease and ordered living to the rest of us who are harassed by the details of everyday life. But we forget the strain under which stars work on a picture, the concentration they must give to every scene, the tiresome rehearsals, the consistent striving toward acting perfection.

It's no fun to get up at five o'clock in the morning, dash to the studio to be made up and gotten ready for the set, to work all day before going home again to drop wearily into bed, and start it all over again the next day. They must combat this strain and its effect upon their nerves and health and beauty.

Arleen Whelan, who's one of the town's most active and popular girls—she's always doing something, dancing or playing tennis or riding—takes advantage of what modern science can do for her. She knows that she must have sufficient vitamins in her daily routine to keep herself looking lovely and to give her vitality to carry on her picture career as well as her social life. Since her health is superb, she's able to relax after a hard day at the studio and enjoy herself in the evening.

Business girls often don't get enough fun out of life. Not because they're in business, but because they work so hard and are so intent upon getting ahead in their jobs that they're worn out at the end of the day. They're too likely to grab a quick sandwich for lunch when they've had nothing but a cup of coffee for breakfast, and work all through the day with no other nourishment. They can't get sufficient vitamins, the essential food substances, that way. They've thrown all their energies into their office work, so no wonder they lack the vitality after they've finished the day to drag themselves out to a show or to a party.

That's very bad, because it's too easy to lose

*(Continued on page 87)*



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P-4

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# Close Ups and Long Shots

*(Continued from page 8)*

another example of this, which is why Joan has lasted in the big brackets as long as she has, I believe. . . .

Jeanette starts off by working like the grubbiest wage slave you ever knew . . . there is never a time that she isn't in some phase of production on her pictures, musicals being so much harder to prepare and finish than dramatic productions . . . there are always scores to be learned, dances to be mastered, costumes to be fitted . . . there are prerecordings of songs . . . there are those big crowd scenes, inevitable to musical pictures, to be shot and they usually take several days to get on the screen . . . dramatic pictures today average two to four weeks in production . . . the MacDonald-Eddy musicals average about five months each . . . but despite these time demands . . . despite her running her home perfectly and keeping her husband content . . . Jeanette takes time for that daily singing lesson . . . for posing for any and all pictures that are requested of her . . . for giving out interviews whenever they are asked for . . . for always being gracious to the public. . . .

In contrast, Nelson Eddy doesn't like to give interviews or pose for pictures . . . neither does Rogers or Astaire . . . and neither does Myrna Loy, who was queen last year . . . it isn't that Myrna, for example, isn't a darling when you get to her . . . but try and get to her . . . it once took this magazine two solid years to get a cover photograph made of her. . . .

I DON'T mean to say that being nice about interviews and photographs is what makes a star . . . if that alone did it Toby Wing or Betty Grable or any one of fifty cute kids would be the biggest personalities in Hollywood . . . you've got to have great talent along with this . . . but I do believe they are most important for major stars . . . if you don't hear about stars and see provocative pictures of them between productions, almost automatically you lose a little of your interest in them, and the longer the blank silence continues, the more apathetic you become . . . but the most important thing about this co-operation in giving out information on themselves to their public, or the lack of it, is the attitude it reflects . . . the world still responds to generosity . . . and, after all, it is no more than courtesy to try to do all one can to make the people who support you happy. . . .

There's where Gable wins and big . . . he is the most generous guy with his time . . . there's where Ty Power is just like him . . . and there's where the MacDonald comes in . . . the screen reflects this warmth, this intelligent kindliness in all three of them, and we all of us respond to it . . . and award them their crowns as a result of it. . . .

THERE'S a terrific storm going on about Vivien Leigh's being cast as *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind" . . . Photoplay's office is flooded with letters, mostly against it . . . but I, for one, am willing to go on record as being very satisfied with the thought of this little British girl in the rôle . . . I've seen her in many British productions . . . playing everything from very sappy ingénues to that mean little minx in "The Yank at Oxford" . . . and in every one of them she has given distinguished performances . . . I see no reason why it will be any harder for an English girl to master our Southern accent than it would be for one of our Middle Western girls, let's say . . . and it seems to me just silly to insist that this heroine should be played by a girl of pure American birth . . . that would have been nice indeed if Mr. Selznick had found an American girl who could have played *Scarlett* . . . but apparently he didn't . . . and American movies are bigger than any mere boundary lines. . . .

Personally I think Miss Leigh has got the temperament for *Scarlett* . . . that right blend of hardness and softness that makes any star. . . .

To go back to Power-Gable-MacDonald for a moment, that is what they have, too . . . what every big star has . . . that is, the quality that the pretty youngsters, who do co-operate on publicity and work hard but don't win, lack . . . that is, the quality that stars are often condemned for . . . and which wrongly used can kill any personality . . . but which rightly handled is the biggest success factor in the world. . . .

Until about a week before Miss Leigh (she pronounces her name as though it were spelled Lee) was signed for *Scarlett* . . . it looked definite that Jean Arthur would get the part . . . there is a girl with temperament all over the place, but with a temperament so destructively used that it has practically eaten up her career in the process . . . as you know, Olivia de Havilland has been signed to the rôle of *Melanie, Scarlett's* gentle sister-in-law . . . and there is a darling and a beauty but a girl lacking that final, electric temperament. . . . what really holds Olivia back, I think, is her being just too much of a lady to blow off. . . .

For underneath everything, to be a major star you've got to have passion . . . passion and wisdom . . . Miss MacDonald can blow up, and often does, in a flame that matches that red hair of hers . . . Gable sulks like a bear when he doesn't like certain things . . . Power glooms and is that miserable . . . the endearing truth about them is that they often lost their hearts . . . but they come right back to being themselves again . . . in those flashing moments that betray their artistic nerves, they still never lose their heads. . . .

It is my private hunch that this is true of Miss Leigh also . . . I think she will be a grand and glorious *Scarlett* . . . not that I will really know, however . . . I'll be so busy watching Clark, made up as per his promise after our Photoplay sketch of him as *Rhett*, that I won't be able to be aware of another single thing. . . .



W. C. Fields—long may he wave! In Universal's "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man," the famed comedian dances, something he has not done since he was in the Ziegfeld Follies a decade ago. It's all due to that imp, Charlie McCarthy, as you'll find out when you see the picture



ROSEMARY LANE

appearing in the OKLAHOMA KID, a Warner Brothers picture.

ROSEMARY LANE

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A PHOTOPLAY BREVITY



*A dramatic episode in the life of Hedy Lamarr, revealed for the first time by a writer new to America*

# *Vienna Farewell*

## BY HEINZ LIEPMANN

VIENNA, night of November 22, 1934. . . . Vienna—the gayest capital of Europe; the town known the world over for its waltz music, pretty girls and easy life; Vienna, now dark and deserted. On the Kaertner Strasse and around the Stefansdome, where, in former days, music, light and laughter ruled, there is now silence and darkness. The only steps one can hear are those of the patrolling guards of the Heimwehr, the Storm Troopers of Austria.

Vienna is dying. Only nine months have passed since Dollfuss' cannons and machine guns smashed houses and streets in Vienna and slaughtered the last Austrian Liberals. But behind the five-foot Chancellor Dollfuss, who now governs the unfortunate country with terror and tears, stands another man, six feet, five inches tall, a member of the oldest and proudest nobility of Europe, fabulously wealthy—Vice-Chancellor Rüdiger Prince von Starhemberg, Master of the Heimwehr and therefore Master of Austria. And whereas the streets of gay Vienna lie dark and deserted, and the easy-going Viennese sit in their houses, silent, poor and hungry, the palais of Prince von Starhemberg shines, full of light, gaiety, music and

*(Continued on page 83)*

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

# REBORN! HOW GEORGE BRENT BROUGHT



Enthusiasm crackles from Bette, but this time it was different

*The touching story of a valiant woman who battled heartache and failure to come through—a champion*

## BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IF the camera and the microphone should be turned on the lives which the players live on the side lines while a picture is being made, oftentimes an even greater story would be filmed.

Take the Warner picture, "Dark Victory." It's a hauntingly beautiful love story. But the emotion felt on the side lines while this picture was in production frequently was equal to the emotion that was distilled on the set. During the making of this picture George Brent, who had worked in a series of pictures he had not cared for, became hopeful and enthusiastic again, while Bette Davis, separated from Harmon Nelson preparatory to a divorce, met up with an experience she was unable to take in her customary gallant, fighting stride.

The "Dark Victory" company sat on the side lines of a set that represented a doctor's office. Here the first scenes of the picture would take place. Edmund Goulding, the director, described the mood he wanted the picture to have.

"Actually, you see," Goulding was saying, "death, in this story, becomes the most beautiful and constructive thing of all. It is as she faces death that *Judith* learns how to live. And it is from watching *Judith* that a lot of other people learn this, too."

George Brent turned to Bette Davis. "I believe in this one," he told her.

"Yes, I think it's marvelous."

Enthusiasm usually crackles from Bette, like current from an electric wire. Now it came, forced. Nevertheless, it was better than her silence. George relaxed. So did Goulding and Humphrey Bogart and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

If Bette would only start fighting they knew everything would be all right. It was her complete lassitude that had frightened them.

Goulding pushed back his chair. The preliminary rehearsal was over.

"Bette," he said, "you won't have to be around for a day or two. We'll let you know. . . ."

Bette turned to George. "I wanted to see you at the starting post of this one, Brentie. I did, really. *Frederick Steele, M.D.* is going to do great things for you or I miss my guess!"

Yet, even while she talked, her words coming too clipped and fast, Bette was wondering if she would be making this picture with George or if the crack-up which threatened would catch up with her before they called her back.

The next morning George and Actor Henry Travers were on the set early. George, as *Frederick Steele,* sat on the desk in his office and explained why he was going to quit his practice and go in for research.

"We try to cure with the knife," he was saying, "when we don't even know the cause. People put their faith in us because we're doctors and. . . ."

There was a signal from the control room. The microphone had picked up some outside sound. And it was then, before they could get started again, that the flowers came. They stood four feet high and they were almost that long. They festooned the basket handle and they spilled over the sides. The delivery boys staggered under their fragrant weight.

"God bless Bette," announced Goulding, reading the card. "She knows a new picture is an event, not something you go into thinking, 'Wednesday I get my pay check, what the hell. . . .'"

George smiled with quiet satisfaction. Unless he was more mistaken than he was apt to be about Bette, those flowers meant she was going to see this picture through. Bette's hat was in the ring.

TWO days later, George and Bette were working together. They were doctor and patient in his office. The mood between them shifted subtly and often.

All morning they worked; all afternoon, too.

"Listen, Doctor," Bette, as *Judith,* said, "I've never taken orders from anyone. And here's something else . . . I'm well, absolutely well. I'm young and strong. Nothing can touch me. You can't make an invalid out of me. I won't let you. I'm going. . . ."

"That's right," he told her, "run away! Run away because you're frightened. . . ."

"Just a minute," Goulding interrupted George and Bette. "I want you to take this sequence easy. It's long and it's complicated. In it we've got to plant the keynote for everything that's still to come."

The two started from the beginning again. They tried a different tempo.

Now, when the studio door opened, no sunshine fell in. It was dark outside.

At last, Bette came off the set and threw herself in her chair. George, looking up as she came towards him, was frightened for her.

Two years of strain and struggle had preceded Bette's separation from Harmon Nelson. The separation, which might have been expected to be a relief, was, instead, a blow that had struck at the very roots of Bette's life.

Bette isn't constituted to take failure easily. Besides, she's enough of an idealist to hold

# NEW FAITH TO Bette Davis

things like marriage vows just a little sacred; she's enough of a realist to know what little chance of happiness there is for a woman, alone.

"Maybe," Bette said to George, disciplining her voice to keep it steady, "maybe I should quit right now . . . before we really get into this and it means time and money to replace me."

George knew this was the crisis for her.

"You won't crack," he said calmly. "You have too much vitality—too much pride."

Bette straightened a little in her chair. "I hope you're right," she told him.

The truth is that with that simple sentence George saved Bette.

"Because," as she says herself, "when someone you respect counts on you for something you give it to him."

GEORGE and Bette don't have to say much to each other. They've come a long way together. Years ago, it looked as if they were going to make their screen tests at the same time. But plans were changed and it was actually on the Universal lot that they met first. Their experiences there were equally unfortunate and many times they used what little courage they had left to encourage each other. Then, simultaneously, they signed with Warners to play together in "The Rich Are Always With Us," with Ruth Chatterton, whom George later married. Since then they have made a dozen pictures, good and bad.

It isn't, however, from Bette's and George's professional intimacy that their sympatica comes. They are out of the same mold. They're both rebels. They have the same uncompromising sense of justice and the same clean-cut intelligence. And they're both complete fools about sticking their necks out.

They had fun on the side lines of "Dark Victory," too. When the day's work was over the company would collect in someone's dressing

*(Continued on page 86)*



In more ways than one, Bette's acting assignment in "Dark Victory" was the hardest of her career, but with a single sentence George Brent gave her the courage to go on






*An amusing new kind of interview originated by* **KATHARINE HARTLEY**

**Third in a series of talk-provoking interviews in which the stars enter into the spirit of that old game—Truth and Consequences. They answer with the absolute truth questions that would ordinarily set them back on their heels—or pay a penalty. This month, Alice Faye, famous for her frankness, tells all—all but the answers to six. But when you read those questions, you won't blame Alice for taking the consequences that are shown opposite**

1. (Q) What is your habitual costume around the house?
   (A) I've been converted to the slack style . . . should anyone drop in on me from ten until four they'll always find me in about the same outfit—a blue flannel pair of slacks. They're not elegant, but comfortable and practical. I'll leave the hostess gowns to somebody else.

2. (Q) What advantage do you believe you have lacked in life?
   (A) A further education. I had to leave school early to go to work. I remember that it broke my heart because at that time my greatest desire was to become a school teacher, with all sorts of fancy degrees. The only point on which I could qualify for such a career now is—patience.

3. (Q) Do royal titles impress you?
   (A) Heavens, no, and it's the truth! Though as a young girl I must admit that I did look forward to meeting Prince Charming.

4. (Q) Have you ever sought revenge, and did you find it "sweet"?
   (A) I'm afraid I'm not the type to seek revenge. I am more inclined to let bygones be bygones.

5. (Q) Do children annoy you?
   (A) Not at all. I adore them, love to be with them, and always learn a lot from them. Their directness and simplicity are what I enjoy most.

6. (Q) Who has been a heroine to you?
   (A) Marilyn Miller. I worshipped her for years, because she was so much of everything I wanted to be.

7. (Q) On what subject do you consider yourself most uninformed?
   (A) History. I never could remember dates—and I still have difficulty.

8. (Q) Of what things are you afraid?
   (A) The dark. I can't help it.

9. (Q) Have you ever written a letter of complaint or protest? If so, to whom?
   (A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Let

*(Continued on page 72)*



An "unglamorous picture" was the forfeit Alice made for failing to answer question No. 9. The little Faye knows when it's more discreet to remain silent

Alice Faye
P S 58
Room 413

Composition on
The Courtship of Miles Standish

Captain Miles Standish was a man who lived in the Puritan days He was in love with Priscilla But Priscilla was in love with John. John Alden was a dreamer He was also a soldier.

Miles said to John, "you are a man of words. I am a man of destiny. So tell Priscilla I love her and want to marry her. So John went to Priscilla, and lo and behold Priscilla said. "Speak for yourself John Alden"

He did.

The End.

A theme Alice wrote in grade school—penalty on No. 16. We'll bet there are other stars in Hollywood who'd pass up that question, too





We thought we had Alice on this penalty, when she refused to answer question No. 54; instead, look what she produced—the Alice Faye lapel hat, a miniature hat which may be worn on the lapel or in the hair. She launched the style herself and the hats are now being marketed




There would have been reverberations aplenty had Alice answered No. 33. She prefers to jump rope

Consequence on No. 39—these two notes monogram the Martin stationery and Xmas cards

**PERSONALITY SYMBOLS . . .**

As a consequence Miss Faye was asked to select from each list below the item which, in her own opinion, symbolizes her. Put them all together and you have a portrait of Alice as she sees herself

1. If you were a flower?
   - calla lily
   - daisy
   - poppy
   - American beauty
   - √ tea rose
   - lily of the valley

2. If you were a color?
   - √ pink / blue
   - red
   - orange
   - green
   - crimson

3. If you were a pet?
   - fox terrier
   - Scotty
   - canary
   - √ Angora kitten
   - Pekingese
   - pony

3. If you were a sound?
   - chimes
   - siren
   - √ bicycle bell
   - alarm clock
   - a purr
   - a loud shout

5. If you were a fabric?
   - √ mousseline de soie
   - velvet
   - chiffon
   - calico
   - satin
   - gingham

6. If you were a vehicle?
   - roadster with top down
   - station wagon
   - √ hansom cab
   - pony cart
   - town car
   - limousine

7. If you were an article of clothing?
   - negligee
   - sheer black hose
   - white kid gloves
   - √ evening kerchief
   - cocktail dress
   - ribbon sash

8. If you were a food?
   - vanilla fudge
   - mixed green salad
   - soufflé
   - √ strawberry ice cream
   - bread and butter
   - applesauce



# LET'S HUNT FOR *treasure*

BY ERROL FLYNN

*Alaska to Addis Ababa in search of buried loot—the secret dream of every man! Here are adventures exciting and gay enough to fill to brimming six ordinary lifetimes*







FOR some reason that I've never been able to understand, people are envious of a lucky break. Way down deep, they sneer at luck—unless they're the ones who have it. That, of course, makes the whole thing different. For the same reason, they seem to find it excruciatingly funny when someone else follows his luck and it turns out to be all bad.

I've had my share of both.

There's a small mountain in Alaska named after me. It's called Flynn's Folly. Yes, I was the goat in that deal. There's a cove in New Guinea, a tiny little spot where the sea battles with the jungle unceasingly. Its name, translated into pigeon-English, is Man-Go-Along-Dog. That's me—the natives couldn't pronounce my name. It's another spot where my luck ran out and provided laughs for the boys in the island bars. There's an abandoned shaft up the Sepik River in Papua . . . but why go on with the grisly list?

Friends and business associates and relatives have come to me dozens of times with sad head-shakings and asked, "Look, old boy, why not drop this? It's a harebrained scheme. You'll lose your shirt." To which I usually reply that I'd sooner lose it than wear it out. The tragedy of life is in its frayed edges and all that they imply. I don't like that. Right royal robes or sackcloth. One end or the other. Never mediocrity.

The result is that at heart I'm a treasure hunter. I always have been, since I was a lad digging in a garden of a suburban villa near Sydney, Australia. I'd heard that the previous and deceased owner had been a miser. In all the books I had ever read, misers invariably buried their hoards in the cellar or in the back yard. We had no cellar, so it was the hollyhock beds that were elected to suffer under my youthful but enthusiastic spading.

In one way or another I've been at it ever since.

Nor am I alone in that urge. I think that nine men out of ten have the same instinct, but not all have the opportunity to gratify it. Still others have the chance but are afraid they'll be laughed at if they lose out.

Personally, I don't care. Lest I sound whimsical, let me point out that my treasure seeking is quite practical. I'm still a little ahead, by and large, even including the more obvious financial failures.

But, most important, I've enjoyed myself doing it.

I even get a laugh out of all the wild stories that have been circulated through the taprooms, mostly untrue, about my so-called adventures. But, if the truth of them is not quite up to the elaborately concocted tales told over a whiskey-and, they were still not run-of-the-mill and were delightfully absorbing while they were going on. Beside them, Hollywood is a very tame place. People out here work very seriously to make a living. I'd never done that before. I'd played to make a living and, I hope, always will. When a job got to be serious and seemed to be jeopardizing my personal liberty, I quit. There was always some treasure, a mine, a jewel, a pearl or trochus shell bed on a forgotten shoal around the corner or across the seas that seemed much more worth while than any job whose familiarity was beginning to make it prosaic.

Hollywood was the first place I had ever found that paid enough money to make it worth while to endure the banalities of maintaining a permanent anchorage in any harbor. But even with the money and the pleasure of working at a pleasant job, I'd chuck it in a minute if I couldn't have a few months every year in which to get back to that fascinating game of bucking mesdames, The Lady Luck and Mother Nature.

ONE of my really successful treasure hunts was for a mine up in the wilds of the head-hunting country on the Wau Plateau in Morobe, New Guinea. Before I left there I'd seen the airplane shorten that long, arduous overland safari; formerly it had taken a traveler eleven days to make it and almost another eleven to recuperate. I made money for myself and three pals. It didn't last long, but then, what's money for?

It was not so long ago that I heard of a mine up in Alaska. The whole situation surrounding it seemed ideal. One of my best friends, Bud Ernst, was at loose ends. He pitched in with me and we began on that delightful stage of treasure hunting accomplished with elaborate maps, one bottle of ink, a pen, one bottle not of ink, pipes, tobacco and an open fire. That's the time when all the participants make at least seven million dollars apiece, find Paradise Lost and meet the beautiful Eurasian Princess who invariably will fall madly and excitingly in love with you. It's always you she falls in love with—never the other guy.

Of course, in your heart you know from previous experience that you'll probably lose even the pipes and tobacco, get knifed by a native who never heard of paradise and doesn't want to and the beautiful Eurasian Princess will turn out to be more Asian than Eur- with most of her teeth gone from too little hygiene and too much betel nut. She will also have four angry husbands and a child in every port. But never let these sober reflections dampen your ardor.

Bud and I decided that the Alaskan adventure would have to be experienced by air. Any other route would mean months of overland mushing and neither of us could afford the time. We bought a ship, a used Waco in excellent condition, and proceeded to trim her down and outfit her for the flight. Days were spent in test

*(Continued on page 95)*

(Opposite page, top) Mrs. Davison, wife of a professional diver, and Lili help Errol into a helmet before he dives into the briny; (bottom) Erick Sundstrom, holding corner of lead chest taken from sea off Isle of Pines, Cuba; (center) a thrilling aquatic sport—Errol fishes with bow and arrow. (Below) Skipper Damita and her adventure-loving spouse





# Glamour GIRL

***My sex appeal is factory made—strictly to order. I'm on the production line to stardom. What price fame? See how you'd like it!***

## BY GLAMOUR GIRL 17,268

Editors' note: here is an unsolicited manuscript, written by a young starlet under contract to one of the major studios. It is the story of her actual experiences in the hands of the experts and, with minor variations, it's the story of all rising stars in Hollywood.

I AM a Hollywood Glamour Girl and I hope I'm satisfied!

Perhaps it sounds a bit vain to come right out flat-footed with a statement like, "I am a Glamour Girl." It's like saying, "I am beautiful," and I've always hated women who say such things about themselves. But the fact remains that a Glamour Girl is exactly what I am, technically speaking. It's like saying, "I am a cameraman," or "I am a director."

Whatever you are in this motion-picture business, you *are;* there's a term for you, and you're it.

So I'm a Glamour Girl.

I'm by way of being a successful one, too. Not in too big a way, of course, but I've had my second option lifted, which means I'm on the paymaster's list for my third consecutive six-months' period. Most of us fall by the wayside after our initial six months. By that I mean we're dropped by the studio which signed us. Then we either go back home or marry a Los Angeles hosiery salesman or stick around trying to get a break in another studio—while the rent and other little incidentals go merrily and devastatingly on.

They tell me that's no fun, that business of just waiting around for another break. But, of course, I, in the smug sense of my own ability and importance, can't imagine anything like that happening to me. To others, perhaps, but never to *me.*

At best, though, it's pretty nerve-racking. You can see thousands of people walking around Hollywood with their ears cocked for the sound of a dropped option.

The face I hold out to the motion-picture world is a bold, confident face; but deep down inside me is that gnawing uncertainty about the inevitable option time. By the time this little confessional reaches print, I may be a has-been, a new recruit to the large army of up-and-coming hopefuls to whom Thursday has become just another day.

Mostly it's a case of cold economics to the studios. If they think you may make money for them, very good—they're willing to gamble on you for a while. They'll spend large quantities of money on embryonic star material, but if the embryo doesn't develop satisfactorily the ax falls—on your neck. And that economic angle is what worries me; for, in my first six months in Hollywood, I worked exactly seven days before the cameras! Figured on the basis of my regular weekly salary, each of those seven days cost my studio as much as the working salary of almost any well-known featured player.

Why was I considered a valuable enough piece of acting property to be signed by one of the world's largest movie studios? The same reason why hundreds of other youngsters are signed every year: hope on the part of the producers that an occasional star or featured player may be culled from the legion of potentials.

And how did I get around to being screen-tested? Simply by starting out, at the age of about seven, to become an actress. I played in at least a million school productions. By the time I reached high school, I was ready for leads. After high school, college—and more plays. Then a sort of borrowing arrangement, similar to the system employed by the movie companies in the handling of stars, put me to work with male college groups who needed female actors (technically speaking, you know, an actress is a "female actor"). I reached the apex of my amateur career, in my own opinion at least, when I played the title rôle in George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." I did the rest of the company dirt by coming down with a streptococcus throat infection three days before opening, but they did me the honor of postponing opening night for a week, chiefly because the gal who had been understudying the part said she knew she couldn't do justice to it after having seen me play the part. Giddy praise for a young punk like me!

Probably ten days in the hospital gave me a sort of unearthly quality that suited *Saint Joan,* for I was terrific—a good Hollywood word—in the rôle. By the time we had finished our little run I had definitely made up my mind that Bernhardt, Duse and Maude Adams were mere tyros in comparison to me; a conviction which still lingers in my soul, though I've pushed it way back inside of me where people who wouldn't understand can't see it.

HOWEVER, a terrific amateur success is hardly more than a professional yawn. Still, I had to be a professional. The jump from one plane to the other is an easy one—if you can get a job. I was lucky enough to get one with a good summer stock company in one of those fashionable New England resorts.

With that summer behind me, I saw no reason why Broadway managers shouldn't be eagerly awaiting me in their plush offices.

They all seemed to be waiting for *something,* but I don't think I was it; they were probably waiting for a decent play, or for somebody with money enough to finance a revival of "Trelawney Of The Wells." They were all very polite. None of them made a pass at me. But,



ILLUSTRATED BY

R. F. SCHABELITZ

# UMBER 17,268

you see, I wasn't a Glamour Girl at that time

I annoyed lots of people so utterly to death that at last I got myself a part in a Broadway production I bubbled the same two lines eight performances a week for six months. Some time later, I got another part, and another after that. That wrote at least a temporary *finis* to my career on the legitimate stage, for I was screen-tested and shipped off to the Hollywoods.

I was supplied with a ticket entitling me to a lower berth. I had to pay eight dollars more for the upper so that I could have a whole compartment to myself, but I felt entitled to that much luxury—for was I not on my way to fabulous Hollywood?

I had a cold and an earache all the way out; due, no doubt, to the air-conditioned comfort of the train. When I reached Los Angeles I felt like anything but a Glamour Girl; I felt just plain lousy.

There was a man from the publicity department of the studio there to meet me, and he had brought a photographer. They took a lot of pictures of me: grinning and waving from the steps; sitting atop somebody's trunk (not mine) with my legs crossed; swinging happily down the platform with an orange in my hand, and all that sort of thing.

The publicity boys drove me to the Hollywood Studio Club, where I was going to live. They made a point of passing the studio en route.

"Are you impressed?" the photographer asked.

"Terribly!" I managed to answer brightly, but as a matter of fact I was too sick to be impressed by anything short of having Darryl Zanuck and Sam Goldwyn act as bellhops for my bags.

When they dropped me at the Club, the publicity boys uttered the words that have become famous as a greeting to contracted newcomers: "Just relax and take it easy for a few days. Honey—you're on salary!"

NEXT day I went to the studio and was shown around by a young man who was on the payroll just for that sort of thing. He asked me for a date.

Somebody showed me my arrival picture in the *Los Angeles Times*. I bought a dozen copies to send home to the folks. The gist of the caption under the picture was that I was one of the more famous of Broadway's reigning actresses, and had arrived in Hollywood to play leads at once.

I was introduced to all the members of the casting department, and to the director and inmates of the stock school on the lot. I thought I measured up pretty well against the other kids of my own professional level, so it was a bitter blow to have an assistant casting director tell me that I wasn't so hot from a glamour point of view. He offered Westmores' as a possible solution.

So I went to Westmores' and put myself in the hands of an operator who surveyed me with the disinterested professionalism of a medico who is about to perform an appendectomy.

But miracles were wrought. Back in New York we had always thought that we knew how to smear on the glamour.

*(Continued on page 70)*



It was a bitter blow to be told I wasn't so hot from a glamour point of view . . . the Westmores remedied that . . . my clothes were wrong, I went into hock . . . my mouth wasn't so good, either . . . I practiced being provocative, alluring . . . What price Glamour? . . . it's fun

THE

# Gay Romance

OF

# CARY GRANT



Enchanted Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks

*It's perfect the way it is—but when impulse smacks up against impulse, keep your eyes on these Mad Hatters*

# BY RUTH WATERBURY

IN order to get even the dimmest perspective on the gay romance of Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks you have to understand Cary himself. And that is just as simple of accomplishment as your working out one of those puzzles that consists of a box within a box within a box.

You have only to see these two magnificently complementary young people together to know that they are riotously in love. No casting director could possibly pick two types more beautifully—Cary so dark and tall and masculine and Phyllis so slight and blonde and feminine. You have only to hear their mutual hoots of laughter over the silliest nonsense to know that they have more fun together than a bunch of ten-year-olds dancing around a Christmas tree. But to try to figure out what their "intentions" are toward each other is just as profitable as attempting an exact forecast of the weather for next June tenth. The signs would seem to indicate that it will be fair and warmer. But it all depends, with the weather. And it all depends with these two enchanted clowns.

As for example: the last time I had seen Cary had been on an intensely gloomy, sticky day in California. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, please don't note.) Cary himself swung open the door to his simple beach house. His scowl was blacker than his hair and he said, "What a foul day. Come on in. Have some tea." It was a no-account hour, eleven in the morning, to be exact, midway between breakfast and luncheon. But we had tea and five minutes later Cary murmured, "Gee, I feel fine." Then he laughed that great ringing laugh of his and explained, "See what a cup of tea does to me? That's why the English stick to it."

The next time I ran into Cary (and "ran into" is most certainly not the word—the meeting was arranged by way of a series of telephone calls as long as your arm) was in New York and the weather was even worse. It was bitingly cold. (The New York Chamber of Commerce can note and see if I care.) The wind was howling around and there were biting snow flurries in the air. I was prepared for gloom or even icicles dripping off the glib Grant tongue. For the day was bad enough, but to add to it, it was right at the time that the metropolitan newspaper boys were badgering the life out of our hero asking Cary when he and the beautiful Brooks bundle, who also happened to be in New York at the same time, were going to wed.

I knew that Cary hated New York and anything cold. I knew that he hates being cooped up in small rooms, though the extreme luxury of the penthouse apartment where I saw him would have made any set of nerves coo with pleasure. I was only too aware that he loathes any questions that touch, even remotely, upon his private life. The entire RKO press department had warned me that I would suffer a fate worse than death if I dared even mention the initials PB. Thus I expected anything—anything, that is, except Cary's bounding out, carolling, "Gee, isn't this a swell day? Come on in. Have a cup of tea."

So over that uniting tea, which we had in a jewel of a tiny library, sitting vis-a-vis in red leather chairs before a small open fire, I decided I might just as well ace myself in strong with him. Therefore, I remarked (subtle like a hangover), "I know I'm not supposed to talk about Phyllis and marriage to you."

"Why not?" said Cary, while I fainted.

Such unabashed inconsistency is why I did believe Cary when he went on to add (after I had come back to a bemused consciousness) that he honestly doesn't know whether he is going to get married or not. For he undoubtedly doesn't. From what I've seen of him in Hollywood and heard about him from his friends, he never does appear to know five minutes ahead (except when it comes to his career) what he is going to do, or where he is going to be, or how he is going to be feeling when he gets wherever it is.



La Brooks has a quality in common with Cary that makes their plans as unpredictable as the weather

However, when he does get there, he will see to it that he has a swell time. That's the certain thing. But a man who can't make up his mind until fifty-nine minutes after the eleventh hour what color shirt he is going to wear can't be expected to keep any timetable on the hoopla of his heart.

However, Phyllis is almost as impulsive as he is and one day (and it may be tomorrow for all they know) one of Cary's impulses may bump head on into one of her impulses; and there they will be, full of rice, Lohengrin marches and preachers, smack in the middle of a marriage.

For instance: the reason that Cary was in New York was that he was returning from a trip he had made back home to Bristol, England, to see his parents. He is devoted to those parents, and to England, too, being still an English citizen, even if he does prefer to live in California. So, whenever he gets time enough, he dashes across the Continent and the Atlantic Ocean to visit them. This winter he had lost a lot of weight and was tired out from working down in the desert on "Gunga Din." Columbia, who has next claim on him professionally, didn't have a script ready. So it worked out that he had time enough for one of those six-thousand-mile vacations of his.

But returning from abroad, he was suddenly aware of missing Phyllis very much indeed. He missed her so poignantly, in fact, that he couldn't wait a second longer to hear her voice. So, with the boat still one day out from New York, he put in a telephone call from the ship to her in California. He told her he did wish she were going to be in New York next morning, as he was to be, to see the shows with him. It was a thing they had long dreamed of doing; but, alas, she was working on a picture and he wouldn't have time to stay in New York until she was free, so that was that, and she was an angel, anyhow.

Now putting through a telephone call from a ship at sea all the way out to a girl in Hollywood is no mere trifle, not one of those things you just do every morning, like brushing your teeth, let's say. So Cary was a bit miffed that for all of Phyllis' sounding gay as a buttercup at hearing from him, she also sounded rushed.

To be blunt about it, he got the distinct impression that she had hung up the very instant she could. It annoyed him so that he gloomed around the boat all the rest of the evening, thinking hard thoughts about dames in general and about one saucy-faced little blonde in particular.

NEXT morning, he came down the gangplank—still sulky, still sore. Then he loosened up and figured he had gone completely wacky. For there, at the foot of the gangplank, was Phyllis. What had made her sound rushed on the telephone was because she *was* rushed, having decided the instant she heard his voice that she was going to fly to New York to meet him, picture or no picture, but that she hadn't a moment to waste if she was to make it on time.

Well, did that set off a lot of steam whistles. Instantly, Cary arranged to stay with his friend, Bert Taylor, whose sister, the Countess di Frasso, is Cary's favorite Hollywood hostess. Phyllis ensconced herself in one of Manhattan's most glittering hostelries. They were so gay that the very bird on Phyllis' hat started to sing.

As soon as they were unpacked Cary and his little lamb planned to go to town. But everywhere that Cary went, a pack of reporters was sure to go.

Were he and Miss Brooks being married in New York, asked the reporters. If so, just when? Just where? Was it true that Miss Brooks was now shopping for her trousseau and that he preferred pink? Would he demand that she give up her career after marriage? If not, why not? If so, why so? Who, what, where, when?

"Eeeeeeyah," cried Cary at me from behind those very white teeth of his as he told me about it. He got up, nearly knocking over the tea tray, and took one stride up the room and one stride back (that being all the space would permit) and gave a fine burlesque of a man in a

*(Continued on page 94)*




"When I got that snapshot you sent, Marie," Jelliff explained, "and saw what a swell setup you had and how well you must be doing, I thought I'd drop on out"

# BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

*The story thus far:*

WHEN Marie La Tour, famous star of silent days, discovered that she was almost penniless, except for a heavily mortgaged Long Island estate, she hit on the idea of launching Betty, her orphaned granddaughter, on a Hollywood career. Her first setback came when she learned that her old producer was no longer in charge of Goldmont Studio. Instead, Benny Rossman, an enemy of long standing, was now production head. He refused to give work to her, or any member of her family, on the grounds that she was a trouble-maker.

Still another blow awaited Marie. Jack Jelliff, ex-hoofer and friend for many years, had handled the sale of Marie's home, but with disastrous results. No money was left, so Marie took work as a caretaker of a Beverly Hills home during the absence of the owners. She kept Betty ignorant of her true financial state, pretending that she was renting the house.

Through Lydia Watts, an ex-burlesque queen and former friend of Marie's, Betty met Christie Beall, a young director at Goldmont, and, using the name of Betty Smith, persuaded him to test her for a rôle in "Bringing Up Mother." The test was a success.

On the first day of shooting, Chris, who had been aware of Marie's identity all along, asked her to be on the set to give Betty confidence. Since Rossman, Marie's enemy, was out of town, she agreed. Chris asked Marie to run through the scene for Betty. He shot it "just for a gag," a technique which he followed through the entire production.

At the studio preview, the audience was only lukewarm to Betty's performance, that is, with the exception of Alex Lorm, a fortune-hunting adagio dancer who had been playing up to Betty. A second version was then run and Marie saw herself on the screen in Betty's rôle. She was a success. Once home, Betty accused Marie of double-crossing her. "I'm going out on my own," she shouted. "I'm going to show you where to get off, and I'm never coming back!"

*Now continue Marie's story:*

*"Marie La Tour"—spelled out in lights! But that thrill was as nothing compared with the jolt in store for this grand old trouper*

WHEN you think you have come to the end of your rope you most generally find another length left that you hadn't known was there. And that was what happened to me the night Betty slammed out of the house saying she would never return.

Of course I followed her as far as the driveway calling out for her to come back. But when I got outside she had already started up the car, and the old thing made such a noise that she either didn't hear me, or else had a swell excuse to pretend she hadn't. Anyways she drove off, and I walked back on into that big empty house feeling as shut off as an unwelcome radio program.

Of course when a person gets to be my age, no matter what a member of the younger generation says, why we discount it at anywheres from ninety per cent up, and it just didn't seem possible that Betty could actually believe even ten per cent of the terrible things she had accused me of. However, not to be sentimental or anything, I certainly was upset and shocked; in fact so shocked I couldn't as yet realize what had happened. Betty would calm down and feel sorry, I was sure. So I tried to do the same.

Well, I waited supper, and put a light in the porte-cochère, and did all the other things which is supposed to be done for errand children in hopes they will finish their errand and remember to come on back home. But as the hours went by so did a lot of cars, none of which stopped to let Betty out, and by two A.M. I finally admitted to myself that the poor kid must have been pretty serious. I couldn't very well go looking for her in case she came back while I was gone, or telephone the Bureau of Missing Persons; because my missing Betty did not as yet mean anything except that she was temporarily mislaid. So I spent a bad night fighting with my bed and beating up the covers every time I thought of those fatal sequences. However, finally the bed won and I dozed off, only to wake up with a start after what seemed like about one minute. It was eight o'clock and just as I noticed the time, I heard a car stop in front of the door.

Well, without even looking out of the window I flew into my wrapper and down the stairs, all set to tell Betty exactly what I thought of her putting on such an unholy show. For now that she was back I was mad clean through. I commenced to let her know it even as I was opening the door.

"Of all the outrageous things to do!" I shouted. "What do you think I am anyways? Come on in this minute while I box your ears for you!" And here I stopped dead on account it wasn't Betty on the steps at all, but Jack Jelliff with two large straw suitcases, one on either side of him, and a taxicab waiting behind.

"Hey!" he says. "That's a nice welcome! I suppose I ought to turn around and go right back where I come from, but. . . ."

"Jack," I says, "excuse me! I thought you was somebody else—you're as welcome as a government refund! Come right on in!" He looked relieved and broke into a smile.

"Sure!" he says. "I'd love to, but . . ." he jerked his head towards the taxi.

Well, half an hour later we was having coffee, both of us trying to talk at once.

"When I got that snapshot you sent me," he explained, "and saw what a swell setup you had, and how well you must be doing, I thought I'd drop on out.

"My leg hurts pretty bad in the cold weather, you know, and besides I couldn't help feeling you hadn't ought to be out here without a man's protection!"

"Why didn't you let me know you were coming?" I asks. Jelliff rubbed his bad knee the way he does when he can't think of a quick one.

"Well," he says at last, "I was afraid you might feel embarrassed about accepting my help, but I wanted to show you there was a strong right arm behind this man's cuff."

Of course, I knew perfectly well Jelliff had come out simply because he couldn't get on without me and I don't mean only in a financial sense either. I and he had been too close too long, for either of us to break away easily. But I was upset by Jelliff's hinting that he hoped he was going to be worth the money I was giving him. So I pretended I didn't get the double entender though his eyes was very entendered indeed.

"Jelliff," I says earnestly, "I am not only glad to accept your help, but I need it bad. As for how I am doing, for the moment I will allow this house to speak for itself. If it says something it don't really mean, why we can go into that later. But meanwhile I am in trouble, Jelliff!"

And then I gave him the case history of Betty

*(Continued on page 79)*



"I'm on your side, Chris!" "Good O'd Marie!" he says. Then all of a sudden he took my face in both hands, kissed me and ran gaily off, waving and smiling from his décolleté car



ILLUSTRATIONS BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY










# THEY'RE TALKING

THE name is pronounced "Lee." She is very beautiful, with red-brown hair and sea-green eyes. She is very talented. At first, she wasn't sure she wanted the rôle of *Scarlett O'Hara:* but now she has it . . . which means that Vivien Leigh, the British actress comparatively unknown in this country, finally selected for the heroine of "Gone with the Wind," is a name that's on the tip of everyone's tongue.

It also means that Vivien Leigh is in what Hollywood terms a "tough spot." Already we are describing her natural English reserve as "high-hattedness." Already we are complaining, "At least, they could have chosen an American girl!"

But Vivien Leigh is a trouper. She is tackling her hazardous assignment with quiet courage. David Selznick chose her for the rôle. Well, she will do her best. "It is all I can do," she said to me the other day. And then she added, and I liked her for it, "But between you and me, I am frightened to death!"

Despite the fact that we call her English, Vivien Leigh has the ancestry of *Scarlett.* Her father, Ernest Richard Hartley, onetime stock broker of Calcutta, India, came of French forebears and her mother was Irish. Vivien, however, has a far more cosmopolitan background and education than that of *Scarlett.* Born in the town of Darjeeling, India, at the foot of the Himalayas, she was educated in schools scattered throughout Europe, always the finest. She speaks German, French and Italian as well as she does English and her dramatic education was gained at the famous Academy of Dramatic Art, in London. We Americans will remember her as the hussy wife of the book dealer in Bob Taylor's picture, "A Yank at Oxford."

She is married to Leigh Holman, a barrister of London, and they have a five year-old daughter, Suzanne.

Will she succeed as *Scarlett?* That, of course, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, wouldn't it be sporting to withhold judgment until "Gone with the Wind" is finished?

BOB HOPE, he of "Thanks for the Memory" fame, is a chap who grows on you. You see him in a picture and at first you're a little disappointed—at least, I was—because he isn't very good-looking. But somehow when the picture is over you find yourself remembering his wisecracks; for instance, his eulogy of Southern California . . . "What could be finer than getting up in the morning and picking oranges in your own back yard. Yaaah! And then in the afternoon going out to Santa Anita race track and picking lemons." You laugh . . . and all of a sudden you are a Bob Hope fan.

According to Bob's own story of his life, he was born in England, the youngest of eight brothers, but was brought, when he was very small, to this country to live in Cleveland, Ohio.

When he had finished his "education" he became an automobile salesman, which job he insists he kept solely because they needed a master-of-ceremonies at salesmen's meetings.

Fired at last, he went into vaudeville, ultimately got a break. Asked by a theater manager in Newcastle, Indiana, to announce an act, he began to tell stories in approved "emcee" style. He stopped the show. From then on he was booked as a comedian, at first playing small houses, then later Big Time.

As vaudeville began to wane, some screen offers came. He was tested first by Pathe. "That test was a flop," he says.

Came a lull in the screen offers and he went into radio. But motion pictures looked him up again and he finally went to work for Paramount. He has a long-term contract now and he and his wife figure they are all set.

"Hollywood is a great place," Bob says. "I live out in the Toluca Lake district where all the big stars are ensconced. (Remind me to look that word up.) When sight-seeing busses pass by Walt Disney's house, the guide says, 'That's Walt Disney's house.' Then they pass by Jim Tully's house and the guide says, 'That's Jim Tully's house.' Then they pass by my house . . . now don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood!"

JEFFREY LYNN, living on a New England farm, never saw a motion picture until he was fifteen years old. The picture was "Abraham Lincoln." He saw it in the basement of the Auburn, Massachusetts Methodist church. And he thought it was so wonderful he decided then and there to be a motion-picture actor.

Of course, as time went on and he attended high school in Worcester and Bates College in Maine, he kind of forgot his histrionic ambitions. But after he had graduated and had secured a dull job with a telephone company, he got to thinking about them all over again . . . and never changed his mind after that.

Followed jobs as English instructor and dramatic coach at the Lisbon, Maine high school; dry-goods clerk in Worcester; night doorman at the Embassy Newsreel Theater in New York; clerk at Macy's department store; and hungry interludes in which he didn't work at all and seldom ate.

Finally, though, he secured a summer stock engagement at Abingdon, Virginia and this led to a bona fide Broadway spot in "A Slight Case of Murder." Came a job with the touring company of "Lady Precious Stream" in which he did so well he was signed for the lead in the road company of "Brother Rat."

This company came to Los Angeles. Talent scouts spotted him. He made a screen test for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Warner Brothers saw it and snapped him up. At first, he played minor rôles in such pictures as "Cowboy from Brooklyn" and "When Were You Born?" But when Errol Flynn staged his famous hookey act, Jeffrey was given his rôle in "Four Daughters." He's been news ever since.

He is Irish, this Lynn, with more than his share of Irish humor, but he takes his work seriously . . . so seriously that he vowed to me a few months ago he wouldn't marry for four years. "I've too much else to do," he insisted. "Marriage wouldn't be practical."

Still, I have seen him so often, lately, with that pretty Doris Carson . . . after all, when was love ever practical?



JOHN PAYNE



VIRGINIA WEIDLER



NANCY KELLY

# ABOUT—

*Six newcomers prove themselves newsworthy*

BY MARIAN RHEA

YOU see his name in lights, now—John Payne. Since "Garden of the Moon" and particularly since "Wings of the Navy," you mention him among the first when you talk about Hollywood's new stars. You say, "Bob Taylor and Ty Power had better watch out!"

As a matter of fact, anything you say along this line is about right. For young John Payne, grandnephew of the John Howard Payne who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," six feet, two, broad-shouldered and handsome, gifted with a good singing voice as well as a flair for dramatics, has what it takes to get by in pictures!

A good many things happened to him, however, before he ever faced a movie camera. In 1929, when he was seventeen, living in Roanoke, Virginia as a rich man's son, his father died. And when his will was read it developed that each of the three Payne boys must turn thirty-five before inheriting his share of an estate valued at $1,500,000.

Whereupon, John, never having earned a cent in his life, started out to seek his fortune. First he was a bouncer in various places he describes as "joints." Then, endowed with a talent for wrestling, he took it up professionally—again, according to his own admission, not very successfully. Writing came next and ultimately he sold to the "pulps."

Finally, he tried his hand at acting in stock at Roxbury, Massachusetts; then landed a Broadway job in Beatrice Lillie's "At Home Abroad," at $35 a week. Goldwyn saw him, offered him $350 a week and brought him to Hollywood.

That was three years ago. John never made a picture for Goldwyn nor did he do much at Paramount, where he later had a contract. But Hal Wallis at Warner Brothers noticed him, thought him a good bet and featured him.

In the summer of '37, John met Anne Shirley at a cocktail party; proposed to her within a week and married her a month later. They are now "living happily ever after," having a lot of fun and saving their money, which two "musts" constitute a big part of their life's philosophy.

A GOOD many movie children are to be found in Hollywood but, according to my mind, it is small, pig-tailed Virginia Weidler who, of them all, has remained the most completely untouched by fame and fortune—the reason, perhaps, that we like her better with each succeeding picture, especially as *Andy Hardy's* pal in "Out West with the Hardys" and as John Barrymore's daughter in "The Great Man Votes."

She is eleven now and she played in her first picture, "Moby Dick," at the age of three. But to see Virginia away from the studio, you would never know she had a career.

Perhaps it is because of the size and character of the Weidler (pronounced to rhyme with "side") family. There is the father, a quiet, kindly woodcraftsman, German by birth; the mother, quiet, too, and comely and sensible; two elder sisters and three brothers nearer Virginia's age. They live in a big old house in the mountains above Santa Monica. They own two dogs, some chickens, two ducks, six cats, a honey bear, a couple of love birds, a baby burro and two goats, to say nothing of an automobile and a sailboat. They have no servants.

A healthy, normal little girl a bit on the tomboyish side, Virginia's real interests are centered in the boat she and her brothers are building, the family pets and the dramatics they stage regularly in the garage . . . pardon me, *theater.*

I spent an afternoon out there not long ago and picked up considerable information. One of the dogs is named "Laddie," inappropriately, "because we didn't know he was a she until we had named her a him," according to Virginia. The love birds are "W. C. Fields" and "ZaSu Pitts." The company's latest dramatic offering was "The Midget's Revenge." Virginia played the midget, not wholly successfully, it seems.

"I'm gettin' too big," she remarked, ruefully.

"By the way, do you like being in pictures?" I inquired.

She looked vague. "Pictures? Oh, sure. But I like lotsa other things better. Come on, I gotta get the fleas off'n Laddie."

WHEN I told young Nancy Kelly I was going to write a piece about her, she made a gay wisecrack. "Don't forget to glamour me up," she said. "Me—I've been reading about Hedy Lamarr!"

Still, when you think about it, Nancy Kelly, 20th Century-Fox's new-found star (see "Submarine Patrol," "Jesse James" and "Tail Spin") doesn't need "glamouring up." To my mind, she stands personally and professionally on her own two feet, a lively, pretty, intelligent American girl.

Nancy was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, but she has spent most of her seventeen years in Astoria, Long Island. Her father is Jack Kelly, formerly a theatrical ticket broker, and her mother is the Nan Kelly who was once a model for James Montgomery Flagg. From Nancy's very babyhood, she and her mother were "friends." Nan—and Nancy calls her that—taught her to act. They dramatized every child's story they knew and Nancy loved it all, even to turning on the histrionic tears.

Her break came the day Nan Kelly took her to watch the filming of "The Untamed Lady" on Paramount's Long Island lot, in which Gloria Swanson was being starred. The director, looking for a child who could cry, noticed four year-old Nancy. And when he learned she could weep at will, gave her a part in the picture.

From then on until she reached the "awkward age," she played in silent pictures, her list numbering fifty-two, none of which she ever saw, incidentally. Finally, though, she outgrew her cuteness and decided to transfer to radio as the ingénue on the "March of Time."

The years passed and Nancy came into her early teens. One day she tried out for Gertrude Lawrence's play, "Susan and God"; got the part and did so well that a 20th-Century scout noticed her. Hollywood resulted.

Still, she isn't too set up about this seemingly easy success. "I've a lot to learn," she admits, readily, "an awful lot." Which becoming modesty means, I should say, that she is the girl who can do it.

# "I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT My Marriage"



*Nelson Eddy, in his own story of his surprise elopement, tells why he waited so long for what he wanted most*

BY SARA HAMILTON

"WE wanted each other more than anything else in the world."

And so Nelson Eddy and Ann Franklin were married.

Behind that statement of Nelson's, given exclusively to us in the name of friendship (and deeply cherished on our part) lies the story of Hollywood's sweetest romance

A romance that has kept itself lodged deeply within the hearts of Nelson and Ann, skipping the headlines, the gossip columns, the usual brass-band publicity of Hollywood. The only kind of romance of which Nelson Eddy could be capable.

"I know I've been criticized for not going out more often with girls, being seen at a certain night club one night with one girl and another night club next night with a different girl," Nelson told us, "but you know that isn't my way. Besides, five years ago I found the ideal girl for me and that was all I wanted—just the one girl in the world for me."

Here's how it happened—that meeting. Over five years ago, when the name Nelson Eddy was known only to concert audiences, the singer came to Hollywood to find a place on the screen. Under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he was permitted to remain idle for many long months. During that period, when things seemed pretty hopeless, Nelson popped over one afternoon to see his old friend, Doris Kenyon, and have a game of tennis.

"This is Ann Franklin, Nelson," Doris said that day, introducing a tiny blonde woman with a deep infectious smile that matched her bright gaiety.

They played tennis together—Ann and Nelson—and afterwards, talking, Ann Franklin sensed the unrest that was his. As a director's wife (Ann had, only the year before, divorced Director Sidney Franklin), she had known many of the angles and problems of the movie world and she could tell how hard this man was finding it to adjust himself to Hollywood's way of doing things.

So, before he left Doris' that afternoon, she spoke a word of encouragement and advice to Nelson. He stood and looked down at her, at her blonde prettiness, her bright smile, and caught beneath it all the deep understanding in her heart.

"When may I see you again?" he asked her, solemnly. "Is tomorrow night all right?"

It's never been anyone else for Nelson Eddy from that moment on.

Circumstances have thrown some of the most beautiful women in the world in his path, social debs and celebrities have sought him out after parties and concerts in Hollywood and on tour; but to Nelson it's never been anyone but Ann. And to Ann it's never been anyone but Nelson.

They wisely postponed marriage until Nelson could get definitely established in his work; until the gruelling grind and the uncertainty of public reception and fancy were over.

"And it's worked out swell," the actor said. "I don't believe it will make a bit of difference to the fans.

"In fact, I'm deeply touched at the hundreds and hundreds of cards and wires and messages that have poured in from fans all over the country."

BUT, even so, Nelson had agreed upon one thing in his heart—he wanted Ann *more* than anything else in the world. And his fans are applauding his stand.

"There will be no period of adjustment for Ann and me," he said. "We've come to know each other so well after five years. She knows my moods, my likes and dislikes in foods, my preferences in people, books and recreation and I think I know Ann pretty well. My marriage won't make any difference at all in my work. I'm going right on with my concert tour and Mrs. Eddy is going along. When I return there will be pictures to make and more radio work."

"Is your bride musical, Nelson?" I asked him.

"Thanks heavens, no," he said. "The papers were all wrong about that. Ann loves music but doesn't make music of her own. I'll tell you something about that too: I was always afraid I might someday fall in love with a musician and thank heavens I didn't. You see, this way," and his turned-up-at-the-corner-grin widened, "Ann can ask me if such and such is true about a certain piece of music and I can authoritatively say 'Yes' or 'No.'

"Good idea, don't you think? I mean, to have at least one good 'yes' or 'no' always ready."

Last October he gave Ann an engagement ring.

"She wore it under her glove and kept it hidden," Nelson said, "for we didn't want the engagement announced. You can understand why we didn't want the publicity."

"I can understand you wouldn't give anyone a darned bit of satisfaction when they tried to pry it out of you," I said.

In fact, Nelson and Ann kept their secret so well hidden even their closest newspaper friend knew nothing of it. They made no effort to conceal their friendship, dining here and there together, but Hollywood had grown so used to seeing Ann and Nelson together they more or less accepted it as just that—two companionable people enjoying fine friendship.

Once I heard Ann say in answer to the same old question of their marriage plans, "But we're old friends, Nelson and I. You should know that by this time."

But a deep rosy glow crept up Ann's cheek to her blonde hair as she spoke, for even then, under her glove, was Nelson's engagement ring.

*(Continued on page 75)*

THE

# Camera

SPEAKS

# Newlyweds—

A duet finale that culminates five years' of love's old sweet song: Ann Denitz Franklin becomes Mrs. Nelson Eddy to the tune of a surprise elopement, the applause of Hollywood and the envy of a goodly percentage of the female film audience

*Hyman Fink*

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

*A stepped-up, swing version of glamour—these close-ups of gals who have what it takes to make women worry and men woo—*

# Plenty of Umph!

Joan Crawford of M-G-M's "The Ice Follies of 1939"

Sheila Bromley of Warners' "Nancy Drew, Reporter"

Rosemary Lane of Warners' "Oklahoma Kid"

Betty Grable of Paramount's "Campus Dormitory"

In tune with our times are these pictures of Hollywood lovelies, for nowadays "umph" is as essential to a modern star as a swing band to a jitterbug. When Joan Crawford first starred in films, sex was the fare that Hollywood offered; but later years saw a return to a too, too nice decade when the stars were little ladies and limbs were taboo. Today finds umph in vogue, as proved by this new picture of Joan Crawford posing in a bathing suit—something she hasn't done in years—while up-and-coming younger satellites like Bromley, Lane and Grable follow suit with poses that you'll look at twice

Little curl for cute little girl

At home with the birds

Slink, sister, slink!

"SO YO

The reason why the collitch boys cheered

*All photographs from the Pho*
*files, one of the most valuable*
*collections in the motion-pictu*

Nice work—if you want to get it

"This is easy." (Norma in 1926)

With the smallest dog in the world

hantine coyness

Chief purser

Come and get it

Dainty morsel at tea time

# VANT TO BE A STAR!"

*Then you'll have to be prepared to be as good a sport about posing for publicity shots as was Norma Shearer, for stunts make for stardom. But she who stoops to folly stoops to conquer in Hollywood: i.e., she wins fame. Whereupon, she can forego giggles for glamour, be poised instead of posed*

Bang-up pose with the smallest pistol in the world





A major star today, Norma can turn thumbs down on publicity stunts and be herself—first lady of Hollywood



John Garfield: born in the Bronx, reared
a "difficult boys'" school, matured in t
theater, who brings to the rôle of Diaz
"Juarez" a strange medley of beau
tragedy and passion unique to Hollywo



Jean Parker: the lighter side of celluloid, refreshing hazel-eyed breeze of "It's Spring Again," who talks modestly of her talent, proudly of her husband and is, most emphatically, an ingénue sprinkled with stardust

# PHOTOPLAY

## DISCOVERS

## ANOTHER NEW PHOTOGRAPHER

# DIRECTOR LEW LANDERS

*A third exposure in our "Exceptional Photographers" series—Lew Landers. We found him in Hollywood's own back yard, clicking while he worked. Picture-making is his business; picture-taking, his hobby. Here's how Hollywood appears to his candid-camera eyes*





Director Landers, on his toes, makes a "quickie" of Sally Eilers



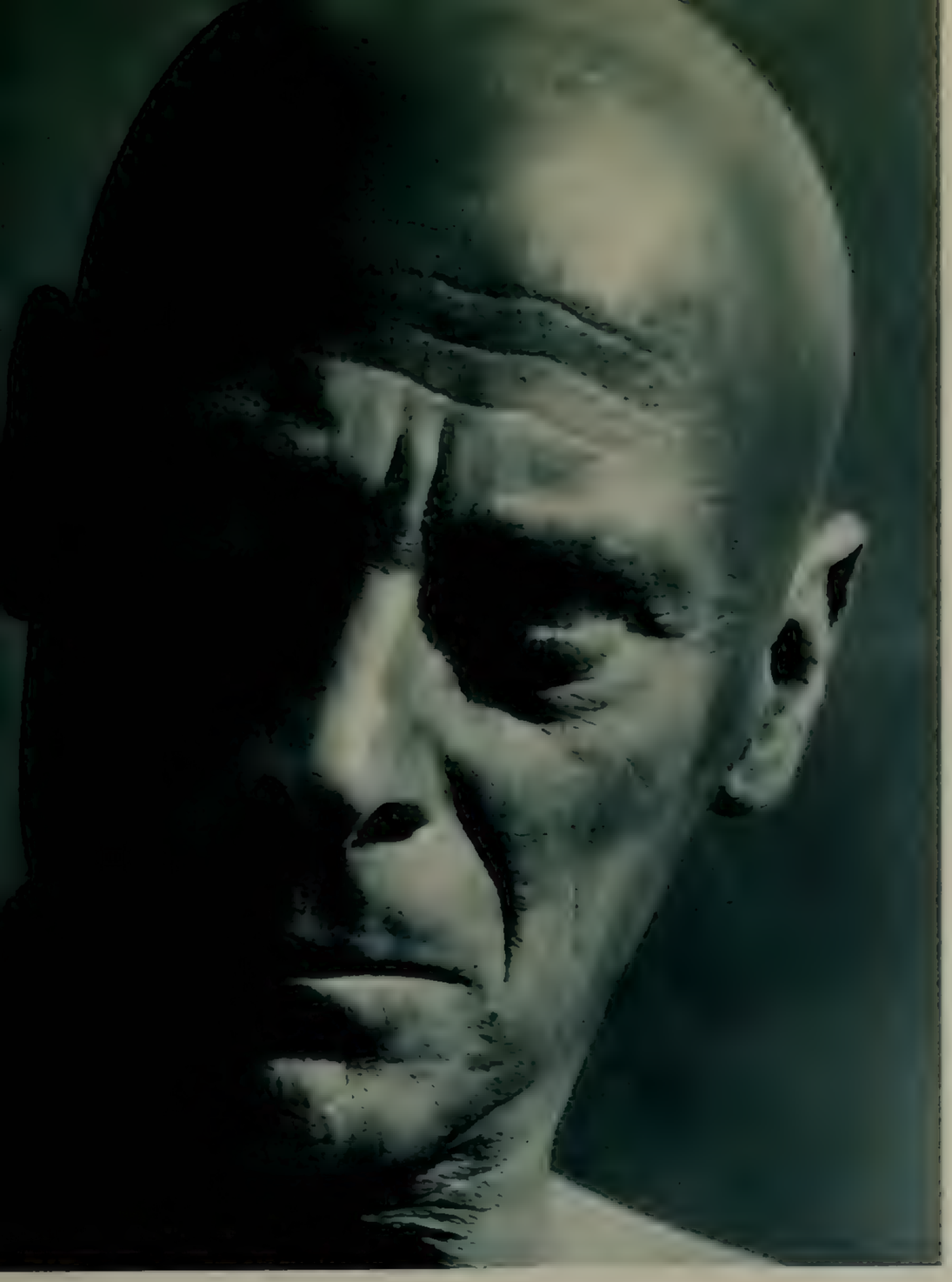
"Listen, Oakie!"—Jack takes orders; "Annabel Takes a Tour"



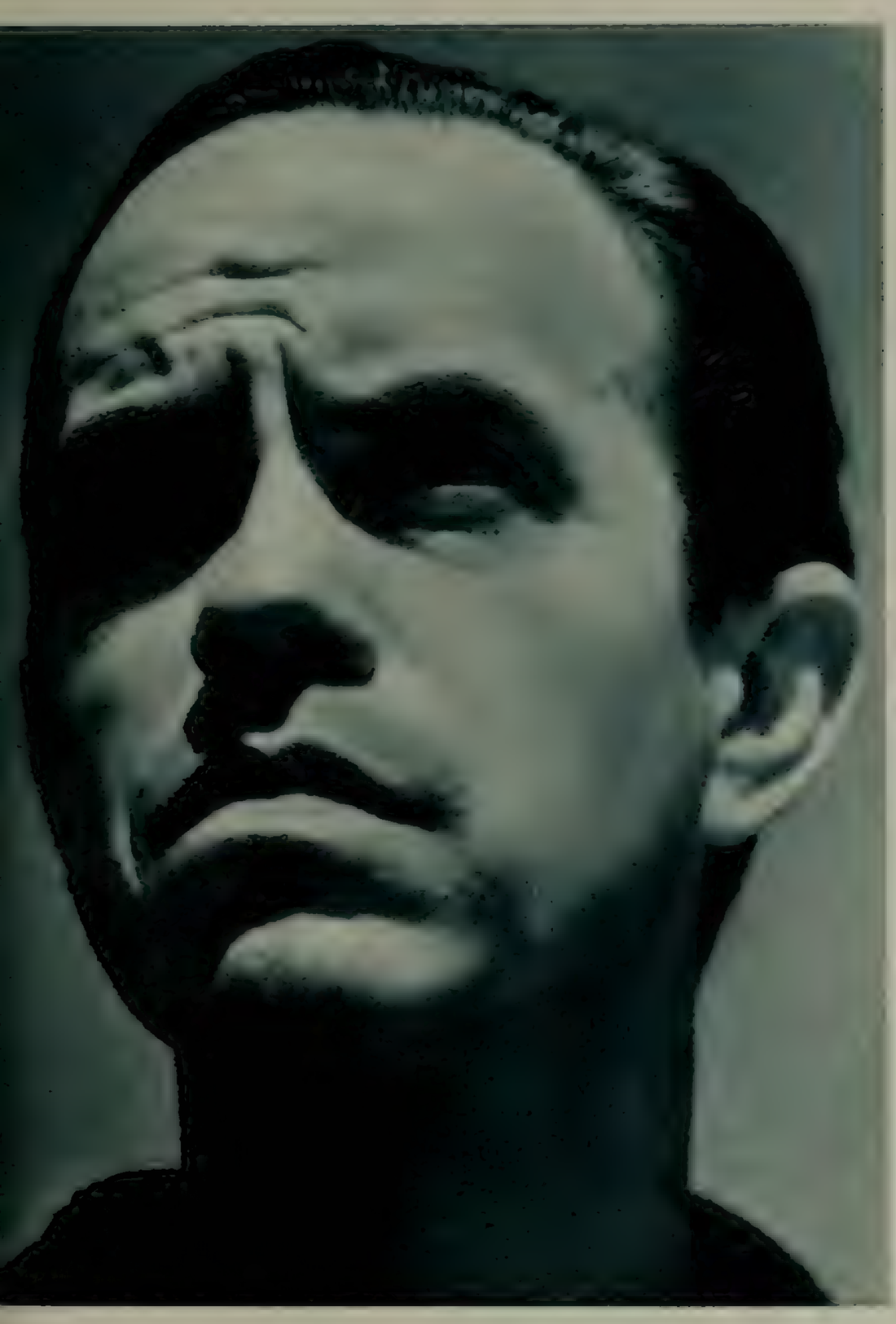
"Brimful"—photograph of a movie star who won't take orders



"Riot Scene"—taken during the filming of "Condemned Women"



Eduardo Ciannelli—camera loot from a visit to "Gunga Din"



Paul Guilfoyle—of Landers' most recent film, "Pacific Liner"



"Our Neighbors" broadcast—and are ca



"Pacific Liner"—Landers deserts megaphone for camera



"Pipe down"—Chester Morris relaxes between scenes



Olivia de Havilland

Bette Davis

# WE LOVE 'EM

*To gild or not to gild the star, that's the question. Some like them candid; some like them coy. Photoplay prefers them with a big helping of naturalness. And how about you?*

Ginger Rogers

Ann Sothern

Myrna Loy

Anita Louise



Sonja Henie



Merle Oberon



Hedy Lamarr



Barbara Stanwyck



Loretta Young



Joan Crawford



Prominent unattached stag of Hollywood—David Niven, who shed his Scotch formality, an army commission and a family title to explore America. Having made cash as a lumberjack and trouble in a Cuban revolution, he sailed for San Francisco; met Sam Goldwyn at a dinner party; became Niven, protégé of Goldwyn and, in "Wuthering Heights," one of the best bets in the business

A quiet, dark-eyed young woman with an oddly chiseled face — Claudette Colbert of Paramount's rollicking "Midnight" company. At six, she was pupil Lily Chauchoin, French import in New York's P.S. 59; at eighteen, she was the girl who'd come to Broadway on a casual tea-party bet. To Hollywood today, she is the dynamic Mrs. Joel Pressman, modern exponent of the art of well-bred sophistication






Above: Chaplin, 1910. Right: Paulette Goddard, whom friends think might be Mrs. Chaplin

*A toast to Charlot of the past and to Chaplin, personage of today, marking the fifty-year run of a great performance*

The man whom the public never forgets—the unassuming, gray-haired Chaplin. English born, he started stage work at twelve, toured in vaudeville; then, in 1913, entered the film industry. His private life made headlines: his two marriages, to Mildred Harris in 1918 and to Lita Grey in 1924; the birth of two sons; his divorces—yet to the American public he remained primarily the Tramp of the baggy trousers and soulful eyes. After eight years of inactivity, he produced, in 1936, "Modern Times," found the public as Chaplin-conscious as ever and is now busy, on his fiftieth birthday, with production of a political satire, "The Dictator." Interesting commentary on this newest effort is that Chaplin is but four days older than Germany's Adolph Hitler







Chaplin meets Gandhi. His 1931 tour was punctuated by interviews with the famous



London: the right-hand guest of the Prince of Wales at a benefit dinner

Tokyo: with Kichiemon Nakamura, famous Kabuki actor





Singapore: Chaplin with his brother, Sydney, and two of the native police



I'm very nervous," said Chaplin. "I'm nobody to be afraid of," chuckled George Bernard Shaw

Berlin: with the 1931 German idol, Dietrich





"Modern Times"—1936: Chaplin, with his modern leading lady, Paulette Goddard

Far left: Chaplin with his famous leading lady, Edna Purviance, and J. D. Williams

Bottom, opposite page: Francis X. Bushman, Chaplin, "Broncho Billy" Anderson



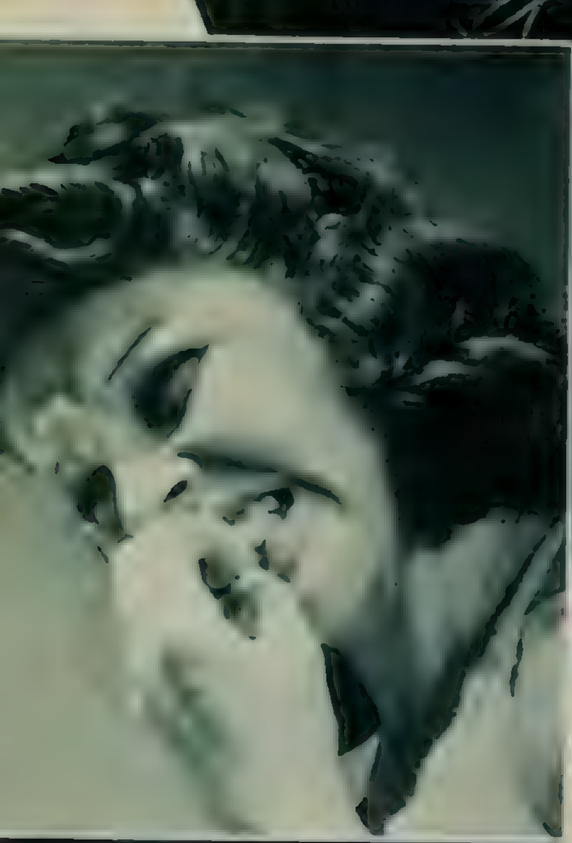




Ultra-violent Raye . . .

. . . of "Never Say

She made a fortune by her face . . .
and she never saves a dime. She
shouts "Yeah, mam" to film audi-
ences . . . and she felt like shout-
ing at her wedding to David Rose
musical arranger. She's a lov
of classical music . . . and sh
had only three weeks' school
She's the female film counte
of Joe E. Brown . . . and she
wants to be a sophisticate



Girl with a big mouth . . .



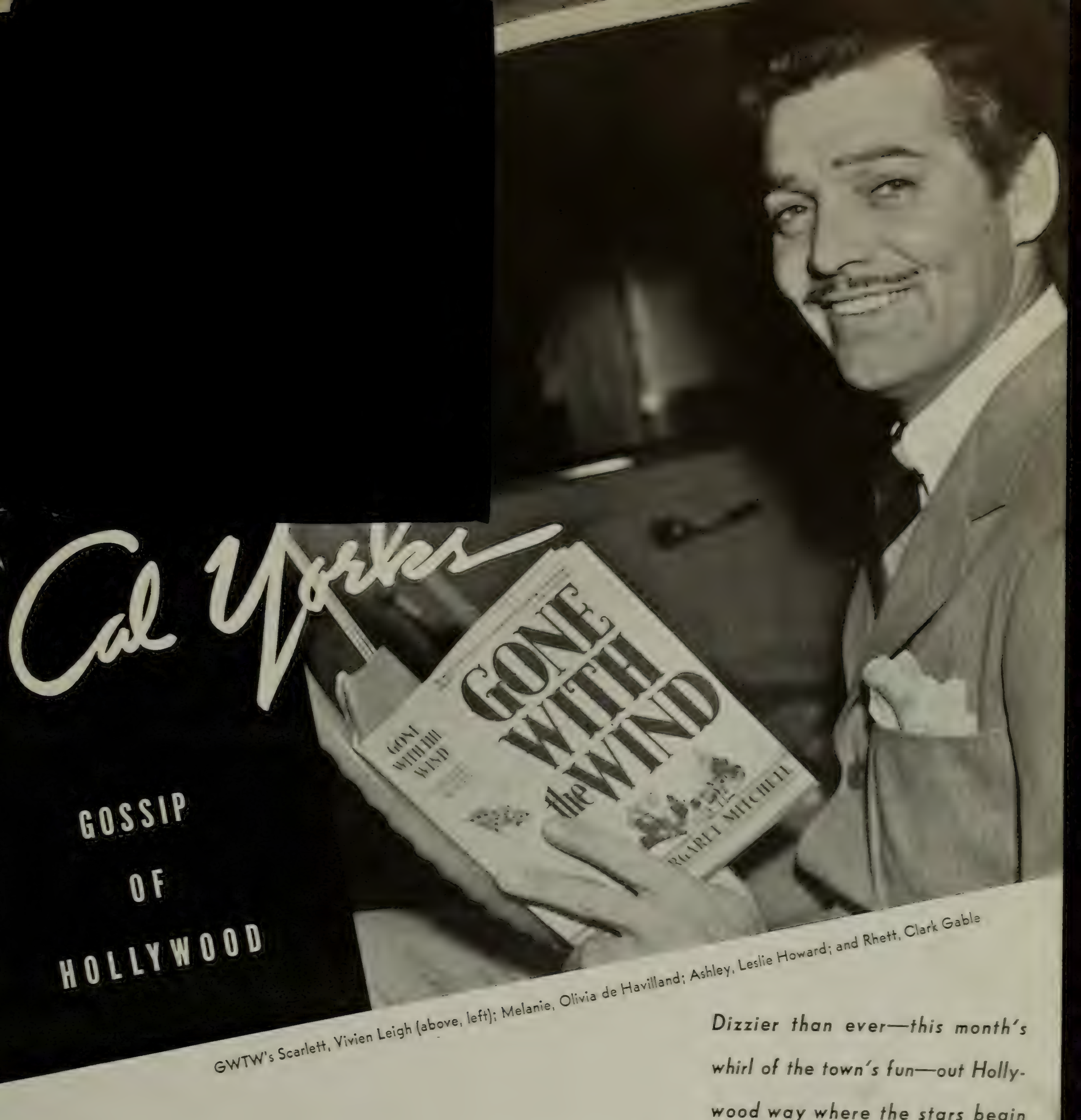
. . . big heart, big brain

# Girl WITH WIDE APPEAL

Outstanding clamor girl of Hollywood is Martha Raye, who produces loud and funny nonsense for the motion-picture industry. Natural resources: wide-open face, big mouth and an innate knack of knowing how to use both profitably. Herewith the Raye formula for stardom: be born backstage in a theater; debut at three in your parents' vaudeville act; sing your way through the night clubs and then leave the rest to Hollywood



# Cal Yorke's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD




GWTW's Scarlett, Vivien Leigh (above, left); Melanie, Olivia de Havilland; Ashley, Leslie Howard; and Rhett, Clark Gable

*Dizzier than ever—this month's whirl of the town's fun—out Hollywood way where the stars begin*

**Cut Short**

COMPLETELY ignored by the eager little fans who come to Hollywood searching for stars are the local barbershops.

Not the swanky, red-leathered affairs, but the little side-street shops that often offer a welcome retreat to male stars.

Dropping into a tiny two-by-four shop on Sunset Boulevard one day for a "quickie" hair trim, one of Cal York's "Gal Fridays" demanded the barber leave at least a suggestion of curly locks over the ears.

"So that's the way you like it, eh?" came a voice from the only other chair in the shop. Twirling quickly, she gazed, with considerable astonishment, into the twinkling eyes of her old friend, benedict Nelson Eddy. . . .

And there's the Hollywood High School lad who dashed into another small barber shop on Santa Monica Boulevard and demanded to be made into a glamour boy.

"Got a heavy date," he laughed, "and if I don't come out of this looking like Tyrone Power I want my money back."

"I demand you get your money back right now," said the customer in the next chair, removing the hot towel from his face.

The high school boy sat open-mouthed and big-eyed with surprise.

The other customer was only Tyrone Power himself.

**This Month—In Review:**

FRANCIS LEDERER becomes an American citizen. Since last autumn Lederer has been practically "a man without a country," for his native Czechoslovakia was dismembered by Hitler. Lederer, needless to say, is Hollywood's happiest man. . .

Margaret Sullavan has at last come into her own—she's boosted to stardom by M-G-M . . .

Elsa Maxwell came to town and the town became Elsa's. . .

June Travis and Allan Lane call off their engagement. . .

Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson call off their marriage. . . .



Feminine fragility in eye-filling fashions (and not a strapless gown a... 'em). Mrs. Bob Montgomery, Norma Shearer and Mrs. Elliot Nugent

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

### We Pause to Wonder:

THE selection by New York critics of the foreign films, "The Citadel" and "Grand Illusion," as the best of the year has all Hollywood gathered in quiet, sober little groups, discussing the subject pro and con.

"What is hampering our films?" is the question from producer right down to bit player. And the answer is always the same—heavy-handed censorship.

Censorship that has eliminated all sparkle, all spontaneity, all life from present-day pictures. Censorship that has motion-picture fans everywhere recalling, with nostalgic longing, the bittersweet memories of "Broken Blossoms," "The Cheat," "The Letter," the Valentino heart throbs.

Certainly Hollywood is against suggestiveness or indecency in films, but desperately it cries, like a drowning man, for a lighter hand in presenting unhampered to intelligent audiences stories of the classics and everyday happenings.

Will this death clutch on movies be lightened, or is the fifth greatest industry in the world to stagger under a load which it cannot possibly survive?

### Taylor Marriage Talk

IF Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck march altarward (and Hollywood is wondering whether they will or not) it will be because Bob's studio unwittingly opened the way.

It's no secret M-G-M has constantly advised Bob that a bachelor at the box office is worth two benedicts in "B" productions. It's even said a clause in Bob's contract demands he remain single; but such a clause cannot be legally binding if a star chooses to ignore it.

But now Bob need no longer depend on his bachelor rating for future security. His studio has presented him with a brand-new contract (at Bob's suggestion, of course) that guarantees a man-sized fortune at the end of three years. And since Bob has been genuinely in love with Barbara for several years, there seems to be no particular reason for delaying.

### Is It True What They Say About Power?

TO those who have doubted the sincerity of Tyrone Power's love for little Annabella, take a tip from Cal. It's the McCoy.

Recently we were given an opportunity to observe the two at close range and all we can say is, if it isn't love it's the best imitation that's ever been given. Across a room little bridges

Once at the bar in the home of a friend, Ty softly whistled a little Spanish air which instantly turned the starry eyes of Annabella in his direction. Some music remembered from a South American rendezvous all their own.

Yes, you can take our word for it, it's love.

### Lamarr or Politics?

HEDY LAMARR was a dinner guest at the Jack Warners' the other night and her partner was a certain attractive young man from New York (non-professional). They seemed to enjoy each other at first, but, after a while, the young man turned his attention to the woman on his other side, leaving the beautiful Hedy pretty much alone.

After dinner was over and the guests assembled in the drawing room, he still seemed to prefer the company of this other woman. Presently, Hedy went home.

But she needn't have been jealous, if, indeed, she was, because her "rival" was a married woman, notably in love with her husband—Dolores Del Rio. And we happen to know that she and the young man were discussing South American politics!

### Pay-as-You-Go Miracles

WE'VE just come to the amazed conclusion that Hollywood miracles are not confined to those which appear on the screen. Not by a jugful! Having heard of a couple of private miracles performed recently, we've been doing a little scouting and have discovered many others on tap, so to speak, just waiting for someone to say the word and, of course, pay the price . . . yes, miracles do come high.

One miracle to be supplied by a certain Hollywood firm for the asking—and for the paying—is the installing of a portable dance floor, any size, any place, in less than a day's notice. So, if a hostess is going to have a garden party and at the last minute decides to change it into a tea dansant, all she has to do is call up this certain firm and the floor is hers.

Another miracle available and particularly nice for an outing takes the form of a kitchen on wheels which, manned by expert cooks, will go anywhere and produce any kind of a repast on a moment's notice.

Another firm will supply, in practically nothing flat, a tent which will fit your particular tennis court, making it into a pavilion for parties. Still another guarantees to deliver box

## One-Minute Drama

IT was the night of the "Gunga Din" première. The klieg lights searched the skies above the Hollywood Pantages theater. There was a grandstand for spectators—not of the picture, but of the parade of attending celebrities—and the onlookers cheered as limousine after limousine drew up to the curb and deposited its famous cargo.

Inside, the cameramen were working like lightning . . . "Smile, Miss de Havilland, please . . ." "Look this way, Miss Young, please . . ." "Dick, won't you and Joan stand by the door, there?" "Miss Kelly—Nancy Kelly, please pose for us!"

It was right after young Nancy, only a few weeks a star, had been snapped that it happened. Another imposing limousine arrived and a beautiful woman alighted. She was wrapped in ermine and she wore orchids . . . Kay Francis. Experienced in the ways of premières, she paused before the photographers as she had done a thousand times before, waiting for them to take her picture. But somehow the cameramen didn't seem to see her. Somehow they were busy elsewhere. Oh, yes, one or two may have snapped her, but that was all.

We shan't forget the look on her face when she saw how things were. Surprise, hurt, dismay were written there for a tragic, revealing instant. Then she smiled and, head high, passed on. But we knew she had realized for the first heartbreaking time, how fleeting is glamour and how fickle is fame.

We had seen the same sort of thing happen to Mary Pickford a few years before and we thought how sadly does history repeat itself—in Hollywood as everywhere. . . .



You can take our word for it, it's love, says Cal on these pages about little Annabella and No. 1 Screen Hero—Ty Power



Joanie's got a beau—it's writer Charles Martin who's squiring La Crawford to previews these days

lunches in any number and to any spot in just the time it takes a car to get there.

Representatives from a dressmaking concern will, when called, arrive with bolts of yard goods and, when milady has selected material she likes, will create a gown for her in half an hour. A certain Hollywood millinery establishment will supply a hat in much the same way and with the same speed. There is also a concern whose sole business is to come and clean up after a party, bringing along a handy man to mend furniture, obliterate cigarette burns and spots and repair other damage done.

These various service establishments do little advertising. They rely on that best of all publicity, the word-of-mouth variety. Several are offshoots of others whose business it is to supply strange service and strange properties to the motion-picture industry, itself.

And Hollywoodites, used to miracles in the business, call upon them as casually as you or I would telephone the grocer and order a can of tomatoes.

### Age, 72

SIXTY-SEVEN years is a long time to have been an actor, you might think, but Harry Davenport (he played the judge in "You Can't Take It with You" and did that "jitterbug" dance in "The Cowboy and the Lady") doesn't agree. Seventy-two and still able to swing a mean golf club and to steal a scene when he has a mind to, he looks forward to a good many more years before the camera or behind the footlights.

The Davenport family has been in the theater for generations. Harry's great grandfather was Jack Johnstone, the famous Irish comedian during the reign of George IV. Johnstone's daughter married Fred Vining, another famous actor in Great Britain and Ireland, and their daughter, Fannie Vining, who followed in her parents' footsteps, was Harry's mother. He is also related by marriage to the Drew and Barrymore family.

He began his own theatrical career at the age of five in "Damon and Pythias" at the old Chestnut street theater in Philadelphia in 1871. He had one line to speak: "I want to be a soldier like Pythias." After it was over his father, who was manager of the theater, gave him a five-dollar gold piece dated that year, which he never spent and now keeps in a specially made leather case as his most cherished possession.

Since that first appearance, he has played, he thinks, in half the theaters of the United States and also in innumerable motion pictures, silent and talking. His last sojourn in Hollywood began two years ago. Since then he has appeared in thirty-four pictures; has had every kind of a part, he says, from a beachcomber to —well, to the *Judge* in "You Can't Take It with You." It was in that rôle that he really made a name for himself. Frank Capra had tested a good many actors for it, but when he saw Davenport's test, it was all over. Harry got the part and turned out to be one of the hits of the picture.

The rôle of Merle Oberon's "jitterbug" uncle in "The Cowboy and the Lady" followed. Now he is appearing in "Juarez."

Harry lives in Hollywood with his two sons, Arthur Rankin, under contract to 20th Century-Fox, and E. L. Doherty, and his two daughters, Kate and Fanny Davenport. His actress wife, Phyllis Rankin, is dead. While Arthur is the only member of the family who has a contract, the others work in pictures regularly . . . none, however, with more gusto than Harry himself.

### Rhapsody in Blue

WE suppose it could only have happened in Hollywood. Anyway, the other day a Hollywood automobile dealer called around at Loretta Young's with a brand-new car and a photographer, ready to photograph Loretta with the car for a beautiful color layout—object: advertising.

But immediately a fly appeared in the ointment, despite the fact that complete arrangements had been made in advance. The car was a blue car; Loretta had elected to wear a blue costume and the two blues didn't "jibe."

"Won't you change your dress, Miss Young?" the photographer asked.

But despite the fact that Loretta was to have been given the car as reward for her endorsement, she reneged.

"I just don't want to bother," she said, sweetly.

Crazy? Well, maybe. But, after all, her income is up in those brackets where to have received such a gift would have cost her $300 in taxes.

### Steam Story

YES, directors do have their trials and tribulations. And they take various means of letting off steam.

We can't mention names, but we heard this ourselves during the making of a very important picture at a very important studio.

It was a love scene between two very important stars and it was going badly. The hero was okay, but the heroine, never noted for her dramatic talent, didn't "give" worth a hoot.

"You're so lovely. You're so beautiful. You're all a man could dream of . . ." Over and over again, the hero thus avowed his love and over and over again his words met a wooden reception.

"Rehearse it again!" the director snapped. They did. Then it was we heard the director muttering to himself in unison with the lover. He was saying: "You're so terrible. You're so lousy. You'd send a man into D. T.'s. . . ."

Sorry—but we can't tell you who!

### Toto

THEY'VE insured Terry for $10,000 at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which is a pretty high figure, considering Terry is just a dog, and a dog who never won any blue ribbons, at that. Just the

*(Continued on page 90)*

## Angle on a Triangle

WE had lunch with the two feminine members of one of Hollywood's newest and most modern triangles last week . . . meaning Ann Sheridan and Margaret Lindsay. Our date was with Ann, but Margaret happened by and, on Ann's invitation, she joined us. The third member of the triangle, Eddie Norris, formerly Ann's husband and now Margaret's boy friend, was absent, but he was discussed with disarming casualness by both Margaret and Ann.

It seemed that Margaret and Eddie had been invited to become members of a new Beverly Hills badminton club and Margaret, being a thrifty lass, as Hollywood beauties are wont to be these days, was wondering if it would be necessary for them both to join, since members can always take guests to tournaments, parties, meetings and such.

"I shouldn't think you would have to join if Eddie is going to," Ann said, practically. "Eddie can always take you."

"Well—" Margaret looked doubtful, "perhaps he would like to take someone else once in a while."

But Ann came back promptly. "Not if what I hear he thinks of you is true," she said. "He thinks you are the One and Only." The clear, direct look she gave Margaret was as friendly as though she, herself, were practically a stranger to the young man in question.

Funny thing about the handsome Eddie . . . during the time he and Ann were married she got all the screen breaks and he nary a one. But almost simultaneously with their divorce his luck picked up and he is at present doing fine—as you will realize when you see the good part he has in 20th Century-Fox's "Tail Spin."



**YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners**

IF you have seen even half of Warner Brothers' recent pictures you cannot get away from thinking moodily that this studio is in a rut. The question is, what will they do when they have run out of U. S. prisons? Once more Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer, busily doing a Fagan with Billy Halop. Billy thinks it's fine to learn the stick-up racket until he sees murder done. Then he wants to quit, finds Bogart won't let him. Since it is a current literary rule that all slum kids who Go Wrong must have a pure sister to weep for them, Gale Page has a rôle in this. More, she has a romantic interest, Harvey Stephens. Harvey almost gets stuck with a murder rap, so you can see poor Miss Page has a bad time.



**★ TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox**

YOU will want to see this for its novelty and for its breath-taking speed thrills, although, without these selling points, there would not be much picture. The film deals with the girls who slave to compete with rattletrap ships in the Powder Puff Derby—women's air races, to the multitude. After several reels exploiting the perils and sacrifices of Alice Faye, Nancy Kelly and Jane Wyman, up pops heiress Constance Bennett, who brings her special plane to the Derby—not for the money, but to show the man she loves (Kane Richmond) that she has courage. There is a beautiful love story between Miss Kelly and Edward Norris; Joan Davis and Wally Vernon work at starchy comedy. Alice Faye has a poor rôle, but manages to survive.

# The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTUR



**★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners**

HEREWITH an hour's swell entertainment. Taken from the highly successful stage play, "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is meant to be a satire on the freedom with which women live their lives these days, but it is done with such rollicking humor and pace that you are likely to forget its social message. Which is just as well.

Priscilla Lane, giving just about the best performance of her short career, plays the daughter who has reacted too completely to her liberal mother's teaching. The mother (Fay Bainter) used to be a suffrage crusader when she wasn't having an affair with a poet. But, now that she has married a banker, Fay is horrified when Priscilla calmly decides to go off on a week end with Jeffrey Lynn. The girl's intentions are of the social experiment order, but the situation makes for dialogue with a bawdy leer. Everyone in the family, including Granny May Robson, much-married Auntie Genevieve Tobin and, finally, Papa, find out what is going on Papa sets off to stop the debauch. Everyone else starts out to warn the kids except Granny, who has other ideas.

Jeffrey Lynn is completely charming as the nice young man who loves Priscilla but thinks her family is a rum lot. If you will notice the love situation is reversed throughout, even to the scene in which Priscilla asks Jeffrey if he wants to run back. Ian Hunter splutters well as the father and Roland Young, Fay's poet, wanders through it all with one eyebrow happily raised.



**★ STAGECOACH—Wagner-United Artists**

JOHN FORD, who did "The Informer," once told this reviewer that the future of motion pictures lay in filming the story of simple, down-to-earth human beings. In this Western "Dinner at Eight," this "Grand Hotel" on wheels, he does his best to sketch the portraits of nine people who, sometime in the last century, meet and face treachery during a forty-eight hour trip in a stagecoach. Thus, with the magnificent if stark scenery of Arizona as a background, you get not only a roaring Wild West movie but a dramatic tale, with sustained action and few idle moments.

The characters are of widely different mettle. Louise Platt, a refined young wife from Virginia; John Carradine, a gambler; Claire Trevor, as the dance-hall girl escorted from a frontier town by women reformers; a doctor who drinks too much, played by Thomas Mitchell; stern U. S. Marshal George Bancroft; Tim Holt, a code book lieutenant; and Berton Churchill, a banker tempted by his last $50,000 deposit. These, with a whiskey drummer, make up the passenger list of "Stagecoach." The group is joined by John Wayne as a sinewy son of the plains who has broken out of jail in order to end a long-standing feud and finds first romance in the process.

This is a fine break for Claire Trevor and she uses it to advantage. Wayne is attractive and sincere. Production and photography are excellent and the supporting cast follow Ford's direction with ease—but final honors must go to Thomas Mitchell.



**★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount**

THE fashion of hysterical fighting between lovers is still going strong, apparently. Anyway, this hectic comedy is just one long series of battles between Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. At least, you never worry about their meaning it, because you know that when people earnestly hate each other they are quiet and deadly when quarrelling. The story is built on the controversial premise that all cafe society is as dull as junket, a social strata composed of females with ignoble ideas and of men without any ideas at all. Thus, you see Miss Carroll as an eye-filling but misguided dish, who is the leader of cafe society. She decides to marry ship reporter Fred MacMurray, just to prove she can keep the gossip columns newsy.

This seems like a pretty inconsiderate motive when you take a look at the stalwart handsome Fred, but let that pass. He discovers all finally and is pretty sore. The first fight—a humdinger—comes at this point. Then Madeleine's grandfather persuades the couple to make a show of enjoying their marriage in order to silence the gossip and to this the young people agree. They do try. It is only that every time they go out in public they disagree about something and start another battle. Meanwhile, Fred has kept his interest in Shirley Ross, a singer whom he has helped.

All the players have a good deal of vitality, which they certainly need and the picture hops from scene to scene with very few dull moments. You will get a good laugh out of this, in any case.



**FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M**

HOLLYWOOD seems incapable of making a picture just for the fun of it. Even minor efforts, like this, must make a plea for something. "Four Girls in White" pleads with medicine to stop trying for the big dough and start worrying about the health of the poor. In this case there's an amusing, if reminiscent story. Florence Rice plays a shrewd young miss who takes up nursing solely for the purpose of getting a rich husband. She hooks a famous surgeon, only to be disappointed in him because his ideals keep him in a $5,000 a year job when he could be getting the hypochondriac trade. Annoyed, Florence goes after a playboy, but loses him to her sister. This makes Florence think. Can she Redeem Herself with Alan Marshal, the surgeon?



**BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio**

HERE'S as dismal a preachment as ever emerged from Hollywood—or anywhere else, for that matter. If you're an inveterate reformer and are wallowing in the current run of pictures which make a point of depicting the unfortunate, you'll probably love this. With relentless, cold anger it chooses the deep South as locale and paints a picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist there. Fine technique gives the film good rating as a cinema study; Ann Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do beautiful work in morbid characterizations. But the story is not there, nor is there a high spot for relief. Maybe if this were used purely as humanitarian propaganda it might do some good, but any idea of entertainment is sacrificed to realism.



**KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists**

THE long arm of coincidence is practically pulled out of its socket in this depressing race-track story. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a bum, is in a boxcar on his way to a track when he stumbles upon Roger Daniel, a young boy. Now, Menjou used to be a pretty respectable man, so Roger talks him into pulling himself together. The two buy a horse, it wins a race and money rolls in. Then what do you think happens? Roger turns out to be a runaway and his mother, Dolores Costello, wants him back. And who do you think Dolores is? Why she's Menjou's ex-wife. Roger, what of little Roger? He is torn between two loves; but Dolores has a plan. If you see the picture you'll find out what it is. It all seems like a Rooney-Beery set-up.

## SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

### THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

**Ambush**
**Cafe Society**
**Gunga Din**
**Honolulu**
**Idiot's Delight**
**Let Freedom Ring**
**Made for Each Other**
**The Mikado**
**One Third of a Nation**
**Stagecoach**
**Tail Spin**
**Yes, My Darling Daughter**

### BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Cary Grant in "Gunga Din"
Victor McLaglen in "Gunga Din"

Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight"
Clark Gable in "Idiot's Delight"
Charles Coburn in "Idiot's Delight"

Madeleine Carroll in "Cafe Society"
Fred MacMurray in "Cafe Society"

Eleanor Powell in "Honolulu"
Gracie Allen in "Honolulu"

Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring"

Carole Lombard in "Made for Each Other"
Jimmie Stewart in "Made for Each Other"
Lucile Watson in "Made for Each Other"

Nancy Kelly in "Tail Spin"

Claire Trevor in "Stagecoach"
Thomas Mitchell in "Stagecoach"

Priscilla Lane in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
Jeffrey Lynn in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
Fay Bainter in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"



**★ LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M**

THIS is the picture in which Nelson Eddy beats up Victor McLaglen in a fist fight. That alone should be enough to make you spend your money at the box office. But there's a lot more: once again, as in "Jesse James," the railroad plays the villain.

Nelson probably will gain new fans through his portrayal of *Steve Logan,* who wages a winning fight for the ranchers against the suave villainy of Edward Arnold, shyster promoter, and his henchmen. It's a tale of the days when the West fought, without guns or banners, the eternal struggle against oppression and won for another generation the gift of simple liberty. There is music, of course, but always motivating to the story. Nelson, it seems, has been recalled from school to help save the railroads from snatching right-of-way; resorting to trickery, he pretends to ally himself with Arnold and thus alienates his father, Lionel Barrymore, and his sweetheart, Virginia Bruce. After much stirring action the piece reaches its climax with the fight between Nelson and McLaglen.

The latter is particularly pleasant as the lusty Irish railroad foreman and contributes some comedy moments with Charlie Butterworth, who is a barroom pianist and possesses an iron jaw. After the long run of MacDonald-Eddy musicals, you may have to get used to Nelson in this type of film, but he adapts well; and you will like the strong blend of drama, music and action.

The songs with all male voices are highly effective, particularly "Dusty Road."



**★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-U. A.**

FOR the first three-quarters of its running time this is one of the finest pictures made for years in Hollywood. It paints a magnificent portrait of two unexceptional, real people in the details of their life together, their problems, their happiness, their small miseries. With kindly touch and deep understanding, but often with brutality, it tells their simple story. Then, quite suddenly, the touch is lost, the plot goes wild and so does the screen. You are confronted with melodrama. There is a dying child, a mercy flight through a storm, a parachute jump and Carole Lombard prays in a chapel. Heaven knows, she does it well. But you must try and forget about this finale. Instead, give all your energies to the section that is great.

Jimmy Stewart plays the boy, a young lawyer doing very badly, who meets and loves and marries a girl suddenly and brings her home to a small apartment in which his mother must also live.

She is a bitter woman, nags her daughter-in-law and gets unbearable when a child is born to complicate things.

Carole is proud of Jimmy and talks him into asking his hard-bitten boss for a raise. Instead, he gets a wage cut. Climax comes with a heartbreaking New Year's Eve scene in which the young couple decide to call it quits. Then comes word that the baby has pneumonia. Neither Stewart nor Lombard has ever given a finer performance. Lucile Watson portrays the great mother-in-law of all time.

*(Continued on page 93)*



My, my, such gossiping as went on over the "Wuthering Heights" wedding scene with David Niven and Merle Oberon!

An innocent pipe caused grief aplenty for "Sherlock Holmes" Rathbone in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"

*New British invasion hits Hollywood; sound stages reek with "raw-thahs" as England's lads and lassies take over with a bang*

# BY JACK WADE

HERE come the British with a bang, bang! Not since the Oxford accent invasion after talkies came in has Hollywood gone so suddenly and sensationally English as in the first merry months of nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

First of all, Vivien Leigh, a strictly tea-and-cakes girl from the Old Country, picked off *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone With the Wind"—the prize part that almost touched off another American Civil War—and Leslie Howard got the job of *Ashley Wilkes*. Clark Gable is still *Rhett Butler*—but everybody's pretty disappointed Anthony Eden couldn't get around to taking a crack at it on his recent American visit.

Then the movie critics got together over a pot of tea and named the ten best pictures of the year as if London were the movie capital instead of Hollywood. And the star sensation of the hour is Lambeth Wendy Hiller, the Cockney Charmer of "Pygmalion."

So we're not at all surprised to find the Hollywood sets simply reeking with "rawthahs" and




"reallys" as we make our studio rounds this month. In fact, on the first one, "Wuthering Heights," at Samuel Goldwyn's drama factory, we find the entire cast, elite and extras, His Majesty's loyal subjects. The only thing American about the whole place is Sam—and he's sporting a Bond Street tailoring job. But he's still murdering the King's English!

You have to hand it to Sam Goldwyn at that. He may pull a grammatical nifty every now and then, but he's got Jimmy Roosevelt and also courage and a sense of taste that makes his movies right—or else.

We wander through some of the most meticulous and lavish sets we've seen in months—all under one roof. These sets are as English as the actors who make up the cast of "Wuthering Heights." Everything keys the story perfectly.

Far be it from us to try to condense the masterpiece of Emily Brontë into a couple of sentences, but if you're weak on your English literature, you should know the tale is about a landed English family and how they grew.

A trail of rice outside the stage door warns us it's a wedding scene we're about to witness. Inside, a venerable, ivy-clad church set confirms it. And when we see Merle Oberon—our particular British weakness—demurely exchanging vows with David Niven, we feel a decided urge to kiss the bride!

No chance, though, so we revel from afar.

As the rector starts to make David and Merle one, we can't help thinking what a swell couple Merle and David would make in real life. We idly wonder if they might not be thinking the same thing. David is so nervous. After a couple of false starts, he smiles, "I've never been married before, you know." He looks at Merle and Merle looks at the floor. Not too long ago they were one of Hollywood's most romantic couples.

And to top it off—sitting on the side lines just visiting but watching intently is the man who rumor says is Merle Oberon's real husband-to-be, if they aren't already married, Alexander Korda, the British producer. Wonder what he thinks, watching the girl he loves and the man she loved pledging themselves to each other?

The cameras grind on. Business is business and making pictures is Hollywood's business—not reading minds and hearts. But we sigh.

FIFTY years later, but only a few miles away, we carry on with the British at Twentieth Century-Fox, "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and another all-English cast. Not a citizen of the U. S. A. gets a break in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous bloodcurdling exploit of that Genius G-Man of the nineties, *Sherlock Holmes.*

The picture's been on for days when we arrive—but still they're shooting the very first scene! And all because Basil Rathbone picked up a straight-stem pipe to smoke in the scene the first time they shot it. Sherlock was strictly a curved-stem man.

Chief, a giant Great Dane, is the *Hound.* He tips the beam at a hundred and forty pounds, his keeper tells us, which is why he got the job after fifty dogs, including a few real hounds, were tested for the part. The *Hound,* you'll recall, was a pretty ugly customer, with glowing eyes and dripping jaws—so you'll never recognize poor old Chief in the movie. They've rigged up a mask with phosphorus peepers to make him a sort of canine Karloff.

Plot stuff in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is simple but sinister. A ghostly curse about a canine spook who gobbles up bad Baskervilles with his Vita-Bone hangs over the ancient house. A renegade B'ville revives the legend with a real mutt to cheat upstanding young *Baskerville* Richard Greene out of his inheritance—and Wendy Barrie. Catch on? Into this little family spat *Sherlock* Rathbone intrudes his glass pipe and touring cap and pretty soon it's—"elementary, my dear Watson!"

We thought we'd get away from the British influence for sure at Hal Roach's. No studio in Hollywood is more plain and unpretentiously American. But it's no use. "Captain Fury" is all Empire and largely British in cast, with

Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen and June Lang.

The idea of "Captain Fury" is *Robin Hood* in Australia. But it's based on history, and a part of history that both England and some people in Australia would much rather forget.

A century ago, Australia was England's Devil's Island for political exiles and convicts. Land barons contracted for the convicts and worked them like slaves. Hopping back to this inglorious era, "Captain Fury" dramatizes the fight of a dauntless Irish exile to free his fellow prisoners.

The realism of Hollywood's set architects never fails to amaze us. One minute we are outside in the California sun, the next deep in the green jungle of the Australian bush.

Brian Aherne, in a long curly wig and tattered leather jerkin, is talking the scene over with Hal Roach as we approach. ("Captain Fury" is all Roach family. Hal himself is directing it; his son, Hal, Junior, is the assistant director; his daughter Margaret has a small part).

Somebody yells, "Hey, Butch!" in the midst of all this and the door of a dressing room pops open and June Lang pokes out her red head.

The scene we watch is on the Bopeep side—with June in a ragged dress (she's a poor settler's daughter) leading two woolly lambs to the stream for a drink. There Brian, dodging the law through the heavy bush, surprises her—and love blooms.

June Lang is so beautiful, even in rags. One thing we always notice about ragged movie heroines: despite the sometimes sad condition of their wardrobes, their coiffures are always very much in order and uncannily up-to-date.

"All right," says the cameraman. June advances, with the two baby sheep, up to the brink of the stream. She's supposed to give them a drink, but apparently the lambs have a bigger and better idea. They dive right in the water! "Cut!" yells Roach. "Dry 'em off, and we'll do it again."

But the next time—up they come to the creek and— splash! In again! There's another drying session and another try. Same result. Two more. Same.

# PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Edith Head, Paramount's designer, created this gay Easter Sunday frock for Dorothy Lamour's personal wardrobe. Of blue silk jersey, it is short-sleeved with softly draped blouse and skirt. An old-fashioned stole banded with dyed blue fox is chic substitute for a jacket. A cluster of carnations tops the matching jersey chapeau which is an original Robert Galer model. The lovely Lamour is currently appearing in Paramount's "Man About Town"

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HESSE

The problem of what to do next was paralyzing the Roach studio and staff as we leave for Paramount, where even Bob Burns has gone white-tie-and-tails and—that's right—British!

BOB'S current epic, oddly enough, is called "I'm From Missouri." That alone seems to us a form of native state treason, after all the money Bob has gathered in being a professional Arkansan. But when we learn that Bob invades Mayfair society in the picture, and actually discover him on the set in the very act of doing same—well, it's a sad day for Van Buren and Grandpa Snazzy—is all we can say.

"I'm From Missouri," our Paramount informers confess, is a step forward in the campaign to place the mantle of the late Will Rogers on Bob Burns' rawboned shoulders. There's to be no bazooka-blowing foolishness in it and none of the Burns stock of rural relations jokes. Instead, Bob is advanced in this picture as a character actor, plopped in polite surroundings where his earthy wit and character shine through as good hoss sense, *à la* the old Will Rogers' formula.

Paramount is having a slight production breather before plunging into the busy season, so we head down the street for Columbia.

Columbia is definitely up and at 'em this month with an aviation special called "Plane No. 4." Don't bank too much on the title, however, as they'll probably fix up one with more punch.

We decided to take in the two big sets. One is in the studio with Cary Grant the attraction. The other is out on location with Jean Arthur the lure. More and more we find the studios doubling up on their shooting because, as ever, the biggest expense is—time.

We find Cary, an imposing-looking hombre with a wide-brimmed planter's hat, ducks and

*(Continued on page 78)*

Good old American pioneer patriotism has a fling in "Let Freedom Ring," with (left to right) Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore, Victor McLaglen, Nelson Eddy and Virginia Bruce









Jeanette MacDonald's bright blue herringbone tweed jacket stresses the importance of short-sleeved tailored jackets for wear with frocks or skirts. Left, Jeanette wears hers over a black silk crepe pleated tailored frock. Her natural Toyo straw hat is banded with black grosgrain ribbon and pierced with a multicolored quill. Suède, a pet of winter's sport fashions, continues into spring. Jeanette's moss-green suède frock with front button closing (below) has a contrast dubonnet chiffon scarf that matches her suède hat. Short gloves, bag and shoes of rust calfskin complete this ensemble. Miss MacDonald is currently appearing in M-G-M's "Broadway Serenade"

*Ball*



Jean Arthur (opposite page) wears this spring picture gown created in mood of yesteryear by Irene in Columbia's "Plane No. 4." The apple-green satin bodice, so snugly fitted, boasts a strapless décolletage which is edged with starched white lace. The bouffant skirt, of sheerest green organdy printed with apple blossoms, falls over a crisp green taffeta slip—the bows that march from waist to hem are of green satin

*Schafer*





The influence of the middle Nineteenth Century costumes created by Natalie Visart for Paramount's Cecil B. DeMille production, "Union Pacific," which co-stars Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea is reflected in these two models posed by Barbara Stanwyck. Left, Barbara wears a dinner dress which is almost a duplicate of the 1860 costume shown in the above insert (from the film, "Union Pacific"). The blouse of black challis sprinkled with pink roses is an exact copy—the skirt of black silk jersey has bands of green grosgrain ribbon instead of braid as on the costume—the shamrock motif on the wide leather belt is studded with green stones instead of nailheads. Natalie Visart designed the smart and unusual dresses shown on these two pages exclusively for Photoplay



Barbara's navy blue and "Pacific" blue gabardine sports dress was copied and inspired from the "rough and ready" shirt worn by Joel McCrea in "Union Pacific." The culotte skirt is joined to the blouse by a navy leather belt which closes with a large monogrammed silver buckle. Barbara's blue felt crush sport hat was copied, too, from Joel's



# Values

## FOR YOUR BUDGET

SMARTLY POSED BY

# ANITA LOUISE

currently appearing in
"The Little Princess,"
a 20th Century-Fox production
starring Shirley Temple

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KORNMAN



A chic and practical "basic" spring jacket-frock of black sheer with contrast trim of white silk braid smartly selected for $29.95. Anita combines it with patent heelless, toeless pumps ($6.50) and bag ($5.00), black silk jersey toque ($10.00) and suède gloves ($4.50). The accessory total is economically shared between three costumes—the one above and the chartreuse and striped models shown on the opposite page

Anita's watermelon crepe jacketed evening gown accepts both formal and informal invitations. The bodice is tucked to a low waistline to match the sleeve treatment of the brief bolero jacket. This gown was discovered for $19.95—the gold sandals for $6.50



On bright sunny days Anita reassembles her basic black jacket-frock shown on the opposite page with this white hat of piqué (above, left), shoulder carnation cluster and gloves—she picked up the three for less than $10.00

A sheer woolen frock boldly striped with yellow, violet, purple and black, magnificently selected for $22.95. Anita wears it with her basic black accessories and adds her gold necklace and bracelets as final fillip. On sunny days the white hat and gloves shown in the photo on the left replace the black ones worn here

Anita's dressy frock of chartreuse crepe—practically "a steal" at $19.95—features a draped blouse, extravagant shoulders, graduated belt, skirt pockets and shirred fullness. Anita closes the neckline with her novel rhinestone Zebra pins, but it may also be worn open in a deep V. The toque, gloves, bag and shoes that complement this frock are the same as those worn with her basic frock

Anita selected these budget values at Josephy, Inc., 268 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. For further information on any of these clothes, write Josephy, Inc., direct





THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

Jacket dresses are a "must" in every spring wardrobe. Linda Winters, appearing in Columbia's "Blondie Meets the Boss," poses in four striking Jeanne Barrie models. A wee shirred bolero (above, left) tops a short-sleeved frock of matching navy sheer crepe. The flowers on the shoulder repeat the coloring of the pink kid trim on the patent belt. Linda wears pink patent sandals—a new Hollywood contrast shoe vogue. The frock also available in black with white. Here's a frock (center) that presents the new spring color contrast—cork with black. The cork-colored, Italian-quilted, zipper-closed, fitted jacket interestingly contrasts a black short-sleeved frock with V-neckline. Also cork and navy, and chartreuse or Capri blue and navy. Right, another bolero frock of black sheer. The bodice of the short-sleeved frock is a froth of dainty embroidered organdy edged with Val type lace. Below left, navy sheer smartly accented with white. The high neckline of the short-sleeved frock is banded with Angel piqué—the fabric of the fitted jacket features all-over diagonal tucking. Also in black with white

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CROWLEY

# PHOTOPLAY *Fashion*

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

Dolores Casey, appearing in Paramount's "Cafe Society," and Joyce Mathews, of the cast of Paramount's "Boy Trouble," bring you the newest felts and straws of the spring season. Miss Mathews (top, left) models Byron's "Saucebox," a casual hat that's always good with suits. Note the new stovepipe twist to the crown that stamps this model "Spring '39." It is of soft felt with a contrast band. Miss Casey (top, right) poses in Roxford's "Little Dipper"—a tiny little sailor designed to be dipped at a dizzy angle. In beige garlanded with surrealist felt flowers—a gay little hat just right with the new beige background tweeds. Joyce smiles from under the shadow of Byron's "Pastoral" (center)—a rhapsody in the blue straw braid with the rustic look that's going to be so good for town this spring—it has a contrast grosgrain ribbon band trim. Dolores (below, right) wears Roxford's "Bo-Peep"—a wickedly simple wide-brimmed mushroom type hat in a natural, sewn straw braid reminiscent of gingham pinafores—a country-born fashion slated for town headlines

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WALLING



## WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

# YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS



PHOTOGRAPHY BY EVANS

From Constance Bennett's own exquisite wardrobe comes this smart afternoon ensemble. The taupe crepe dress, simply fashioned, depends upon the dirndl skirt, broad shoulders and wrap belt for outstanding style detail. A sable scarf, taupe gloves, shoes and ostrich turban are stunning accessories. Miss Bennett is currently appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Tail Spin." Her next film will be made at the Hal Roach Studios

# MELVYN

OF

THE

MOVIES



He's changed—but he hasn't lost his zest for living. He's still dynamite



Peter Gahagan Douglas and his famous mother

*Reckless haste, minor successes, a new love, then fame and a calmer philosophy—in other words, that's the life story of Melvyn Douglas*

BY HOWARD SHARPE

MELVYN DOUGLAS found himself with a wife before he remembered that he had no job and no money. Like so much that had happened to him—his early break from home because he could not endure the intense possessivness of his musician father, Edouard Hesselberg; his attempt to join the army at fifteen; the girls; the parties; the reckless thoughtlessness that was forever getting him into trouble—this marriage was again an act of impulse, and he was faced with the quick and immediate problem of finding a way to earn money for his bride and earn it quick. So he shook off the spell of his recent joyous, unencumbered trip to Europe and entrained for New York, a sobered young man in search of work. He left Alice behind in Chicago.

Once before, briefly, Melvyn Douglas had battered at Broadway's closed doors. He had been too young. Now he knew more of the theater, had friends, thought he understood the technique of slipping through back doors rather than approaching front reception desks with foolish bravery.

Grand Central Station received him, unfriendly, cavernous. He put up his coat collar, then saw himself in a reflecting window and caught the look of the outcast, the seeker, it gave him—and turned it down again. He took a deep breath and got his head back. That was better. . . .

A friend was living in town at his fraternity house. Melvyn stared down three redcaps, got a good grip on his two suitcases and headed for the subway. The friend was in. "I'll put you up here, fella," he said, to his endless glory.

The days went past . . . New York surged with prosperity, with jobs and people to fill them. They had all preceded Melvyn. Backdoors, he discovered, were kept securely locked and bolted. But he tried: he tried until the afternoon when he came out of an agency, his ears still hearing the regretful voice of the secretary *(Try us again—in a week, say?)* and stood vaguely, empty of thought, on the crowded sidewalk. After a minute something clicked in his mind and he knew a drink would taste good. It was late.

A taxi took him to an address on Fifty-second Street and after he had paid the driver he looked at his change. There were a half dollar, and a quarter and a dime and four pennies in his hand. He looked at them curiously, remembering the one very crisp dollar bill in his wallet. Then he went on up the brownstone steps.

There would probably be someone he knew at the bar.

Inside, he found a booth and motioned to a waiter. "Ask Tony if he's seen Steve today and bring me some of that stuff you guys made last night." *Why are all speak-easy owners named Tony?* he thought. *And why do you always know somebody named Steve in New York?*

Across the room a good phonograph played the new Whiteman arrangement of "Song of India." Carl Van Vechten came in, looked

around for a moment and went out again.

Tony had not seen Steve today.

Melvyn had one drink and left. At his room in the fraternity house he read a story in a magazine and, when he had finished it, went to the bureau and began taking underwear and shirts and socks out of the drawer. He pulled his bags from under the bed and propped them, open, on chairs.

Someone knocked, then. He opened the door. "Special delivery letter, Douglas," a boy said.

Melvyn stared for a long while at the envelope before he opened it. The timing of its arrival was too good, too pat. It must mean something.

It did. "I hope you've found a good spot," Alice had written, "because—not to be coy about it or anything—I'm going to have a baby."

"SEVEN, please." The tall man in correct chesterfield and derby leaned on his stick and stared blankly at the grillwork side of the elevator. At about the fourth floor he realized the elevator boy was staring at him and grinning. He turned. "Hi, Eberhardt," Melvyn Douglas said, from his little stool.

"It isn't possible!"

"You're getting to the seventh and that redhead through wish fulfillment, I suppose?" Melvyn said bitterly.

"But—why an elevator? The last time I saw you in Chicago . . . you working off a bet?"

"No bet. It's a personal problem, you see."

"Oh."

"Here's the seventh."

The man stepped out, paused, then turned and came into the elevator again. "A quickie, hmm?" Melvyn said.

"I'll ride down with you. Listen. Jessie Bonstelle's casting for a show today. Why don't you try her?"

"Bonstelle? She wouldn't see me."

"I get it. It's like that then. You don't care."

"I'll take a whirl at Bonstelle," Melvyn told him. At the lobby he opened the door and stepped out with Eberhardt. "I've got to go to the locker and change first. Let you know what happens."

"But the elevator?"

Melvyn stopped and looked back at it. "They're a dime a dozen."

The receptionist guarding the door of Jessie Bonstelle's private office was getting a little hysterical. "No!" she shouted at Melvyn. "No, *no*, NO! No more today! Look at this crowd ahead of you—we won't be through with *them* until midnight."

He took the electrically locked gate at a lope. "Sorry," he called over his shoulder, "but I haven't that much time." He had the door open before the girl was out of her chair.

Bonstelle, listening with a look of quiet agony to a reading ingénue, looked up with mingled surprise and pleasure on her face. The ingénue had been getting pretty bad.

"In the movies," Melvyn said breathlessly, "you break in and after some hauteur and what-does-this-mean they give you a job." He waited, white with sudden panic.

"We'll skip the hauteur," she said after a moment. "I need a second lead. Read these sides, if you will."

He took the script, amazed that his hand didn't tremble. Ten minutes later Bonstelle, smiling, said, "It's all right. You can stop looking so doomed. I'm going to take you on."

WHEN he remembers that year now it comes to him in three scenes, with blanks between, like part of a motion picture. There was the ride home with his wife and little son, from the hospital. "I'm glad the show came to Detroit," Alice had said. "New York is a rotten place to go through this sort of thing."

"You were swell."

She looked at him then and after a moment she stared down at the infinitesimal red face almost hidden in quilted satin in her arms. For a moment he wondered whether she would cry. But she didn't. She looked out the cab window, her eyes expressionless.

"Yeah" . . . .

There was the morning, weeks later, after they had given a small party. He came into the living room in his pyjamas feeling good, clearheaded, and looked around him. No one had remembered to open the windows the night before, or turn the furnace off. A soft haze of very stale smoke seemed to cling to the walls and blur the colors of the furniture. There were several coffee cups with dregs and a glass with a cigarette drowned and shredded in the bottom. He pictured the party suddenly, saw the people and heard their voices. Yawning, he remembered the excruciating boredom of last night.

And suddenly, inexplicably, he thought, *This can't go on. It's not working out—we don't even love each other any more.* As he threw open windows the idea of divorce came to him for the first time.

THERE was the scene, sharply outlined in its simplicity, on the courtroom steps after the divorce. "Good-by," he'd said. "We'll see each other again, of course."

"Of course," Alice told him, with a polite half-smile. He had seen her to the cab and given a little salute with a limp hand as it drew away. *I have married a girl and lived for over a year with her and we've had a child,* he thought as he walked home. *And it means as little as that.* Try as he would, he could find nothing to worry about, nothing to be sorry for.

After a little he shook his head and put the entire episode in the back of his mind—far back, where it would be hard to uncover.

Convalescence from his first marriage cost him almost two years out of his emotional life. He emerged, in the late fall of 1927, well again: really mature, at last, vitally ready for anything. It was time to move again, find new scenery. New York was his mood—dangerous, exciting, magnificent. He went there, leaving Bonstelle and her show, and he began to do things with an intensity, a pace inevitable when healthy energy and eager youth have been smothered for three years.

Armed with letters—with one letter especially, to William A. Brady—he stormed all the important producers' offices in two days and wound up by signing a contract with Brady for three years. That settled, he took an apartment, visited a tailor, called up everyone he knew to let them know he was in town, took a deep breath and said to Manhattan: "Okay. I'm ready."

He lunched, in company with attractive actresses at the Algonquin and the Ritz and the Plaza and the Brevoort and in innumerable hushed rooms with barred doors and stronger cheer than tea in teacups. He danced to Whiteman and Gus Arnheim and Ted Lewis on roof gardens and in supper rooms and at roadhouses on the Pike. He borrowed the Stutz Bearcat of one friend or the cut-down Benz of another and drove across the Charles to Cambridge,

*(Continued on page 88)*



The stage play, "Tonight or Never," brought Melvyn a new happiness; the screen version, opposite Gloria Swanson, set him on the road to movie fame

# What does a Woman want most?

## CLAUDETTE COLBERT



**LOVE!** says the glamorous star of Paramount's "Midnight." "That's why beautiful skin is important. I use LUX SOAP—it helps guard against COSMETIC SKIN."

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## ANDREA LEEDS



**LOVE!** says this popular Samuel Goldwyn star. "No woman can be happy without ROMANCE. That's why it's foolish to risk COSMETIC SKIN. Screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP."

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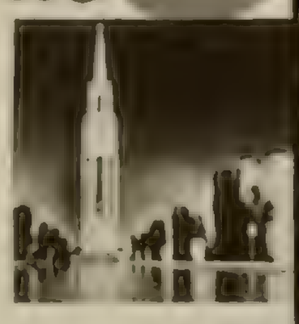

*YOU* want skin that's soft enough, smooth enough to pass the LOVE TEST! So use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather before you renew make-up—ALWAYS at bedtime.

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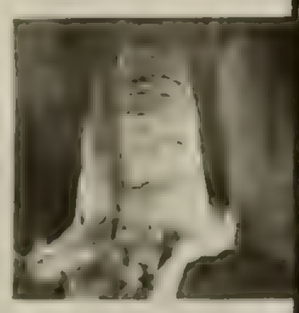
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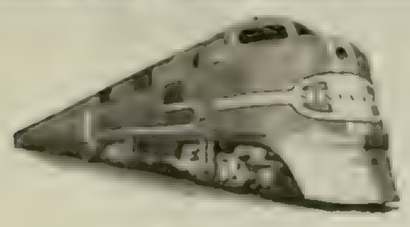


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# Glamour Girl Number 17,268

*(Continued from page 25)*

but New York has much to learn from Hollywood. False eyelashes at a dollar a pair are standard equipment on the Hollywood glamour model. But the high point of my introduction to the art of Cinema City make-up was learning that you couldn't put on your mouth merely by using a lipstick; you had to use a brush, and you had to carry it around with you at all times like an itinerant house painter.

By the time I arrived at the studio commissary for lunch the next day, I was well on my way to being a Glamour Girl. People turned to look at me. I was impressed with myself.

I visited around some more and was delighted to find that everyone was extremely cordial and that everything seemed to operate with a smoothness that left one relaxed and aglow. The whole setup reminded me of that of a nice country club. But not for long.

The next morning signaled the end of my relaxation. I began my daily visits to the gym. One exercise was to crawl about, mewing like a cat, then to arch the back and bark like a dog. I think that was supposed to develop the body and the vocal cords at one fell swoop. Anyway it was fun, and it did me good. The instructor asked me for a date.

THE only trouble with having dates was that I was so exhausted by the exercises, the California climate and the change of four hours in time—including an hour for daylight saving—that I was lucky if I could stay awake until dinner time.

I did, however, have one date that I had to keep, with the still-photograph department of the publicity office. They were going to take glamour pictures of me. It seems that glamour pictures have to be taken with very little clothing on the figure beneath the slinky gown or negligee. That's to give plenty of "umph" to the finished product. If there's too *much* "umph," they can always resort to retouching the negatives. Many a devout fan would be shocked to see how much is sometimes lopped off his or her cinema ideal before the "stills" are released. Most stars will not allow still pictures to be released until they have personally marked them for such retouching.

My main trouble was in trying to keep the negligee closed while striking the intricate poses demanded by the photographer. What I really needed was *two* pairs of hands—one pair to pose with, the other pair for clutching purposes. I felt like an unwilling strip-tease artiste.

The photographer told me, without asking for a date, that the thing he liked about me was my naturalness. He claimed there wasn't enough of that sort of thing in Hollywood.

"Still," he said, eyeing me critically, "your clothes and hats are very cute, but they don't make you look like an actress. As long as you're an actress, you'd better look like one."

So he lent me his assistant, a young woman of excellent taste, who knew just what an actress was supposed to look like with her clothes on. We went shopping and I went into hock.

I supposed the only thing to do with the clothes I had brought with me to Hollywood was to give them to the Salvation Army, but I decided against it; if ever I found myself contractless, they might come in very handy. They were good clothes, mostly new. Their only fault was that they weren't glamorous. The hats didn't have yards of veils attached to them and the suits weren't broad enough across the shoulders. The shoes weren't tricky enough and the dresses didn't have the sort of bodices that accentuated the buzzooms (pronounced b'ZOOMS) of their erstwhile wearer.

THE new clothes corrected all those faults, and what with the ministrations of the Brothers Westmore on this particular Glamour Girl's face, and the bodily improvement of hours of gym work, the ugly duckling was at last becoming a swan.

Bill, the chief photographer, approved; so did others on the lot. It was all a little confusing. If they had liked me *before*, because I was *myself*, what on earth was there to like about me now? For I was an entirely different person; I didn't even *feel* like myself. But the crowning mortification came as the result of prolonged, bitter discussions: it was deemed necessary that I wear breast pads. I was willing to meet glamour halfway, or even further, but such an artificiality as this seemed fraudulent. It took much talk, the reciting of names of much more glamorous ladies than I who wore them, to win me over. I suppose it is all very glamorous and necessary, but I am startled still every time I look down into my soup plate.

Bill said: "Very good. You look like a Glamour Girl. Now all you have to do is *act* like one."

"Do you think I ought to be the languid type?" I asked him. "Or should I be the snooty type and practice looking down my nose at the office boys?"

"Whatever you do," Bill warned, "don't try to high-hat the office boys. Today's office boy may be tomorrow's producer!"

I had learned one of Hollywood's cardinal maxims.

Bill told me I should have a full-length mirror, in front of which I could practice being graceful and alluring. He showed me how to cross my legs when I sat down so that they'd deliver the maximum of "umph." He also taught me how to stand arrestingly, always holding—but lightly—onto something. I couldn't help thinking of my childhood training. Mother had always taught me that it was unladylike to hang onto the woodwork when I was supposed to be standing erect. Doubtless she was right, but now we were more interested in glamour than in character.

"You've got good eyes," said Bill. "They are, in fact, your best feature—but you don't know how to use 'em."

Of course I had been seeing and reading through them for quite some time, but it seems that wasn't enough.

"When you look at people," Bill instructed, "don't just look at 'em; peek up provocatively through your lashes—whether they're your own lashes or Westmores'. And you've got to look interested, especially if the person you're looking at happens to be a guy. You've got to practice all this sexy stuff in your everyday life; then when you get in front of a camera, it'll just naturally project itself onto the film. Besides, when a guy buys you a meal, the least you can do is make him think you think he's wonderful."

I tried to follow that piece of advice. I looked at dinner dates with sex appeal, whether or not I felt any. I batted my eyes over enchiladas down on Olvera Street, over lobster thermidor at the Brown Derby, over almond duck at Tommy Wong's in Chinatown, and over long strands of spaghetti at Travaglini's. If you've ever tried to look sexy over a plate of spaghetti you'll understand how wearing it all was.

I FOUND (because I was told) that my voice was much more effective if I kept it low. So I went around feeling like a coloratura soprano who has to sing baritone because there didn't happen to be any calls for coloraturas that day.

And my mouth wasn't so good, either, it developed. I'd always been rather fond of my mouth; after all, it was *my* mouth, and I liked it. But now they told me that the teeth didn't set right in the oral cavity; that I'd better see a dentist, or a couple of dentists.

So I went and had my mouth stuffed with plaster on two separate occasions. And I didn't get any Federal funds to carry on the work, either; I had to pay for it all myself. Gals who work in pictures get pretty good pay, to be sure, but by the time they pay for clothes and glamour and dentists and gym lessons, there isn't very much left.

Incidentally, while I'm on the subject of money, I might mention the fact that most of these six-months-option contracts carry a six-weeks layoff clause. In other words, the studio guarantees you only twenty weeks' work out of twenty-six. The six weeks layoff without salary is a good idea if your figure needs a little trimming, I guess, but I don't have that sort of figure trouble, and I'm crazy about steaks and baked potatoes smothered in butter. And I have neither the inclination nor the ability to gold dig forty-two consecutive dinners.

AND now back to the studio school for lessons in acting. The director of the school was impressed by my increased state of glamour.

"But," he asked, "what's become of the girl you used to be?"

I told him she had been sold down the river to the money pots of Hollywood, which I considered quite a *bon mot*.

He said: "Oh, have they given you a raise?" Which was a good answer.

Day after day, in the school, I practiced all the things that go toward getting one into shape to act in front of a camera, without tripping over cables and sitting in the director's lap, though some cynics still claim that the latter procedure helps a girl's career. We did little scenes from plays and motion pictures and learned a lot. But I wondered when on earth I was going to be a motion-picture actress.

I wondered so hard that it must have taken on the substance of a prayer, for at last somebody answered. I was given a small part in a big picture.

We went on location, which was fun. I was treated pleasantly, but with little deference.

It seemed to me that they'd never get around to shooting the scene in which I was to make my debut as a motion-picture actress. I was like a child waiting for the interminable hours of Christmas Eve to pass so that I could get at my toys. I read over my little piece of script four million times. It called for me to run down a flight of steps, pause, for a moment, to speak to several older men. Then I was to espy my lover, whom I had not seen for two long years. I was to light up every feature of my subtle (I hoped) face and hurl myself happily into his arms, there

*(Continued on page 72)*

# *They Always Star in* CANDIDS



**Airport**—***Geraldine Spreckels,*** of noted California family, at Burbank Airport. Her skin care is simply—Pond's. "Its use helps keep **skin** wonderfully soft and smooth."



**Races**—At the running of the Futurity, ***Mrs. Victor du Pont, III*** (3rd from left). She says: "I've always used Pond's. It **cleanses skin** so thoroughly."

## *SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM* EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" *INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE* *



**Ballet Russe Première**—At the Metropolitan Opera House, ***Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes,*** grandniece of ***Mrs. James Roosevelt.*** Her skin gets **extra care.** "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "That way my skin gets extra 'skin-vitamin' along with its daily cleansings."



**Big Liner**—***The Lady Mary Lygon,*** daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to **skin health.** I'm glad it's in Pond's."



**Palm Beach**—***Mrs. Wm. Rhinelander Stewart*** arriving at exclusive Colony Club. "The 'skin-vitamin' is an added reason for my devotion to Pond's."



**Winter Resort**—***H. R. H. Princess Maria de Bragança*** (Mrs. Ashley Chanler). "When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry.** Pond's helps supply this vitamin."



**New York World's Fair Terrace Club**—Where Society dines and dances. ***Mrs. John R. Drexel, Jr.,*** looks enchanting in white ermine. Her vote goes to Pond's. "I prefer using Pond's Cold Cream to protect my skin during the day and to help give it **glamorous smoothness** in the evening."

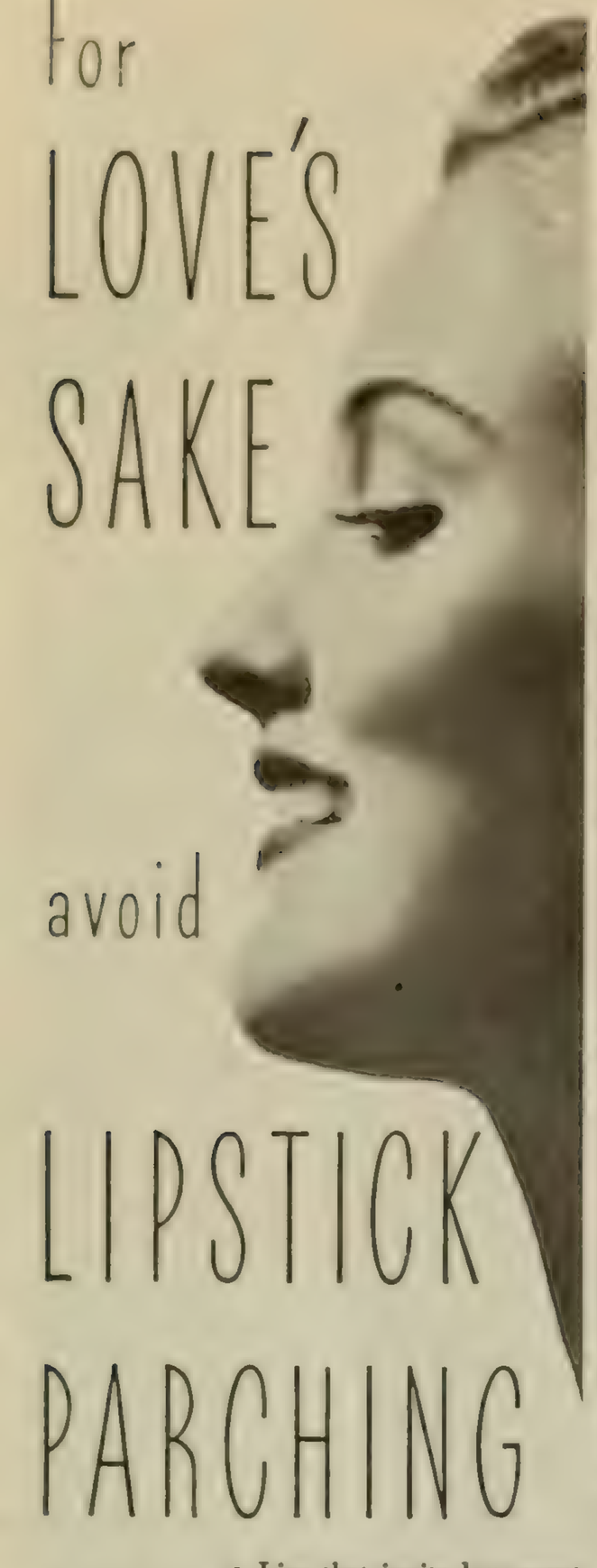



**Vitamin A,** the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*

● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.




• Lips that invite love must be soft lips . . . sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

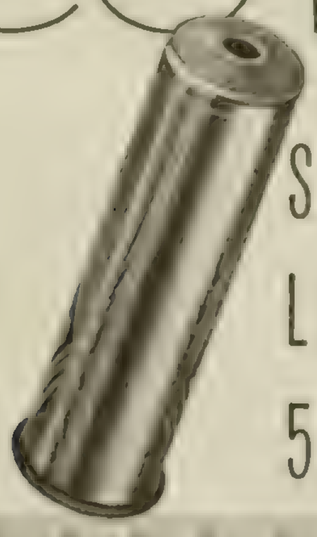
So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect your lips from lipstick parching. Your lips, Coty-protected, look like soft, red satin.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

*New—"Air-Spun" Rouge.* Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.

*New—an exciting, fashion-setting shade, "Dahlia." Available in Lipstick and Rouge.*

COTY



SUB·DEB
LIPSTICK
50¢

*Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.*


(Continued from page 70)

to all but swoon in the rapture of his kiss.

When the assistant director hollered my name, I almost did the swoon ahead of schedule.

The director explained the scene, told us exactly how we were to do it. Then we rehearsed it a couple of times, quickly.

There were cries of: "This is the picture!" "Quiet!" "Roll 'em!" and all the other incidental clatter that precedes every "take" in a picture.

I ran down the flight of steps, paused for a brief word with the older men, saw my long-lost lover out of camera range. I ran to him, meanwhile hoping fervently that the camera was keeping up with me. I leaped on the unfortunate young man like a tigress; he responded to my ardor like the real trouper he was. His kiss knocked my hat off—literally.

The director laughed, everybody laughed. They kidded the young man, they kidded me. The director said he thought the business of having the hat knocked off was cute, even if it wasn't in the script. However, just for protection, we'd do the scene again.

As a matter of fact, we did it twice more. I guess that was all the film they could afford to spend on a small scene, so they let it go at that.

I said to the assistant director: "Who's the boy I did the scene with? He's good."

The assistant director thought that was very funny. He told it to the director, who also thought it was funny. Everybody thought it was funny.

The director said: "Even in Hollywood I think people should be introduced to each other before they kiss."

"Sure," said the cameraman, "what would the Hays office say?"

So they introduced us. The lovers didn't kiss this time—they just shook hands, which seemed slightly anticlimactical.

I rode back from location that day with the star and the director. The next step, of course, was stardom for myself.

Somehow, though, that imminent stardom has continued to elude Glamour Girl No. 17,268. It was more than three months before I so much as got another part in a picture, and the one scene I did do never appeared in the finished film.

Since that time I have done two more small parts, one of them in Technicolor! I wore no make-up and looked like a witch. What price glamour? But recently my studio gave a femme lead to a gal who's been under contract for two years without doing anything but bits. That's very encouraging. The trick being, of course, to stay on the payroll for two years until somebody finally decides that you're good.

The insidious thing about waiting around for parts is that you envisage yourself growing older at an alarming rate of speed. I find myself examining my eyes for crow's-feet every morning, and, in moments of repose, my fingers will move unbidden to where the first symptoms of double chin will inevitably appear. I am convinced, a good deal of the time, that when I am called for my next picture it will be to play a rôle designed for a May Robson or a Dame May Whitty.

THIS has all been about *me;* but, with minor changes, it's the story of all the other Glamour Girls in Hollywood: a continual struggle to be—or at least to *look*—glamorous; and a continual hoping for a break. Some are more fortunate than others; some have more natural equipment; some have more pure luck.

Our private lives? Pretty normal and regular for the most part, I think. There is plenty of parcheesi and Canfield played in Hollywood, believe it or not. I know one girl who is moving steadily upward to stardom who never goes out to night clubs because she hasn't an evening gown to her name. That's absolute truth. If she has to go any place at night for publicity purposes, the studio wardrobe department supplies her with gown and wrap.

You hear a great deal about censorship of dates. That isn't entirely true, of course, but we do have to be careful. We can't afford to be seen in the wrong sort of company any more than we can afford to look upon the wine when it is anything but pale pink in color. If the love-bug bites us seriously enough to cause marriage, we must not brag about it. Stars may openly admit and enjoy their marriages, but not starlets. It's not good for publicity or something.

If the California climate enervates us and makes our eyes lackluster, we must put herb-treated pads on them so that we can be as bright-eyed as ever; if we get a cold that hangs on for weeks (as they do in this southern paradise), we must drink cod-liver oil and sit under violet-ray lamps; and if we are dropped from our respective studios, we must go quietly away and not bother anyone—back to our homes where everybody will always look at us as though our failure to succeed were a cardinal sin.

And we try—most of us—so terribly hard. Even when we wonder if it's all quite worth the effort, we try. When you've got the urge to act and when you're lucky enough to have the opportunity to act, you'd be very ungrateful if you didn't try. Too, in spite of all the hard work and the trouble and the struggle to be glamorous, it's a better job than almost any other a girl can hold. It's exciting, it's thrilling, it's interesting—and it's fun.

And someday almost any one of us may be a star!

By the time you read this line I may be well on the way to that stardom—or I may be even less of a nobody than I am now, a Glamour Girl without a place or person to beglamour. But in the meantime I—and all my sisters—must stand right up to the plate and keep swinging at the ball.

"This is the picture!"

# Play Truth and Consequences with Alice Faye

(Continued from page 20)

us publish an unglamorous picture of you.)

10. (Q) What things give you a childish pleasure?
    (A) I adore being surprised. The smallest gift, if it is a surprise, is of great importance to me.
11. (Q) What one important ambition have you yet to achieve?
    (A) To star in a musical success in the theater. That goes back to Marilyn Miller, too. I have had that dream ever since I saw her in "Sally."
12. (Q) Are you a good business woman?
    (A) No. I have no head for figures. Fortunately my brother handles all my business matters.
13. (Q) On what subject do you and your husband have a difference of opinion?
    (A) I like him best without a mustache.
14. (Q) What amount of money do you usually have with you in your purse?
    (A) I always have "mad money" . . . usually about eight or nine dollars.
15. (Q) If you were presented to the Duchess of Windsor, would you follow the example set recently by Grace Moore and curtsey?
    (A) That would probably depend upon the circumstances of the meeting: if it were a very formal presentation, such as a reception, perhaps. Otherwise, no.
16. (Q) Have you ever fought against doing a certain picture? If so, what was the reason?
    (A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (If you have saved any theme or poem or sketch created by you in your school days, let us reproduce it here.)
17. (Q) Since your experience in "Sally, Irene and Mary," with Tony playing opposite you, how do you feel about husbands and wives working together?
    (A) Things usually work out better in this profession, I believe, if married people don't work together.
18. (Q) Do you refresh your make-up in public?
    (A) I do if I have to, but I always feel a little self-conscious about it. I certainly try to avoid it at a restaurant table.
19. (Q) What musical instruments do you have in your house?
    (A) A piano, a ukulele, a cornet, seven radios (including the one in the kitchen for the servants), a musical powder box, the dinner gong—and you'd be surprised what I can do with paper and a comb!
20. (Q) What size shoe do you wear?
    (A) Four and a half B.
21. (Q) For vanity's sake, have you ever worn shoes which were too small for you?
    (A) Yes, I used to, but not any more.
22. (Q) What point of grooming requires your most constant attention?
    (A) My hair. I just can't do a thing with it!
23. (Q) Are you inclined to be gullible and what was the incident?
    (A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Work out a symbolic portrait of yourself, selecting the thing you most represent; in flowers, colors, pets, sounds, fabrics, vehicles, clothing, foods.)
24. (Q) What do you consider your most attractive physical feature?
    (A) I have been told the "eyes" have it.
25. (Q) What widely spread rumor about yourself most upset you?
    (A) Tony and I were still honeymooning when we began to hear rumors of our divorce.

(Continued on page 74)



# *Please the Man in your life!*

## *Wear Heel Latch Shoes*

BEAUTIFULLY STYLED...BEAUTIFULLY MADE
MODERATELY PRICED...AND THEY FIT GLORIOUSLY

*Add to your smartness without sacrificing comfort with Heel Latch shoes... be the perfect pal and perfect hostess in Heel Latch shoes with their hidden features.*

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*Trocadero*...Newest of sandal ideas ...high riding and gored side step-in pump. Tan and White, Blue or Sienna Rust.

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*Dance*...A daring open toe and heel strap for your loveliest afternoon. In White, Black Patent or Lacquer Rust.

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*Dorena*...A "must have" for your wardrobe. White Suede trimmed with Sienna Rust, natural leather cuban heel.

◆

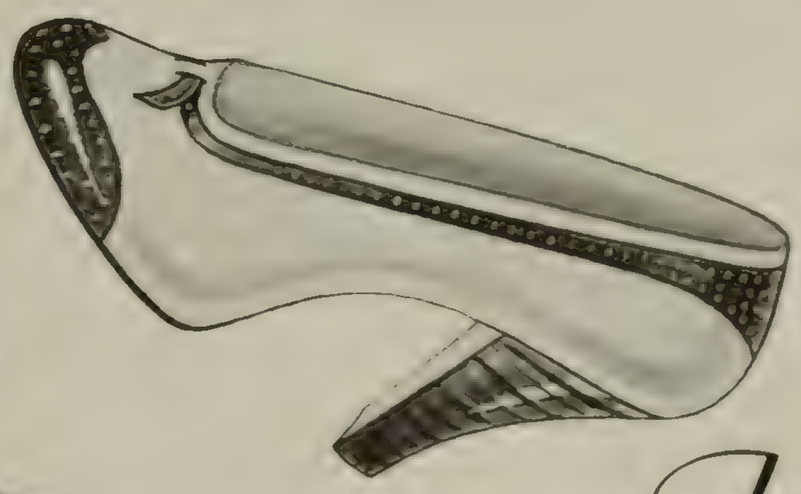
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*Trocadero*



*Dance*



*Dorena*



*Idabel*

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# AMAZING MAKE-UP HELPS THOUSANDS WIN LOVELINESS!



## FAMOUS FRENCH COLORIST CREATES SPECIAL TYPE CREAM ROUGE TO MATCH THE WARM, PULSATING COLOR OF THE HUMAN BLOOD

Now comes a thrilling advance in the art of make-up...a special type of cream rouge that is made to match the warm, pulsating color of the human blood—thus giving your skin an amazing allure you never dreamed possible.

This *special type* rouge is called Angelus Rouge Incarnat, and instantly you apply it, it imparts a soft, glowing color to your lips and cheeks.

You don't need apply Angelus Rouge Incarnat nearly so often—for it stays perfect for hours. No constant fussing to keep yourself looking utterly lovely.

Try the new color Formal Red. The Rouge is #405; the Lipstick #404. It is gay and enchanting by day—after dark mysterious . . . *compelling*. And see the other gorgeous colors—such as Framboise, #424 and #414—and Coronation Red, #401 and #400. At all drug and department stores.

CREAM ROUGE
in colors to match the Lipstick.




ANGELUS LIPSTICK
by Louis Philippe




(Continued from page 72)

26. (Q) What incident in your childhood greatly impressed you?
(A) A stiff spanking with the back of a hairbrush.

27. (Q) What causes dissension in your household?
(A) Eating. It's Tony's favorite pastime—whereas I have to watch my figure.

28. (Q) Do you cry easily?
(A) Yes.

29. (Q) Do you dread old age?
(A) No. I have heard a lot of people say that they hope they die young, but not I. I hope I live to a ripe old age, with lots of children and grandchildren, and I'm going to be so cute that they're all going to fuss over me.

30. (Q) What kind of a patient are you when you are ill?
(A) I'm not fussy about anything—so long as the nurse plays a good game of backgammon.

31. (Q) In selecting your home, what "say-so" did your husband have about design, furnishing, etc?
(A) We have always rented furnished homes; we are both easy to please as long as the house has a good big backyard.

32. (Q) What was the first money you ever earned?
(A) Mother paid me two dollars a week to help her with the housework. I spent the first week's wages on a fancy pair of dancing pumps.

33. (Q) What actor do you think has the greatest sex appeal on the screen?
(A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Let us see how you can jump rope.)

34. (Q) Would you be satisfied to lead an entirely domestic life?
(A) Not for quite some time. Right now I need my career.

35. (Q) With whom have you ever wished you might change places?
(A) I wouldn't change places with anyone.

36. (Q) How many pictures of yourself are displayed in your home?
(A) You'd better ask Tony this one. He's the one who sticks them around—I'm not guilty.

37. (Q) Do you believe in divorce?
(A) Yes, I do—if it's necessary for the happiness of both people.

38. (Q) What luxuries give you the greatest pleasure?
(A) Perfumes and having a different set of cosmetics (compact, lipstick, etc.) for each purse.

39. (Q) What nickname in your life have you most objected to?
(A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Let us reproduce the family crest or monogram which appears on some of your belongings.)

40. (Q) To whom do you use baby talk? Give examples.
(A) I never have.

41. (Q) Who influenced you to change from the platinum-blonde type you once were to the Alice of today?
(A) I was never happy as a platinum blonde. Eventually the studio agreed with me that it was much better to be my natural self.

42. (Q) Have you ever had operatic ambitions?
(A) I have never studied voice. I cannot read music. And I have no desire to change my style of singing.

43. (Q) In what ways are you lazy?
(A) I love breakfast in bed.

44. (Q) Have you ever tried to write a song?
(A) I have just written my first one, entitled "I Promise You," which is now on the air. I collaborated on it with Ben Oakland and Sam Lerner.

45. (Q) Would you know how to change a tire?
(A) I never drive, so I imagine that would be the least of my worries.

46. (Q) Are you the type who fusses a lot about your appearance?
(A) No.

47. (Q) Do you like to be spoiled?
(A) There are times!

48. (Q) When have you ever actually had to go hungry?
(A) Never, fortunately.

49. (Q) What moral or word of advice in your life has meant most to you, and from whom did it come?
(A) Mother taught me very early that if I were honest myself, I wouldn't have to worry much about the other fellow.

50. (Q) Do you like dolls?
(A) You must have been peeking. I have dozens of them, fluffy-ruffly ones for my bed, and I've also kept all the funny little kewpie dolls that I've ever won at amusement parks.

51. (Q) Which of your accomplishments today was the most difficult to acquire?
(A) When I came into pictures I had had no dramatic training or experience except as a singer. It has meant a great deal of study and struggle to become a dramatic actress.

52. (Q) Do you like to hear the truth no matter how it hurts?
(A) Absolutely.

53. (Q) What is your middle name?
(A) Jennie.

54. (Q) What lesson have you had to learn the expensive way?
(A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (If you have ever designed a dress or accessory, let us have a photograph of it.)

55. (Q) What is one of your unfulfilled personal desires?
(A) To travel extensively, and that means I have yet to cover a lot of territory because I have never been farther than Honolulu.

56. (Q) If you were told that you ought to wear glasses, would you be miserable about wearing them?
(A) No. In fact I have worn them at certain times in my life.

57. (Q) What manual accomplishments have you?
(A) I can make hooked rugs.

58. (Q) What kind of correspondent are you?
(A) I answer practically all of my own fan mail. But in my personal correspondence I lean toward post cards.

59. (Q) Are you a jitterbug?
(A) I could be, if I had the time.

60. (Q) Are you inclined to hang onto old belongings?
(A) I like things fresh and new.

61. (Q) What was the nicest compliment ever paid you?
(A) Victor Young, with whom I have worked many times, was kind enough to say, "I wish I could write a song that looks like Alice Faye." That *really* built me up!

62. (Q) When have you been susceptible to fortune tellers' predictions?
(A) Always.

63. (Q) Can you tell a joke well?
(A) I blushingly admit it.

64. (Q) What is the most important date in your memory?
(A) September 3rd, 1937—my wedding day.

## "I'll Tell You About My Marriage"

*(Continued from page 32)*

"Our life together will be like every other happy couple's, I hope," Nelson said. "I'm building a home for us in Brentwood. It won't be a large pretentious place but just a cozy home with grounds to build to later if we care to. My work will be here and my happiness. At present I'm spending half the time at Ann's home and half at mine. Until we leave for this tour I don't know where I am half the time. We hope the new home will be ready for us when we return in May."

IN that new home of Nelson's we can promise you one thing: there will be true love and devotion such as Hollywood rarely glimpses. On the several occasions we've seen Ann and Nelson together, in Nelson's home and in the homes of friends, we've caught their spirit of gay camaraderie, the friendship they shared, their being togetherness that fairly radiated from them. We've caught Ann's glance as it followed after the tall, handsome singer and we knew that in no more capable hands could Nelson place his heart.

A few years older than Nelson and the mother of a young son, Ann Frankin combines all the sweetness of mature womanhood, the understanding heart of motherhood and the straightforward thinking and love of living that typifies today's modern woman.

"Let's go off on a tear," I've heard Nelson suggest and caught Ann's quick infectious laugh as they swung off together, arm in arm, for no more devilry than a cocktail and good dinner at the Cock 'n' Bull.

Nelson's own description to us of the wedding reveals a side of the man seldom glimpsed, a side that reveals the keen sense of the ridiculous that is his, the side that laughs heartily at himself when the occasion demands.

Nelson was in bed on Wednesday with a cold, unable to fill a concert engagement at Redlands, when suddenly it occurred to him time was slipping past and his next weeks would be crowded with engagements. So he grabbed a phone and called Ann.

"Say, we'd better get married tomorrow or I won't have time between engagements," he shouted. "I'm sure my cold will be better tomorrow."

Doris Kenyon, who was to be Ann's matron of honor, came on the phone screaming about nothing to wear. So Nelson kidded back, "Oh, wrap a mink coat around you and who will notice."

Next morning at eight, Nelson, his mother, Ann, Doris and Mr. Osborne, a business friend, set out for Las Vegas. Arriving in the Nevada town before three in the afternoon, Nelson grabbed a telephone to notify Don McElwaine, a studio publicist and friend.

"Get a key to my dressing room from the casting office," Nelson phoned, "and look in the upper left-hand desk drawer. There you'll find all the information you need."

"Information about what?" Don asked.

"About my wedding," shouted Nelson, "I'm about to be married, you dope."

As Nelson told us afterwards, Don didn't wait to turn corners. "I understand he went right through the buildings, plaster and all," the actor laughed.

After the license was secured, they stepped into the judge's chambers and waited while the judge adjusted his glasses and peered at the paper.

With a good old Hollywood double take 'em, the judge glanced quickly from the license to Nelson and from Nelson to the license.

"But you're my favorite singer, Mr. Eddy," the judge finally exclaimed, as if that ended matters once and for all.

"Well, you're my favorite judge," Nelson shrugged and the wedding was on.

"SUDDENLY," Nelson said, "I felt I was right in the midst of something without knowing my lines. Here I was doing a scene and no script. But I must have given the right answers for, after a rather long pause, the judge leaned forward and said, slowly and commandingly,

"'Mr. Eddy, Kiss Your Bride.'

"So we left on our honeymoon. *Fifteen minutes at Boulder Dam!*"

Away from Hollywood, it's eternal movies and commotion, the bride and groom stood out on the desert near the dam and very quietly took pictures of each other.

"Can you imagine that?" Nelson demands, "What a honeymoon!"

Back in Las Vegas, the crowds grew with kids demanding autographs and even giving autographs in return.

"They even fastened tin cans on the car and followed after us with cars honking for dear life. We've never enjoyed anything quite so much in our lives," Nelson said, "and I wouldn't have had those tin cans removed for anything. After all, it isn't every day a fellow can ride in a car with cans trailing behind him."

Among the first telegrams to reach the happy pair was one from co-star Jeanette MacDonald wishing them all the happiness they deserve.

And it is happiness for Nelson and Ann, for in the hearts of his thousands upon thousands of fans there will be, I'm sure, only a glad echo of sincere approval to Nelson's words, "We wanted each other more than anything else in the world."


## THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations at attractive prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.



## GO TO SLEEP, MARY THAT PHONE WON'T RING TONIGHT



**No dates for the girl with underarm odor**

**Wise girls make sure of charm—with MUM**

NO ONE called her yesterday—surely *some one* will tonight! And yet in her heart Mary fears that 'phone won't ring . . . tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can't help noticing that the men she knows neglect her lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilty of *underarm odor.* She forgets that *in spite of her bath,* underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* With Mum underarms stay sweet, your popularity is safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so dependable.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it's harmless to clothing. Apply Mum before or *after* dressing! Even after underarm shaving, notice Mum actually soothes the skin.

**MUM IS QUICK!** In thirty seconds you're through. Yet Mum protects *all day.*

**MUM IS SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Give underarms necessary, *daily* care with this fragrant cream and be truly lovely, attractive.

**BE SURE OF YOUR CHARM—USE MUM!**




**On Sanitary Napkins**

*Avoid danger of embarrassment! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because Mum is gentle, safe!*

**MUM**

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



Robert Kalloch shows Ida Lupino the wedding veil of rare old lace which he has designed for her to wear in Columbia's "The Lady and the Mob"

# Fashion LETTER

## BY GWENN WALTERS

THIS month Hollywood fashion circles are abuzz with trousseau chatter and clothes ideas for the spring bride.

No unanimous trend has been voted for her wedding gown. At the altar she may appear as the prototype of grandmamma in a picturesque gown with corseleted waistline and hoops or, just as fashionably, as a figure from a Grecian frieze in a creation of flowing draperies.

I got all pepped up about the trousseau end of this wedding business, which, after all, is very dear to a girl's heart, when I visited Robert Kalloch, designer for Columbia Studios. He was busily engaged putting the final touches to the trousseau clothes that Ida Lupino will wear in Columbia's "The Lady and the Mob," so he was simply bursting with ideas.

Kalloch says that although fashion decrees a great deal of leeway where the silhouette of the wedding gown is concerned, it must be a pure and simple white this season. When we were just broken into the pastel hues in wedding gowns, this is news indeed.

Kalloch also issued a "be careful" warning when deciding among the season's varied wedding gown silhouettes. "Make sure that the styling of the gown reflects the particular type and personality—that it enhances the figure.

"The petite, feminine type like Ida Lupino appears to best advantage in a picture gown of net, organdy or mousseline de soie with billowing skirt and tiny waist. The veil for this gown should be short, of lace or tulle, and the headpiece, of orange blossoms or lily of the valley, should be carefully designed to suit the contour of the face as in the case of all wedding veils."

On the other hand, Kalloch feels that the tall, sophisticated girl gains added loveliness through the use of classic draperies softly molded to accentuate body line.

He suggests heavy Celanese rayon jersey as a medium and a long, diaphanous veil of tulle with simple headpiece.

KALLOCH believes that every girl should be married in a wedding gown. If her plans are not for a formal wedding and therefore she does not feel like investing in an elaborate wedding ensemble, Kalloch makes this suggestion as charming alternate for her ceremony costume.

"Let her choose her trousseau evening gown in a jacketed model of heavy white crepe or piqué. A white snood encrusted with white petals or wee clusters of orange blossoms would be fitting and flattering headgear."

Perhaps the most important outfit next to the bride's wedding costume is her going-away ensemble. It, with its complementary accessories, should claim a sizable portion of the trousseau budget, for around the separate units of this outfit (coat, hat, shoes, bag and gloves) the rest of the trousseau may be smartly assembled.

One such ensemble was a sheer woolen in combination of black and yellow beige. The skirt, four-gored, is of black—the jacket, single-breasted with three-button closing, of beige to match a full-length swagger topcoat. As startling note of contrast Kalloch designed a gay print blouse in shades of yellow, black and red. Patent shoes and bag, white gloves and a yellow beige straw fabric sailor shadowed with gossamer red veiling complete the ensemble.

The other suit was of navy tricotine with accent of white and cerise. The skirt features a straight back and a circular front. The hip-length jacket flaunts a gay lining of cerise taffeta, the elbow-length sleeves are trimmed with deep lingerie cuffs to match a white hand-embroidered batiste frou frou blouse. The full-length topcoat for this suit is styled with princess lines. Navy blue gabardine shoes and bag, white gloves and a tiny navy straw sailor, excitingly dramatized by a single cerise rose, give final dash.

KALLOCH suggested a couple of important casual frocks as alternates for wear with the topcoats and accessories of these suits.

"First, a tie silk frock and, secondly, a knit. The tie silk frock should be a tailored type, so it can double for active as well as spectator sport wear; the knit, a two-piece model, so its jacket can be interchanged as chic top for separate skirts in contrast colors."

One tailored frock of tie silk particularly caught my eye. Of yellow silk, printed with shades of blue, this charming little casual was styled with a long-sleeved blouse, a four-gore skirt and a front-button closing from neck to hem. The circle neckline and cuff bands, which held in the fullness of the sleeves, were finished with organdy collar and cuffs daintily embroidered and edged with ruffles of baby lace.

Kalloch particularly stressed the dressy type of trousseau frock.

"The dress-up frock, with its own particular hat, should be perky, gay and picturesque. Every trousseau should have at least two such individual costumes. One, perhaps, a little taffeta dressmaker suit of navy or black with blouse of white frou frou and a tiny hat which might be appropriately termed 'a wee garden of blooms.' Another, a frock of colorful print, touched at the neckline with a lingerie collar, and worn with a wide-brimmed hat of natural straw. Then there is always the choice of classic crepe models in flattering colors—I like contrast toques fashioned of layer upon layer of sheerest veiling as complement for them."

Kalloch finished his trousseau hints with pointers on the house coat, which he feels is most important.

"Every trousseau should boast one, two or several house coats — they are flattering and comfortable for evenings at home and they're so wonderfully practical as wardrobe savers."

Kalloch made one for Ida Lupino of red, white and blue print and tied it around the waist with streamers of red and blue. He was designing another from a printed linen with yellow background and blue spiral motifs.

And so our little trousseau chat came to an end, for Kalloch was called down on the set of "Plane No. 4" to discuss added wardrobe for Jean Arthur, who plays opposite Cary Grant in Columbia's exciting foreign air film.

It's been fun writing about clothes for brides, and I do hope Kalloch's hints will be helpful to spring brides of 1939!



# *Promise....*

*and fulfillment await the woman*
*just discovering the*
*telling power of figure beauty.*
*For her, the modern way of youthful*
*figure discipline...Foundettes.*



*There are glamour and good form for figures in this new* Foundette *panty-girdle by* MUNSINGWEAR. *The new feature "Lastex"* batiste panel stretches up and down... extends into a horizontal-stretch yoke over the hips. Zipper in back; net fabric sides of "Lastex"* and "Celanese" Rayon. Style 4215. At all better stores. *Woven or knit of "Lastex" yarn.*

*Foundettes*

**BY MUNSINGWEAR**

Minneapolis New York Chicago

# We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

a mean-looking cartridge belt and pistol, striding about the "Zuyder Zee" hotel and plane station. The script says he's head man of a ragged air fleet in this little Latin American banana town, sending his flyers to their death and waxing very cynical about life and love until—Jean Arthur, a stranded Broadway show girl, arrives and makes him see double.

We're due for a couple of surprises when we watch the scene. In the first place, Richard Barthelmess, who hasn't made a picture in years, strolls in—gay, debonair and handsome as usual—to swap words and wills with Cary. Dick plays a disgraced flyer out to redeem himself. Surprise number two occurs when Cary, in the middle of the scene, strolls over to a battered piano and ripples over the keys like Eddie Duchin.

When Howard Hawks cuts the scene, Cary confesses to us he's realized one of his great ambitions—to play the piano on the screen.

We leave the palm and bamboo set to find Jean Arthur on a giant fruit boat, out in the dry San Fernando Valley, of all places. It's in water, too, and a hundred imported sea gulls fly screeching around its three towering decks, diving for bits of hamburger the prop men toss them. In a way, this is one of the most amazing sets we've ever seen.

Jean's scene is the one in which she glides into port to become Cary's heart nemesis. The action calls for her to hang over the rail as the ship docks, then descend the gangplank. It sounds simple enough, but the hanging over the rail job becomes a little too realistic.

The ship is on rails, beneath the water, but you'd never know, as you watch it sail along. Jean knows the secret, but just the same, after two fakes she hangs over the rail in earnest. "I want to lie down," she gasps, turning a pale green. They hustle a deck chair up and Jean plops on it with that "Go 'way and let me die" look. Seasickness out in the middle of the California desert!

DOWN the line at M-G-M we hear a familiar bull-ape cry that means only one thing—Tarzan Johnny Weissmuller back at work. "Tarzan In Exile" is the fourth super ape-man movie M-G-M has cooked up to supply Tarzan fans with their virile fare. Frankly, we are a sucker for Tarzan, so it's music to our ears, and we watch a familiar "Me—You—Tarzan" scene and then hurry back to town and Universal who offer "The Spirit of Culver" for our prying eyes this month, with Jackie Cooper—the busiest young actor in Hollywood today—and Freddie Batholomew, growing tall, lean, and less beautiful every day.

If you remember "Tom Brown of Culver," you have the story of this picture. It's almost a rewrite. A tough and bitter orphan, son of a war hero in disgrace, is sent to the country's number one military prep school in Indiana, gets patriotism and manners at last and proves his paw is a real hero after all.

Tom Brown did the first Culver picture and Tyrone Power was an extra! Now Jackie, sixteen, and Freddie, almost fifteen, prove to us how time flies—even in Hollywood.

Since Freddie and Jackie worked together in "The Devil Is a Sissy," they're old pals by now. Jackie's phenomenal drum swatting ability gets featured in the picture, and Freddie is privileged to whack the sticks a few times for friendship's sake. It's been pretty hard keeping the Universal youth under control, we learn, what with Deanna Durbin making "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" next door. In between takes one or the other is prone to stray and stage a jitterbug or jam session on a moment's notice! The studio finally solved the production crisis by adopting Culver barracks rules on the set, with inspection and everything. Andy Devine volunteered for official top sergeant and Jackie and Freddie are scared to death of him.

OUR last two studio stops, before inspecting Radio Row, are Warners, around the corner from Universal City, and RKO. At Warners, "On Trial," the old 1914 stage play that brought Elmer Rice his initial fame, is being screen-conditioned with Margaret Lindsay, Edward Norris, John Litel and little Janet Chapman. It's heavy drayma—about a woman who deliberately sacrifices her spotless reputation to save her husband's life in his trial for murder.

But we don't have to be told that. One look at the lachrymose set is enough. It's a courtroom, formidable and severe. Courtrooms give us the shivers, anyway, and the movies can build them so realistically, we feel like a prisoner before the bar. This one is extra depressing because everybody we see is in tears and they aren't glycerine, either.

Edward Norris, who is going to be a star one of these days, we believe, in spite of his chain of bad breaks, has just finished an impassioned plea to the judge as we arrive. He is so good that when the director cuts the scene, the crew applauds! So does a striking-looking girl sitting on the sidelines in a canvas chair. She is Ann Sheridan, Edward's recently divorced wife. Now they're both at Warners and Ann has just dropped in to wish Edward good luck in a part she knows means a lot to him. We like her better for the gesture.

At RKO, "The Castles," as you ought to know by now, is in the final stage of a two-year endeavor to bring the exciting, glamorous and tragic romance of Irene and Vernon Castle to the screen.

Ginger Rogers plays *Irene*, naturally, and Fred is the 1939 re-creation of light-footed Vernon. There's Edna Mae Oliver and Walter Brennan to fill the other big rôles. Dances will be the big feature—the Yama-Yama, the Castle Polka, Walk and Waltz, the Texas Tommy, Maxixe and Tango. Fred dances one new routine—a military number—and the songs—well, just whip up your kitchen quartet and you've got them—"Pretty Baby," "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "When You Wore a Tulip" and such harmony favorites—a good dozen.

THOUGH cinema employers are raging with radio bigwigs over whether or not stars should be taken off the air waves, we caught these interesting happenings out in Hollywood.

Three big new radio shows featuring Hollywood stars have the *Rue* Radio at Sunset and Vine really excited, we find this month.

The biggest stars in Hollywood were picked to launch all of them, but "The Circle," Kellogg's bid for Hollywood air dominance, is so different and so star-studded that it's all you hear about around the massive new ether temples of NBC and CBS.

Breaking in behind the scenes of this program, we discover an amazing new studio setup to handle the round table talk of Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Chico and Groucho Marx.

A special broadcasting room has been fitted up with a U-shaped table, patterned after the copy desk in a newspaper city room. At the "slot," or center, a goosenecked microphone, the first we've even seen, is rigged up for the informal opinions of Carole, Cary, Ronald and company. Signs warning "Do Not Applaud" are the result of the star wishes—for this is the first Hollywood program tailored strictly to the desires of the screen stars. Every one on the program voted against applause, which we consider a big step forward in Hollywood air shows.

"The Circle" is costing more money than we can imagine and the gamble is terrific. Because every star on it is being urged to be himself, and outside of a skeleton script, the lines will all be *ad lib*. Whether or not that will click with the public is the gamble. Carole, for instance, came out in favor of presenting her serious side over the air minus any touch of the beloved screwball which has captured the fancy of millions.

The big air advantage to all listeners, as we see it, is this: stripped of any and all artificial showmanship, gags, and phony pretensions, "The Circle" is airing the biggest of Hollywood stars in their truest colors.

With Joan Crawford, Jack Benny, Reginald Gardiner, Judy Garland and George Murphy sending off the new Screen Actors' Guild show, and Miriam Hopkins and Cecil B. De Mille breaking in Jesse Lasky's new Gateway to Hollywood program, the air lanes from Hollywood are as jammed now as a department store aisle on Dollar Day. And only a few months ago the rumor went out that Hollywood was through as a radio center. It's only just beginning, if you ask us.

The Screen Actors' Guild program première proved the biggest all-star turnout in radio's Hollywood history. Tickets vanished in a few hours and El Capitan Theater was an autograph hunter's paradise. Even the ushers were stars. Edward Arnold, Robert Young, Conrad Nagel, Tom Brown and a dozen others showed bug-eyed ticket holders to their seats. Reginald Gardiner broadcast with his arm in a sling. And on the Lasky debut Cecil B. De Mille spoke from his sickbed. De Mille's playing hooky from Lux Radio Theater to guest on the Gateway was for a very special and sentimental reason, by the way. Twenty-five years ago Jesse Lasky gave him his first job as a screen director.

Next to this trio of new chances for radio ambitious screen stars, the best news of the month is that Orson Welles, the New York young dramatic genius who made Mars pay dividends, is coming to Hollywood to present his Campbell Soup series while he makes his movie debut in "The Monster," a picture originally intended for John Barrymore. John, just to turn the tables, is in Manhattan to do a stage play. But he won't mix it with radio. Barrymore's final program as master of the Texaco Star Theater brought tears to his eyes. As he finished his dramatic skit the whole cast, orchestra and audience stood up and thundered.

Departing from radio with John are Nelson Eddy and Una Merkel who are checking off the regular show list; Nelson, a fixture on the Chase and Sanborn hour, departs on a concert tour, but he'll rejoin the show after a few months. Una leaves Texaco for good.

Here and there around rehearsal rooms and control booths we find them talking about: Bing Crosby's new broadcasting shirt of blue with white galloping horses and his guest's (Roland Young) attempt to outshine him in violent orange . . . the diet that Fannie Brice is on because she tried to get into her Baby Snooks clothes before a recent broadcast—and couldn't squeeze in! . . . the melancholy pining Frank Morgan suffers for his lost mustache. He had it for ten years and then "The Wizard of Oz" made him shave . . . the great palship that has developed between Rudy Vallee's pop and Bing Crosby's . . . the whistling of Wayne Morris and Andrea Leeds which gummed up Lux Theater's "Kid Galahad." . . .

The breakaway pitcher Ned Sparks socked Charlie Ruggles with on Texaco Theater, and the fit of mid-broadcast chuckles that seized Olivia de Havilland . . . whether Nelson Eddy's successor, Donald Dickson, has what it takes for Chase and Sanborn . . . Kay Francis' good sportsmanship about airing her inability to pronounce her "r's" . . . Tyrone Power's running away from his guest and former sweetie, Loretta Young, after the Woodbury Playhouse to keep a dinner date with Annabella . . . Edgar Bergen's rapt and continued attention to Kay St. Germain . . . Jack Benny's black Rochester and his sudden craze for broadcasting in white tie and tails . . . the "Genevieve Blue," official spring dress shade inspired by the Amos and Andy girl . . . and the Hollywood radio comedian who cracked about his closest rival—"He's the kind of a guy who'd marry Hedy Lamarr for her money!"

## LAST-MINUTE REVIEW

### THE THREE MUSKETEERS—20th Century-Fox

THE irrepressible Mr. Zanuck has a new idea in this musical comedy version of the old Dumas classic. It is not entirely successful, however, since it is neither musical, extraordinarily funny nor classic. The Ritz Brothers have one or two new routines, but they are not brilliant.

The story of the romantic flight of D'Artagnan after the *Queen's* brooch is told but hastily and without dramatic power. Don Ameche plays the dashing fourth Musketeer and the Ritzes come in when they outdrink the other three fellows and dress in their clothes. Miles Mander is an unconvincing Richelieu; Joseph Schildkraut plays the *King*, and Binnie Barnes looks exciting as always in the rôle of *Lady De Winter*.

Obviously, the main trouble with the picture is that it is not any one thing but a crowding together of two or three ideas so that all of them suffer. As soon as you are used to the romantic drama, the Ritz Brothers come roaring in and then somebody sings and then there is a duel and it's all very confusing. Ameche does his best and his voice is improving.

# Second Chance

*(Continued from page 29)*

and what had happened the night before. Naturally I didn't mention me being caretaker of the house, or that money was short and that Betty's working meant our only way out. I also skipped over the projection room incident as lightly as I could. The main idea right then was to get Betty home safe and I didn't want to take his mind off of that.

"You better hold the fort here, Marie!" he says soberly when I had finished. "I'll make a quiet turn around town and see if I can locate her."

Well, after Jelliff had gone off on his search party I set about the work, keeping one ear cocked for Betty's arrival. However, nobody arrived except the electric bill, and then along towards four o'clock, with Hollywood seemingly the lonesomest place on earth, the phone rang and it was Chris Beall.

"Can I come on out?" he asked. "It's rather important."

"Come right on!" I says.

"I'll be there in ten minutes!" says Chris. And then he hung up before I had a chance to ask had Betty's body been found in a canyon or what, so it was, not to be sentimental or anything, a pretty bad wait until that low-necked roadster of Chris' drew up in front of the house.

"Where's Betty?" he asked even before he got inside.

"Haven't you seen her?" I asked, not knowing if this was a relief or not.

"I haven't seen her since last night!" he says. "But I want to, badly. She's got to listen to me!"

"Well, she won't," I says, "because for one thing, she's not home just now. And she's mad as blazes. Was there anything else you wanted to talk about?"

"Yes, plenty!" he says, flopping on the sofa. "I'm fired, to begin with!"

"Fired!" I says, "but the picture. . . ."

"Oh, they can do the final cutting without me and how!" he says. "Didn't I get told, though? But it was a swell fight while it lasted and I am still convinced I was right."

IT was certainly some story that Chris had to tell. It seems that Benny Rossman had got in on the early morning train, and one of the first things he had done was look at the rough cut of "Bringing Up Mother" and they had shown him the one I was in! Naturally Benny hit the ceiling and anybody he could reach. He stopped the projection after the first ten feet, and exactly what he said, Chris was too much of a gentleman to repeat. But I gathered it was to the general effect that I was dead, washed-up, and that even if I was Shirley Temple, he wouldn't have me for a gift.

"I fought hard for you, Miss La Tour," says Chris, his eyes dark with earnestness, "I had to. You *made* that picture. Betty's work was very sweet, but damned if I'm going to put her ahead of my honest convictions, and in my opinion the only version to release is the one with you in it. When I told Rossman that I'd resign if he couldn't see it my way, he told me to go ahead and resign. He even added that if I thought so much of the sequences you were in, I could have them for a present."

"Say, this is awful!" I says. But Chris only slapped me on the back with a laugh.

"It is not," he says. "I know what I've got in those cans—I've got a fortune! And you're going to help me make it for both of us."

"Chris, I couldn't!" I says indignantly. "Think of Betty!"

"Betty should care what we do!" he says. "She's back in the film. Benny looked that version over and okayed it."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Didn't you tell him she was my granddaughter?"

"After the way he exploded?" says Chris. "Not much!"

"What did you do with those films of me?" I demanded. "You give them to me right away!"

"What for?"

"I'm going to destroy 'em for good and all."

"You are not!" says Chris. "Those films are in my desk at home, and there they stay until I get ready to show them to another producer."

"You can't do that, Chris!" I says.

"I'm going to!" he insists. "I've already talked to Tom Reis of Liberty about you. Now look here, Miss La Tour, don't worry about Betty and her career. I love her and I intend to marry her and that will be all the career she'll need!"

"Marry her, then," I says, "but you'd better get her on speaking terms again first. Here is something you don't understand, Chris. Betty has her pride. I'm glad she's going to be in that picture, but I don't agree yet that she can't act. What's more, if I was to try a comeback she'd never forgive me, and I've got to have her love."

"I know!" he says gently, "and so have I. Do something for me, will you?" I nodded.

"Go over to Riverside and catch the sneak-preview of 'Bringing Up Mother,' he says. "Take a look at Betty on the screen in a pay theater before a real audience. And be honest with yourself about what you see."

"All right," I says, "I'll do that. But just the same if this Mr. Tom Reis hires anybody in this family, it won't be me!"

"That's what you think!" says Chris determinedly. "Now listen! If we can get Reis to look at those rushes, he'll make a bid for you, or I'll eat my hat. But he's a hard guy to handle. Between ourselves he's a money snob and this house would impress him a lot. Let me bring him over for cocktails one afternoon and meet him, anyhow!"

WELL, I thought that over for a moment and I couldn't see any harm in saying okay, on account once I and the house had impressed this Reis, it would be a contact that certainly couldn't do us any harm. I was trying to look ahead, knowing that Betty would always be in danger at Goldmont because of me, even if they wanted to keep her. And if Reis took a fancy to her later, who could tell? So I finally says yes, Chris could bring Mr. Reis and we fixed a date.

"Thanks!" says Chris, getting up to go. "You don't know how good you are but I do, and I'm going to prove it to you yet."

I didn't answer that one at all. Then Chris hesitated at the door and came back.

"By the way, I almost forgot," he says. "What do you know about this fellow Alex Lorm?"

"I don't know much," I says, "but I think plenty!"

"So do I. but I'd be ashamed to have you hear me say it," says Chris. "He came to see me today. Lives not far from me and he must have seen me come in. What a nerve! He walks right in while I was putting those precious cans away and I didn't even know he was there for several minutes!"





**I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin . . . and here is what happened**

**I WAS A LONELY GIRL**...and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

**SUE KNEW MY SECRET** . . . She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd *dramatize* yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a *thing* for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl *instantly*. You need a brighter, more alluring shade ...and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

**SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE.** That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly *one* shade—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

**GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE** when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside . . . I want to talk to you . . . alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms . . . he kissed me . . . and he whispered, "Sweetheart . . . I love you . . ."

**TRY ALL TEN SHADES, FREE.** You, too, can find your one lucky color. Let Lady Esther send you, free and postpaid, her ten thrilling new shades of face powder. One of these shades will bring out the fresh natural color of your skin—win you sparkling "story book" charm. Mail the coupon today.

*(You can paste this on a penny postcard)*

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Lady Esther, 7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me your 10 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(44)

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*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

*(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)*




Just my luck.

Not two words did he say till I'm poking into my purse, after dessert. "Can that be a package of Beeman's?" he asks. And the whole dinner party looked so wistful I had to pass it around.

"That makes it a *real* party!" says he, thawing out. "I've been hankering for the fresh tang of that Beeman's flavor! Peppy as your sparkling eyes, my dear — refreshing as your smile! Folks, a toast to Miss Merriwell, the pearl of dinner partners!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION


"What did he want?" I asks.

"That's what I couldn't make out," says Chris frowning. "Ostensibly, he wanted me to help him spot that Swing Adagio act of his in some studio. And he also asked me what I intended to do about Betty's part in the picture. When I told him she was back in it he. . . ."

"Well," I cued him.

"He rather tried to pump me about her money," Chris said slowly. "It's none of his damn business and I had nothing to tell him. But I don't like it!"

"I don't either," I says, "and I certainly haven't encouraged his hanging around here. I'm on your side, Chris!"

"Good Old Marie!" he says. Then all of a sudden he took my face in both hands, kissed me, and ran gaily off, waving and smiling from his décollete car.

IT was almost dark before Jelliff came home and took a load off his feet and my mind.

"Betty," he says, "is at Lydia Watts. I suppose she's a nice woman, that Lydia, but. . . ."

"Thank God, Betty's safe!" I says.

"I talked to Betty in the kitchen," Jelliff added, "where she was making a pie. She claimed she was glad to see me, and I did all I could, but. . . ."

"But nothing," I says. "Do you mean to say you actually saw Betty and then let her stay there?" Jelliff nodded his head lugubriously.

"That Lydia is a powerful woman," he remarks, "and she's backed up Betty's idea that you are bad medicine, and said that the great Mrs. Watts will be big-hearted and shelter the poor child, and use all her influence to help Betty in pictures!"

"Lydia Watts' influence in the studios," I says, "is as hard to find as an orphan producer without relatives! That girl is coming home. I've got good news for her!"

So then I went to the phone with what I thought was a hot item, but Betty wouldn't talk to me and Lydia was very high-handed when I repeated a discreet section of what Chris had told me.

"Yes, we know Betty's footage is to be used," she says coolly. "A good friend of hers saw to *that!* And we know there won't be another change. That's one picture you'll never be in, Marie La Tour, I'll promise you!"

That was the way things stood the night when "Bringing Up Mother" was to be sneak-previewed out at Riverside.

I and Jelliff set out in time for the second showing, which is when the surprise number was due, but when we got to Riverside I was so lathered up with excitement that I had clean forgot the name of the theater Chris had told me it would be at. There was no dice at the first place we tried and then when we turned the corner to another theater I got the shock of my life on account there was my own name in enormous big letters right across the marquee!

"Jelliff!" I gasps holding on to him tight. "Am I whacky or what? 'Marie La Tour'! Not even the name of the picture! What does it mean?"

"Steady, old girl!" he says patting my hand. "It looks like this fellow Chris has played a trick on you. I guess he meant it for a pleasant surprise, but. . . ."

I handed him my pocketbook without speaking, and somehow or another we got inside. The theater was jammed to suffocation and as we stood waiting for seats I didn't dare look at the screen, but I got the feel of the audience right off, the way any experienced actress does, and it was warm. In fact, it was hot with interest and friendly amusement.

Well, a kind of cold chill, like eating ice cream too fast, settled on my chest as I sat down. Then I looked at the screen, and My Gawd, there I was! A plump young vamp in a black satin dress that was supposed to make me look like a seal; only now after twenty years I at last realized that it made me look like a seal which was wearing the wrong skin.

"It's 'Lillie of the Valley,' as I live and breathe," Jelliff whispered. "Ah Marie! One of your greatest rôles!"

"Hush!" I whispered. "Let me cry in peace a minute!" And, not to be sentimental or anything, that's what I did. Then I dried my eyes and tried to laugh instead like most of the other people in the theater were doing. But my heart didn't laugh, however.

BAD as it was, I still felt after all these years that there was a *something* to that fillum and I tried to kid myself that it moved in more than the one sense. One thing was certain—the audience went for it strong. Of course, they let out a few laughs and snorts where the commentator wisecracked, but they ate it up just the same and even when they were laughing at me, it was a friendly kind of laugh. But that was small comfort on account I knew an audience ought to laugh *with* a star, not *at* them in even the friendliest way. Suddenly I felt like a very old lady. I wanted to go home and crawl into bed. I wanted to pull the covers over my head and shut out the world with its troublesome memories. All my worries, all my early experiences sort of ganged up on me. I turned to Jelliff and he seemed to understand. Without a word he took my arm and led me out of the theater. Back home at the foot of the stairs he told me more than a plain good night.

"Marie, I know how you feel," he says huskily. "I get that way when I remember my dance and then look at Fred Astaire or somebody. But we *had* those good old times. They *were* good and nobody can take them away from us! Me, I guess I'm through. But you . . . you're slimmer, you got more style and more distinction right now than ever before. So just dream on that, my dear!"

## THE PUBLISHER OF PHOTOPLAY, BERNARR MACFADDEN, MAKES A DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT

Nestled in the beautiful rolling hills of New York State, near the town of Liberty, is the Loomis Sanatorium where a great adventure in life is soon to take place.

Beginning in May, I am arranging for a demonstration there of a cure in tuberculosis truly sensational in character. And, furthermore, in order that the really deserving may share in the benefits of this project, I am going to take one case each from the various states east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River who will be treated without charge.

The cure of tuberculosis depends first and foremost upon building additional vital power—more health and strength.

Now, the principal means of curing this disease are quantities of fresh air, proper amount of rest, sunlight, foods that will improve digestion and proper environment.

All this, and more, is available at the Loomis Sanatorium where the great battle for a healthy, joyous normal life is waged every day.

Tuberculosis is usually accompanied by a depressed state of mind and by the idea that it is difficult if not impossible to obtain recovery. In the right atmosphere, with the correct treatment, this belief is done away with and the cure begun.

Some of the elements involved are the rest cure, which I believe is advisable in complete form only for limited periods; health-building procedure, which will bring new strength to all parts of the body, especially the spine, and diet, one of the most important factors in the cure.

It is my belief, borne out by over fifty years of experience in treating tuberculosis, my own case included, that after a careful examination by a diagnostician followed by the competent supervision of experts, the patient suffering from this disease should be well toward recovery within a period of two to three months.

That is why I think the announcement about the Loomis Sanatorium is one of the most thrilling I have ever made to the readers of PHOTOPLAY. Beginning May first, we will be able to witness the first demonstrations of the value of the Loomis treatment in curing this disease.

Although the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation is already conducting a large health resort in Florida and another in New York State, I am desirous of extending still further my health-building activities.

I urge all those desiring to present their case in connection with this free treatment offer to address Loomis Sanatorium, Bartholomew Building, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.

WHAT THE STARS SAY:

"Loomis Sanatorium seems to me a ray of promise lighting the way to a glorious possibility. Whatever will lessen the toll of tuberculosis is a great boon to humanity." PAUL MUNI

"Your plans for the Loomis Sanatorium are deserving of the highest praise from us all. My sincerest best wishes to you on a project so worthy."
DON AMECHE

"Good luck to you on your new and worthy project—the Loomis Sanatorium." IRENE DUNNE

"Congratulations on the fine ideals of your undertaking at Loomis Sanatorium. I wish you every success."
JEANETTE MACDONALD

"My sincere best wishes for the success of the Loomis Sanatorium stop it is both a worthy and very necessary venture sincerely" GARY COOPER

"I think your plans for tuberculosis cure at the Loomis Sanatorium are most worthy and I am sure will add much to the health and happiness of many now unfortunate human beings sincerely".
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

"Oh, Jelliff," I says, "I'd like to believe you, but. . . . !"

"And," says Jelliff, "I'd like to prove it with a kiss but. . . ."

"Jelliff," I says with a big effort at trying to be light, "if I didn't know you were sober I'd say like the French, that this was a case of *'cherchez la dram!'*"

LIKE most mornings when you would like to wake up brave and cheerful, it was raining. And when it rains in California, I mean it rains. Not just cats and dogs, but lions and elephants. In other words, even the rain is super-colossal. When I got down to the kitchen Jelliff was already hobbling about, complaining of his bad knee which always hurt in wet weather.

"Jelliff," I says when we had the Java under control, "I feel bad about what we did last night. We should have quit my masterpiece and found that preview."

"I suppose we ought to have, but . . ." Jelliff gave me a sort of funny look and shoved the local trade sheet, damp with rain, towards me.

"I'm glad we didn't." He went on, "There's the preview brought right to your door. Get a load of that."

Well, I picked up the Daily Tattler and there, just as I had supposed, somebody had tipped off their ace critic to the sneak-preview. But there was nothing sneaky about what this reviewer had to say. In fact, he came out and threw bricks as shamelessly and openly as a chimney in an earthquake. The further I read the madder I got and then, instead of being mad any more, I got a cold, frightened feeling. Because the review was honest. This critic, Avery Thompson, was one of the best in his line, and what he said went with the studios. "'Bringing Up Mother' was a sorry piece of floy floy," he claimed, "which might only have been plain dull if sanely cast. But the performance given by a newcomer, one Gail Gallante in the rôle of the slavey, dragged the whole show down below see-level." Mr. Thompson then wished the picture a happy remake, and many of them. The public, he thought, had suffered enough without this!

Well, I put the paper down perfectly stunned. At worst I had expected faint praise, while this was the kind of notice which is harder to live down than the things your best friends are so mean about telling you. It meant plenty as far as that poor child, Gail Gallante, alias Betty, was concerned. She must, I figured, have read it by now, and I wanted to get right up and go over to Lydia's and comfort her. But for a few moments I simply couldn't move for, in spite of our many squabbles, Betty and I had at least always been honest with each other. And the honest truth was just this. Betty wasn't going to work for a long time—not in pictures—maybe never again in pictures. She thought she had money of her own and she hadn't. I'd spent my last cent on this promotion of her and now it was a bust and with Jelliff on my hands, in addition to everything else, I felt as forlorn as the last olive after a cocktail party.

I LOOKED at Jelliff for a long time, wondering about him. In all these years he'd never guessed how things were with my finances but as the song says "Now it must be told." Now, yes, but how? Lord, I hated to do it! For Jelliff wasn't young any more. He'd had a lot of tough breaks, but the last few years he had settled down into a nice comfortable contentment, without a thought of ever having to worry again. I remembered how well he'd done on his small allowance and how he'd been so happy with it. I thought too, about how he'd put himself out a thousand times for me, how he trusted me, and now . . . well anyways, I hated to do this but . . . as he himself would have said. Finally it was Jelliff personally who gave me my opening.

"Hum!" he says, reading the paper. "I see Paramount has a call out for character men." He said it in order to be casual while I got over my shock about Betty but I didn't take it that way.

"Why don't you try for it?" I asked. Jelliff looked up in mild surprise.

"Well, I'd just as soon, but . . ." he says.

"But it's raining and your leg hurts!" I says softly. "Oh Jelliff, I know, and I hate to ask it, but I'm afraid you'd better scramble for that job, leg or no leg, rain or no rain!"

"Why Marie, what have I done?" he says anxiously. "Are you sore at me?"

"You haven't done a thing!" I says. "I'm the guilty party, and if I'm sore at anybody, it's myself. I've been a pretentious fool trying to bluff my way along—and your way, and Betty's. But, oh Jelliff, I see my mistake now and I'm in a jam. I've got nobody to turn to but you and I'm making a sharp one to the right, so watch out!"

And then, before I knew it, I was crying on his shoulder and telling him the whole story—how I was only caretaker in this house and Betty didn't know she was broke. The only thing I didn't tell him was how much I'd counted on that sale of my Long Island property.

"There, there, don't cry!" he says softly, stroking my hair. "I knew you shouldn't be out here without a man to protect you! But now you've got one and he's going to do it!" I pulled myself away gently and patted at my make-up, like a woman does.

"Jelliff," I says, "it will be a mutual benefit association in this house from now on. I suppose we ought to get right down and sit on brass tacks about what's to do."

"I'll go mug at Paramount this very morning," he says, "knee or no knee, or I'm a Judas horned betailment!"

"Take anything you can get," I says approvingly, "because remember every time you crash a gate there may be a click to it."

"Now is the time for one good Party to come to the aid of all men!" says Jelliff with a grin. Then with a cheerful wave of the hat he hobbled out into the rain.

Gagging like that had made both of us feel better, and I put on my hat and waited impatiently for the weekly cleaning woman to arrive and start her job. And at last Amandabell appeared, black and lumbering.

"Ah's sorry Ah's late," she puffs, "but Ah seen where Metro was goin' to do a colored picture and Ah jest naturally haid to stop by the casting office fust."

"Did you get anything?" I says hopefully, because from now on Amandabell was one of the things we were going to do without. But she shook her black head with a sigh.

"It wa'nt mah kind of color," she says.

"Better match next time." I wished her. And then I told her where I was going, and gave her Lydia Watts' phone number.

"If anything important happens before Miss Betty and I get home," I says, "call me up here."

AND then I set out to fetch Betty, trying to feel as confident as I sounded. Betty still had the car so I had to take a bus and walk the rest of the way. But I did not mind as I am strong, and also on account I have been out in every kind of weather from wild to woolly, all my life. And yet my knees kind of shagged voluntarily when I got to Lydia's house and rang the bell.

Once I got inside, the house had, as





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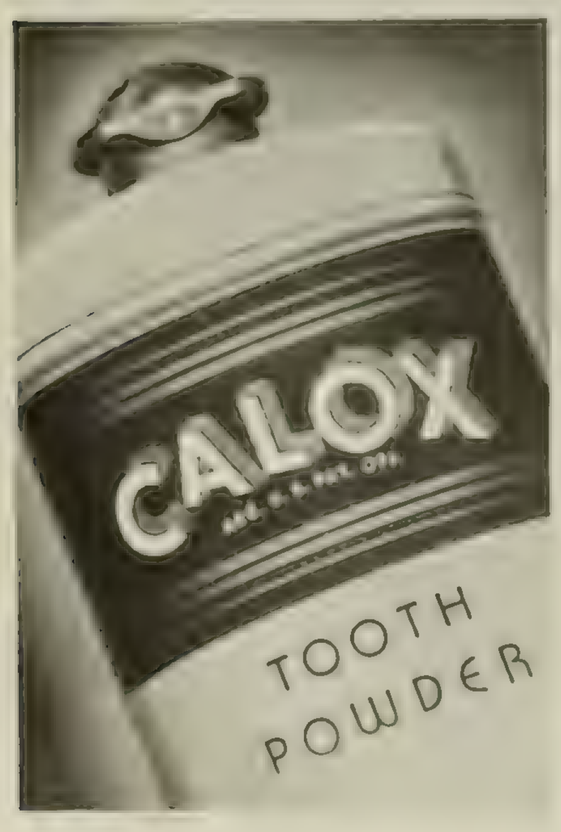
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a person might of expected, a kind of strip-tease touch to it. By which I mean to say it looked like Lydia had stripped the auction rooms and teased the house with the result, which I suppose came natural to her. And she kept me waiting which I also suppose came natural to her after so many years of keeping 'em waiting for that last shoulder strap to go. But finally she slithered in simply jangling with refinement.

"Well Marie!" she says, "I certainly am surprised at seeing you here after all you did to that poor child! I should have thought you knew stealing a show underhanded *isn't done* in the profession!"

"I don't know anything about burlesque, never having been in it," I says, "but I do know when my own granddaughter needs me to look after her."

"I can't say you seem to of done very well so far!" says Lydia. "And she is welcome to the shelter of my little home for as long as she cares to stay."

"Your little home isn't where she belongs," I says kind of grim. "My heavens, Lydia, isn't there family trouble enough in this world without you fertilizing it?"

"I only gave her succor!" says Lydia in a superior way.

"Sucker is right!" I says. "Let me talk to the child alone, Lydia, and I'll try to keep those movie mag-writers who like to jog the public's memory away from your door."

Well, it was a dirty threat without one word of wisdom behind it, but it worked.

"All right, I'll get her," says Lydia. "She's out in the kitchen."

"Working off a mood," says I.

"Well, she's fixing cucumbers with sour cream, wilted lettuce salad, and sour Russian rye bread with caraway seeds," says Lydia meaningly.

Then she slid out of the room, one hand going instinctively to her shoulder strap as the portières billowed around her, and pretty soon Betty come in and just stood there, looking sulky and pretty, but making a stab at big-woman-of-the-world stuff.

"Well?" she says. "I suppose you've come to gloat—for I take it you've read the reviews!"

"Not to gloat, Betty," I says. "I'm sorry as can be, but it would of been a miracle if the first part you ever played was a hit. Why, you don't imagine any actress is actually made overnight, do you? You who've been around show people all your life. You don't kid yourself on the facts, do you?"

"I know what the fact of your 'help' did to me!" she says, not meeting my eyes. "And I don't care to accept it any more. I've got my own money and I'll make out until I click."

"Darling!" I says miserably, "of course you'll click at something sooner or later. I won't interfere again. But unless you want to live off of Lydia. . . ."

"What's that?" she says sharply, and from her tone I could see she didn't want any such thing.

"Your money, Betty," I says, holding my head as if my permanent was a complete crime wave, "that's the trouble. You haven't any money of your own!" Betty's face quivered and her little hands clenched.

"This is too much!" she says. "I suppose you spent it?"

"No, you spent it, Betty," I says getting up and going to her. "There never was any money left by your father. I just said so on account of I wanted you to feel independent and to stay with me because you wanted to stay, not because you felt you had to." Still she didn't or wouldn't quite get the idea. Probably Lydia and that Alex Lorm had been working on the poor kid until she couldn't think straight, or see the truth in my eyes, either.

"So now you're going to stop paying my allowance, as it turns out to be," she says slowly. "Gram, I'm surprised at that—even from you!"

"Betty!" I cries, "I'm even more surprised at you! Of course I'm not stopping any allowance. What I am trying to tell you is that our money is all gone. We're broke. And there's nothing disgraceful about being broke. In fact some of the best people have made quite a popular sport out of it. If things had gone right, I'd never have let you know the truth until it couldn't hurt you." Betty's face twisted in a funny, proud little smile.

"I'm sorry, Gram," she says. "I don't know what to think. And I don't know what to do except that I certainly can't go home now! Home! To what? To live off you again, at your age? Not much! I'll find work. I'll. . . ."

"Betty, come home!" I says. But she shook her head.

"No!" she says, real firm. "I've got to think this thing out alone. I've got to decide for myself!"

I felt pretty well licked and was about ready to go, when the telephone rang. Betty answered it.

"It's for you," she says. "Amandabell wants to talk to you."

I took the receiver and listened, hardly able to believe what that soft thick voice was saying. But my face must have spoken for me, for Betty's eyes seemed to catch my fright.

"What is it?" she asked intently as soon as I hung up.

"It's Jelliff!" I says, unsteadily. "He—he couldn't make the Boulevard quite quick enough with that knee, and a car hit him!"

"Gram!" cried Betty, "where is he? Don't look like that! Don't!"

"Who wouldn't?" I says, "when it was me who made him go out. He's home—but I pushed him into this, I tell you—I'm responsible!"

Suddenly Betty's whole expression changed. I think that in those few short seconds she grew up.

"Come on, Gram," she says taking my elbow real gently. "This is no time for us to nurse our fight. Let's forget it and get on home to him!"

*That accident was a blessing in disguise, for it brought Betty home; but—more trouble looms ahead for Marie when her magnanimity and humor toss her from the frying pan into the fire. Next month, another delightful chapter in the life of this gallant actress.*


## Calling All American Girls

So, you'd like to change places with a star? You envy her ability to attract shoals of fascinating, eligible men? WAIT! Just wait until you read what some representative gentlemen told Gretta Palmer. It's in the May PHOTOPLAY. (Prepare to take a new lease on life!)

**WHY AMERICAN MEN DON'T WANT TO MARRY HOLLYWOOD WOMEN**

# Vienna Farewell

*(Continued from page 17)*

laughter. Violins are humming sweet waltzes—beautiful women with jewels and chinchilla wraps laugh and dance and flirt; old servants in gold-embroidered uniforms carry trays with champagne; yes, the spirit of old, gay Vienna is still alive. . . .

YES, I remember the night of November 22, 1934. Two days before, I had arrived in Vienna. How well I remember the deep depression I felt as I walked through the dying town. And then, through the mediation of Professor Clemens Krauss, the famous conductor of the Viennese Philharmonic, I was invited to the ball in Prince von Starhemberg's palais.

We arrived rather late. The big crowd seemed to be in an extremely gay mood. About one hundred twenty people were present. Seldom in my life have I seen so many beautiful women together and so many famous men and so many diamonds, furs and luxurious trappings. The air was filled with exotic perfumes and the smoke from many cigars. The guests belonged to the cream of Austrian and international society. If my memory serves me right, I recognized Prince Nicholas of Greece, Madame Schiaparelli, Franz Werfel and his wife, formerly the wife of the great composer Gustav Mahler, Prince Gustav of Denmark, Nora Gregor, the best-loved actress of Vienna, General Malleaux of the French General Staff and —Hedy Lamarr.

I remember that she attracted my attention as soon as I arrived. Among all the beautiful and extravagantly gowned and jeweled women, she was by far the most attractive—and the youngest. She wore a white dress, which in its simplicity was really a work of art, and a single diamond that, as I learned later on, was one of the purest and largest in Europe. She was dancing with a man much older than she, a big stout man with a strongly lined face.

"Who is she?" I asked the young Hungarian playwright, Oedoen von Horvath.

He led me a few steps aside where nobody could hear us. "Look here," he whispered, "don't you know what is going on here tonight? It is the first official meeting between Prince von Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl, after their quarrel. Maybe history will be made tonight!"

A little impatient, I replied: "At the moment I am not interested in history but in that woman who is dancing over there. Who is she?"

Horvath looked at me, incredulously. "Do you mean to say that you don't know her? That is Hedy Kiesler, *the* Hedy Kiesler. She is the wife of Fritz Mandl. That's the man she's dancing with."

I WAS somewhat perplexed. I had heard the name Hedy Kiesler mentioned through her unfortunate appearance in the film, "Ecstasy"—but everybody in Europe knew Fritz Mandl, the owner of the Hirtenberger Patronen-Fabrik. Fritz Mandl was one of the four munition kings of the world. Sir Basil Zaharoff, the greatest international dealer in arms, Schneider-Creuzot, his French colleague, Alfred Krupp, the master of the German cannon works in Essen and Fritz Mandl—these four hold the fates of all of us in their hands. Day and night, they are active in their trade, for war is their business; they have to sell arms and ammunitions. Mandl was the youngest of the big four. He was fabulously wealthy. Hedy Kiesler, the most beautiful woman in Vienna, was his wife.

"Look," Horvath gripped my arm. The dance had ended and Mandl, after bowing to his wife, slowly went up the wide staircase. His host followed. And, though the music was now playing another tune and everybody seemed to be busy flirting, dancing and laughing, there was something sinister in the air, a nervous tension, a barely audible excitement.

Everybody in the ballroom was aware of the two men who had just left the hall. In the minds of each one of us was the thought: what are the two men up to? A torturing question. . . .

I asked a mutual acquaintance to introduce me to Hedy Kiesler—or, as she was then called, Mrs. Fritz Mandl. I asked her to dance.

She seemed to be tired. I noticed that her shining deep eyes were not so gay as they had appeared to be from a distance.

"Let's sit down for a moment," she suggested. Only then did I notice that her soft alluring beauty was really intoxicating when enhanced by the vital charm of her eyes and her voice. She appeared sophisticated and naïve at the same time—great international hostess and sweet Viennese girl.

HEDY and I spoke about her father, Emil Kiesler, who had died a few years ago and whom I had known as director of an important Viennese bank. He was a shrewd businessman, a tall, handsome, well-dressed man with blue eyes and dark hair growing gray at the temples. About four or five years ago, when I was in his office, his wife came in. Mrs. Kiesler was—or better, is (she is still living in Vienna)—a small energetic woman. Kiesler immediately interrupted the conference and started to whisper excitedly with his wife.

"It must have been about a younger sister of yours," I told Hedy, "because I could not help overhearing talk of their 'little girl.' Something seemed to have happened to her."

Hedy laughed. "The little girl must have been me," she said, "because I am the only one they have. Probably I was having the measles or I had been in some mischief. My poor old daddy—" Mrs. Mandl added thoughtfully, "—we were a very happy family in our house in Peter Jordan Street—"

A new waltz began and Hedy was claimed by one of her admirers. Horvath approached me excitedly. "Did she say anything about Mandl's conference with von Starhemberg?" he asked.

I took Horvath's arm and led him out of the ballroom to the big balcony. It was a cold and clear winter night. The sounds of the music and the laughter were only faintly audible. Before and under us was the silent dark town.

"Mrs. Mandl didn't say a word about her husband," I replied, "but I wish you would tell me something about her. She can't be much older than nineteen or twenty. When did she marry, and why?"

Horvath thought for a minute and then answered slowly, "In these last three or four years, Hedy Kiesler has lived an amazingly fantastic life. It began in quite the usual way. As the only child of a well-to-do Viennese family, she went through the usual forms of education—private tutors, private schools, later on, perhaps a year or two in a pension in Switzerland; and then the climax, introduction into society.


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"As far as I remember, shortly before she became a debutante, her father died and at once her troubles started. The fortune of the family slowly vanished during the Austrian monetary crisis. Hedy's attempts to regain some of the lost fortune on the stock exchange failed. She and her mother lost every penny they possessed. But Hedy was a brave girl. She accepted a job as a stenographer, but she was much too pretty to work in an office. You know what I mean. At last, through an old friend of the family who wanted to help the Kieslers, Hedy got a job as script girl in the Sascha Film Studios. And there Gustav Machaty got hold of her.

"MACHATY was the first to recognize the possibilities of Hedy Kiesler," Horvath went on. "For years he had been planning a great film—his lifework, as he called it—but he had not been able to start it because he could not find the right actress. When he saw Hedy he knew that he had found her, but first, of course, she had to gain experience.

"Machaty asked a few film directors to let her play small parts in their films. After she had gained what the film people call 'camera technique,' Machaty began his 'great work.' It was a supermodern film about a beautiful poor young girl who married an ugly, old, but wealthy man. Working with unknown actors and with Hedy Kiesler as star, Machaty at last finished the film and called it 'Symphony of Love'—later known under the title of 'Ecstasy.'"

Horvath paused. Footsteps came nearer on the silent street. They belonged to a detachment of Heimwehr soldiers—gray-uniformed, brutal fellows—the creatures of the noble Prince von Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl.

I looked up. From the balcony of the palais where we stood we saw a lonely light in the floor above us. Prince Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl were having their conference there. What would be the result? Something sinister was in the air. Mandl was known as usually getting what he wanted. . . .

With one exception. I smiled. When Mandl had married the beautiful star of "Ecstasy," he had tried to buy all negatives of the film. Machaty sold them to him. But new negatives turned up in Tokyo, or in Australia, or in Rome. Again Mandl started buying. He didn't want to have his wife appear naked before the bulging eyes of movie fans. But it was a long time before he learned that as soon as he bought the negatives, the company which distributed "Ecstasy" had new ones produced. At last Mandl succeeded in buying the original for a terrific amount of money.

"Why did she play in 'Ecstasy' at all?" I asked Horvath, who was still staring up at the silent light in the room above.

My friend shrugged his shoulders. "I think that she can hardly be blamed for it," he answered. "The film itself is a very ambitious and purely artistic work and I think that nobody, least of all Hedy, had the faintest idea that the great public could regard it as a 'naughty' film. Hedy must have suffered deeply over the international scandal. Of course, she didn't behave cleverly after the scandal broke. She shouldn't have appeared in public for some time. But the great Max Reinhardt was just then going to direct the new play by Eduard Bourdet, 'The Weaker Sex,' and, either because he wanted to take advantage of Hedy's publicity, or, as I believe, in order to give her a chance to show the public that she was really an actress, he gave her a small part in it. Through her, the play became a sensation. She began to travel between Berlin and Vienna. Among the parts she played in these years, I remember one in Noel Coward's 'Private Lives' and a big part in the film, 'The Trunks of Mr. O. F.'"

My friend became silent again. After a while he went on, thoughtfully: "Yes—and then her marriage. It was a very strange and curious coincidence. People say that Fritz Mandl, who had seen Hedy Kiesler in 'Ecstasy,' went to the first night of 'The Weaker Sex' and watched her from his box. In the intermission, he asked a mutual friend to introduce him to her. Fritz Mandl is supposed to be a man who gets everything he wants—and a short time later his marriage to Hedy Kiesler was announced. Do you remember the story of 'Ecstasy?' A very wealthy, ugly old man buys—excuse me, I meant to say marries—a beautiful poor young girl. Do you understand what I mean when I call it a strange coincidence?

"Since the wedding, Hedy Mandl has become one of the most brilliant hostesses of international society. Yes," Horvath ended dreamily, "if a novelist were to describe her life, people would call him unbelievably fantastic. . . ."

Horvath suddenly gripped my arm. I looked through the glass door and saw Prince von Starhemberg and the munition king Mandl walk down the wide staircase, arm in arm. Horvath and I returned to the ballroom. Everybody had stopped dancing to look at the two men. Hedy Kiesler left her dancing partner and went over to her husband. At that same moment, the music that had stopped began to play a waltz. Fritz Mandl, the munition king, took the arm of Hedy Kiesler, the most beautiful girl in Vienna and his wife, and they began to dance. We saw him whispering to her, gravely, and then I noticed that her eyes grew wide and fearful. . . .

YES, it was a great night in the Viennese palais of the Prince von Starhemberg. Today we know from political documents that on this very night—November 22, 1934—Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl reached an agreement concerning their ambitious political plans. Fritz Mandl promised to supply Prince Starhemberg's Heimwehr with arms for the overthrowing of Dollfuss.

On this night the foundation was laid for those tragic events which began with the cruel murder of tiny Chancellor Dollfuss and led, at last, to the end of the proud Austrian Empire and its rape by the German dictator. . . .

I remember well the jubilant violins playing Viennese waltzes . . . I remember the laughter and the gay voices of famous men and beautiful women . . . I remember the atmosphere of exotic perfumes, white shoulders, expensive cigars, promising smiles, international medals and chinchilla wraps . . . and I remember Mrs. Fritz Mandl—more appealing, more charming and more beautiful than anyone else—and, hidden behind her veiled eyes, a great loneliness and fear. . . .

* * * *

Dark and deserted were the streets of Vienna. Only in one house, a palais—like a ghost, a dream out of old times—the last sweet waltzes of Vienna were danced under shining chandeliers. . . .

* * * *

It's only a few years ago, but the dream has long since ended. The morning was gray, the awakening terrible. Dollfuss has bled to death; von Starhemberg is a poor forgotten refugee in Switzerland; Fritz Mandl, driven out of his country, is traveling somewhere between Shanghai and Buenos Aires, selling arms—and Vienna, old, beautiful, gay Vienna, is occupied by the barbarians. The "blue" Danube has become a "red" Danube, flowing over with blood and tears. . . .

Only one has escaped the awakening in the gray morning: Hedy Lamarr.

# MOVIES *in your home*



**A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies**

BY JACK SHER

SO you want to know how to make your amateur actors act naturally? Take a tip from Director Lewis Seiler, of Warner Brothers, and give the player something to do. As probably every 16 mm. cameraman knows, as soon as the players realize the camera is turned on them, they drop whatever they are doing, grin sheepishly, make a face, wave their hands, or do something awkward and uncharacteristic. Thousands of otherwise excellent vacation or family reels have been spoiled by this type of reaction. "All this can be avoided," Seiler says, "if you give the amateur player something specific to do. Let's say you are making a camping shot. One person can be chopping wood, another cleaning fish, another starting a fire, and so on. Weave your action in and out among the things people naturally do on a camping trip.

"In the 'plot' type of picture, the problem is a little tougher. The tendency of the actor is to overact, producing a result reminiscent of the old-time 'mellerdrammers.' The amateur actors will move too rapidly through their action scenes; their gestures and actions will pop in and out of the narrow range of the camera lens with disconcerting suddenness. Or, on the other hand, during dialogue scenes, the actors will stand or sit perfectly still with their lack of movement conspicuous."

From cameraman George Folsey, on the M-G-M lot, comes advice on how to "pan" correctly. Folsey complains that most amateur photog's use what he calls a "firehouse pan," in other words they move their camera from left to right, or up and down, too quickly. The right way to use a "pan" shot to connect two scenes is to follow some person or moving object from one shot to another. In that case, the audience watches the moving object and the blurred background is seldom noticed. In timing the "pan" shot the camera should move as rapidly as the object itself. As a general rule, shots should be "panned" extremely slowly—often not any faster than the motion of the second hand on a watch.

Castle Films are going heavy on production for movies for your home. Best of this month's crop of flickers is their "Sports Parade of the Year," which brings you all the big events to date. They also have an excellent one reeler of the Golden Gate Exposition and a nice number in "George VI Visits the United States and Canada." Animal fans will want Castle's "A Day at the Zoo," and you folks who are getting your boats ready for the summer will like "Sea Going Thrills."

Pathegram are quite proud of their 16 mm. Sound edition of "City of Proud Memories," which takes you through Charleston, S. C. Beautiful music in this is provided by a negro instrumental quartet. Science bugs will want to get the one reeler, "Craters of the Moon." This company also is out with new Grantland Rice Sportlights and a series called "Trips Around the World."

Garrison Films have finally released a picture that will probably be viewed with interest [illegible] years from now. It's called "Crisis" and was shot by Herb Kline in Czechoslovakia in the month before and right after the Munich Pact. It's by far the best and most interesting picture for 16 mm. this year. Joris Ivens, who is familiar to any up-to-date cameraman, is now cutting his first full-length feature film on China. As yet untitled, this film will be ready for you by the time you read this. Some of you will probably be interested to know that "Professor Mamlock," one of the best foreign films of the year, has been released for 16 mm. by Garrison.

GOSSIP about Amateurs: Lew Ayres is now shooting a murder picture, using his swimming pool as the scene of most of the action. Eleanor Powell, a 16 mm. fan, learned how to do those fascinating dances she does in "Honolulu," by photographing a native hulu dancer with her camera running at double speed. By running her shots at slow motion, she broke all records at learning Hawaiian hulu dances. . . .

Dick Powell has been working on a 16 mm. picture for the last three years. It is a film recording of his first meetings with his wife, Joan Blondell, and the incidents of their life together.

New Equipment: From the Wholesale Camera Supply Co. of Los Angeles comes the announcement of a new 8 mm. camera equipped with an electric drive powered by a simple flashlight battery. One battery is good for about 20 rolls of film . . . The Craig Movie Supply Company has now placed on the market a film editing machine for 16 mm. film designed exactly like the 35 mm. editors used by Hollywood studios . . . Eastman Super XX film, four times as fast as regular Cine-Kodak panchromatic, is now available for 16 mm. cameras and will soon be ready for 8 mm. fans as well. . . .


# *Fresh* as a Benchley Quip




IE IN on "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY
ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday Nights, Columbia Network

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Gail [illegible] featured in Paramount's "[illegible]" Watch for it. Note what [illegible] hands she has! Let Jergens Lotion help you!

## How "Winter Dryness" May Rob your HANDS of Charm

SOFT "Hollywood Hands" are so charming! Don't let winter chap and roughen them.

Your skin's moisture glands become less active in cold weather; your hands lose natural moisture, too, from exposure to wind, cold and water. Furnish extra moisture for the skin with Jergens Lotion. Helps do the softening, beautifying work of the depleted natural moisture. How do doctors help soften rough, harsh skin? Many use 2 fine ingredients that are found in Jergens. Never sticky! Regular use prevents chapping. Trade 2 minutes a day for hands *he'll* adore? Start now to use Jergens Lotion. For best results—use after every handwashing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 for the special economy size, at any beauty counter.

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NEW FACE CREAM [illegible]

*FREE!* GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

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I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

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# Reborn!

*(Continued from page 19)*

room with Scotch and soda and tea and cigarettes. "The Club," Goulding called these gatherings. They would discuss the scenes they had done and the scenes they had yet to do. And the talk at these times was so stimulating and so good that families and cooks were perpetually disgruntled over the hour at which they returned home for dinner.

"Ice, Lucy?" George would ask Goulding. Or he'd say, "Be a good girl, Lucy, old thing, and chuck me a cigarette, do!" And always Goulding, with a sheepish grin, would comply. He had courted this nickname and he knew it when he had insisted upon showing the bit actress who played a maid named *Lucy* how to do her scenes.

George kidding . . . George enthusing about his work. . . .

Bette was working the day her divorce was granted. She was more shaken than anyone realized—anyone except George Brent. George's greatest fault and charm, as anyone will tell you, is his understanding sympathy for everybody in the world. Even George, however, wasn't prepared for Bette's crack-up.

They were playing together when it happened. It was the day before Bette was to go into the sequence where she must let the audience know she is almost blind but keep this a secret from those around her.

Bette admits that *Judith* is one of the hardest acting assignments she has ever had.

She and George again were on the set which represented his office. As *Judith*, she was telling him that she had given up her wild, undisciplined ways . . . that she loved him . . . that she knew he loved her and that it hadn't been out of pity that he had asked her to marry him. And she was pleading with him to help her make the time that was left her count—really count.

"Where can I find peace?" There was a heartbreaking quality in the way she read that line.

George responded. He spoke with the warmth of a lover and the compassion of a father.

"Within yourself," he answered her.

Bette began to cry. Tears were what the script called for; nevertheless, Bette's tears were wrong. For they came from Bette Davis crying from self-pity and nervous exhaustion; and they should have come from *Judith Traherne*, crying because of emotions all her own.

Many actresses would have been satisfied simply to have produced tears. Not Bette. She was ashamed and horrified. She looked at George and shook her head. "Nice work, Davis," she muttered scornfully. Then she went to David Lewis, the producer. She asked that the company be dismissed.

"Tomorrow," she promised him, "with a good night's sleep under my belt I'll be all right."

True to her word she was. However, all the next day Don and Daffy, the two English setters in the picture (they belong to Bobby Davis, Bette's sister), wouldn't stir away from her.

Whenever she was on the side lines they sat with their great heads resting in her lap and their eyes devotedly beseeching.

FIVE weeks was the shooting time allotted "Dark Victory," but it was ten weeks before it was finished. However, no one seemed to care. There weren't any messages, pasted with red stickers, rushed to the set from the Front Office. When executives are pretty sure they have something special in a production they are more lenient.

At last, all the film was in the can. The time had come for a party. All slicked up, with husbands and wives and girl friends and boy friends in tow, the "Dark Victory" company gathered one night at "Lucy's."

"Lucy's" is a restaurant. It also is a sanctuary from the eternal California sunshine.

No golden beam ever has been known to penetrate "Lucy's" stone walls. Aromatic souvenirs of dishes flavored with garlic and spices cling to the air. Great crackling fires burn in the stone-walled rooms. The waiters are understanding and discreet. No tourists are allowed.

They sat around one great table, the "Dark Victory" company and their friends. The toasts were warm and many. They drank to George, over and over again. They toasted Goulding, David Lewis, Humphrey Bogart, Geraldine Fitzgerald (who, incidentally, makes a very real claim to screen importance in her "Dark Victory" rôle).

"If I may propose a toast," said someone, no one seems quite sure who it was now "if I may propose a toast—to a champion!"

Those are the last lines of "Dark Victory" but somehow, as they were spoken that night and chairs were pushed back and glasses were raised, all eyes were on Bette—who sat there alone at the head of the table.



Broadway's Fay Bainter, with her retired naval officer husband, Lieut. Com. R. G. H. Venable, has Hollywood wrapped around her little finger with her charm and graciousness

# Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

*(Continued from page 12)*

ne capacity for fun; but you can get ack your enjoyment of life and your esire for fun and gaiety by getting ufficient vitamins to increase your vi-ality so you won't be tired or listless. Merle Oberon, with her abundant vital-y, is, in our opinion, the perfect ex-mple of the "vitamin girl" at her best.

MOST people need additional vitamins o combat the strain of everyday living, o make them feel wonderful and look onderful. And each different vitamin lays a separate part in its effect upon ou.

There's Vitamin A, which is found in reen vegetables especially, and liver. 's in butter and eggs and carrots and pricots. A deficiency of this vitamin an impair your vision and lower your esistance to infections. You need Vita-in A for bright clear eyes and a ealthy nervous system and a smooth kin.

When you eat beans and peanuts and ysters, you're getting some Vitamin B. you aren't getting enough of this vit-min, your digestion is probably im-aired, and you're nervous and cross nd restless. Your fingernails break asily and you probably want to cry very time something goes wrong. "I'm o tired," you often moan, and you know ou had plenty of sleep last night and ou really haven't done a thing all day.

If you're losing weight and you don't eel like eating; if your dentist finds nore cavities in your teeth on your st visit to him than he ever did previ-usly; and you despair at the condition f your skin, you're not getting enough itamin C. Perhaps your raw fruits nd vegetables have been stored over period of time, so that the vitamin ontent has been diminished. Have you een eating your spinach and tomatoes nd asparagus and cauliflower and rinking your orange juice regularly?

Vitamin D is responsible for healthy eeth and bones because it deposits cal-um and phosphorus in your system. irect exposure to the sunlight, espe-ally in the summer, gives you Vitamin . Egg yolks and salmon have a little itamin D. The livers of cod and hali-ut and a few other large fish are a ch source.

Vitamin E will give you more vitality nd make you feel well and happy. ettuce and watercress and whole wheat nd meat and barley contain Vitamin E.

Lack of Vitamin G is one of the rea-ons why your hair has no gloss and our skin isn't so soft as it should be. Bran and yeast and whole milk and wheat germ are rich in Vitamin G.

These are the vitamin groups that are o necessary to you and your well-being. You can see the importance of each ne and realize that each group can work better when the other groups are lso present.

If you don't get all these vitamins in our daily diet, you can get them in oncentrated form and supplement our diet with them.

When you get sufficient vitamins in our daily routine, you'll be more than leased with the result. You'll sleep etter and have more vitality. You won't refuse dates any more because ou're simply too tired to go out after hard day's work. Your skin will be lear and smooth and have a healthy olor. Your nails won't break and your air will regain its gloss and luster. You'll be a new woman, and have a wonderful time!

Beauty Personals—When you have gotten yourself into this marvelous state of well-being, then it's time for you to go even farther and add those little beauty tricks of the stars that will do so much for you because they're based upon your own clear skin, shining hair and excellent health.

Try Ginger Rogers' trick of "setting" her face powder. After Ginger has patted on her powder and brushed off the surplus with her little powder brush, she takes a cotton cloth or pad which has been dipped into cold water and wrung almost dry and pats her face lightly with the cloth. This way the powder remains for hours without that boring necessity of powdering your nose almost every few minutes. It's a perfect time-saving device for a busy girl.

Ginger has several excellent beauty tricks that you can adapt to your own use with splendid results. After she applies her make-up, she touches vaseline to her eyebrows to smooth them into place and eliminate any faint trace of powder.

Ginger's charming habit of touching a drop of perfume to the inside of her gloves results in a very light aura of scent about her whenever she moves her hands.

It's an old-fashioned trick—our grandmothers used it—but it's still as successful as ever.

Another old-fashioned idea is Ginger's coiffure for her new picture, "The Castles." It's a copy of the hair-dos worn in 1911, but it's adaptable for evening wear today and is very becoming. The hair is brushed smoothly back from the face and then coiled at the nape of the neck in a "figure eight." Because the hair is very smooth, it's important that your hair be in good condition, shining and glossy.

Sally Eilers prevents any dryness or brittleness of hair from overexposure to the elements by using her recipe of three parts olive oil and one part castor oil, which she applies to her scalp with pads of absorbent cotton before each shampoo. Wendy Barrie has her own system of brushing her hair. She first brushes it up, lock by lock, to stimulate it. Then she ends by brushing it down to restore her hair to shining order.

WHEN you're applying mascara, try using Anne Shirley's method to darken her lashes without caking them with thick mascara and giving them that artificial, made-up look. After she has brushed mascara on very carefully, just a little at a time, she takes a small dry brush and brushes off the surplus, separating the lashes at the same time.

For very formal evening wear, Anne sprays her new high coiffure with brilliantine, then dusts gold metal powder all over it, adding new high lights to her lovely red hair.

When painting her nails with polish, Anne does as her manicurist does, to give the same professional look to her nails. To avoid streaking, she uses a brushful of polish and applies the color with a circular stroke at the base of the nail, then completes the coating with vertical strokes. This gives a smooth, even coating to her nails.

Kay Sutton's contribution to our list of beauty tricks is to use only a cream rouge applied over a cream base if your skin is dry.

Liquid powder bases or powder rouges have a tendency to cake on a dry skin, whereas cream bases give a smoother finish.




"IT'S Revlon NAIL ENAMEL FOR ME... First, Last, and Always!"

"Of course Revlon is my favorite Nail Enamel!" says this dazzling beauty—Helen Bennett—who frequently lends enchantment to the covers of important fashion magazines. "From the first moment my manicurist puts it on, until it's taken off, days later, Revlon Nail Enamel is a joy. It stays so lustrous . . . wears so well . . . goes on so smoothly and easily. And I adore Revlon's fashionably correct shades. My nails are in grand shape, too. So—it's Revlon for me—first, last and always!" ✧ Smart women the world over say that Revlon Nail Enamel is *best for looks, best for wear* AND best for the nails—keeps them on their best behavior! Quality beauty salons the world over use Revlon Nail Enamel because it stays on so beautifully between manicures and brings customers back again and again. ✧ You—and *your nails*—will prefer Revlon, too.

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*Nail "Tips"* • FOR FRAGILE NAILS . . .

*To protect fragile nails, use Revlon's ADHERON (contains no wax) as a base-coat under nail enamel. It gives a hard, smooth surface to soft or ridged nails! Prolongs wear! Use as a top-coat, over nail enamel, for added lustre.*




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THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN—

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**Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins**—in the familiar blue box.

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*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

You'll See—KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!


## Melvyn of the Movies

*(Continued from page 68)*

where Yale let him down in the game with Harvard, and he hummed snatches of tunes like "Great Day" and "Chant of the Jungle" and "Tea for Two" and the new "Singing in the Bathtub" to girls with shingled hair and Clara Bow mouths and to ladies who could wear hip waistlines and get away with it and also to ladies who could not, and knew it, but wore them anyway. And he went to a reception where he met an actress named Helen Gahagan, who seemed to him completely beautiful and desirable but who saw him not, so that he put her from his mind with a note to snub her one day if given the chance; and he worked hard, and played harder, and got and accepted and gave invitations, and in the rush of doing these things the past dimmed, the present glittered and the future swelled with promise.

Once again, his life held glamour.

BRADY cast him first as the lead in "A Free Soul," which was a success. Then one of the leads went off on sick leave and in the hysteria of the moment Mr. Brady decided to take the man's place himself. Halfway through the first scene the old man forgot his lines; and it was Melvyn's chance. He snatched at it. With a reassuring grin at his boss young Douglas began ad libbing, working the other's dialogue into his own so that Brady had only to say "yes" or "no" and follow the action.

At the final curtain Brady told Melvyn simply, "My boy, you are a real *showman!*"

And after that there was nothing too good for Melvyn Douglas. The theater, the show, the house itself was his. Brady grumbled his praise to the rest of the cast and what was better, to his friends, and what was far better, to Broadway. So that when the three-year contract had expired and Melvyn had done "A Free Soul" (with George Cukor directing) and "The Command to Love" and "The Silver Cord" with Laura Hope Crews and some other plays including a flop called "Recapture," one David Belasco approached him with a legal contract and a dripping fountain pen. And he was set.

He needed that break. It had been a tough summer. A sort of personal prelude to the autumn that was to bring chaos for the rest of America; it was 1929, and by the time overopulent Wall Street disgorged its surfeit Melvyn already knew the meaning of financial disgruntlement. His father had been ruined in Detroit—which meant that out of the two or three hundred a week Brady paid Douglas, the young man must support his parents, his brother and family, an ex-wife and child, and keep himself in the required manner of a successful New Yorker. He could not accept jobs during the summer because of his contracts. But he managed, with the aid of a heaven-sent stock offer and an air of innocence when confronting bill collectors.

AT long last the air sharpened in Manhattan, chauffeurs in town cars got out their astrakhan collars, the rains came and the first snow, and Belasco called his new contractee to conference. Difficulties had presented themselves—or rather one Difficulty had presented Itself, in the form of Mr. Belasco's pet star, the stunning and sometimes stubborn Helen Gahagan who that week had returned from Europe. She had read the script of "Tonight or Never." She had said positively, "The male lead must be absolutely *perfect*. Otherwise, not a chance," and had gone off to the country to await developments.

"You're the development," Belasco told Melvyn. "You're going to be the lead—if she likes you. I showed her a picture of you, the only one I could find. It was an old one and she acted pretty dubious. You're lunching with her tomorrow, so look your best."

Melvyn did. Belasco, with a tentative air, introduced him to the beauteous Helen. Her face reserved comment for some time, but as the dessert was served she looked quietly up at Belasco and smiled.

"He'll do," she said.

Melvyn Douglas was wary of love, when it came. He felt, justifiably, that he had a right to be. And after he had admitted to himself, during the third rehearsal of "Tonight or Never," that the one thing in the world he wanted was to spend the rest of his natural life in the company—indeed, in the arms—of the lovely Helen, it occurred to him that possibly for the first time he was not sure of what would happen. Her attitude had changed, true; he had made those love scenes count. But he could not read her eyes.

He decided to change the scene of his romantic attack from backstage to the more suitable dim-light atmosphere of a glamour spot. Accordingly, one evening, he said to Helen, "Do you like cherries Romanoff?"

She stared at him. "What a peculiar question. Of course—but why?"

"I'm inviting you for the week end to a little country house I've rented. The cook there—"

"Now, *listen*," she interrupted furiously. "None of that!"

"My mother and father are visiting me."

"Oh." She paused, frowning sheepishly. "Well. . . ."

"Breast of pheasant," said Melvyn dreamily, "like oversized butterballs dripping with special sauce."

"Stop! The blood's all rushing to my stomach and I can't think." She grinned. "All right. And crêpes suzette."

"I'll go back and whip them up with my own little hands," Melvyn said.

IT was the first victory. He appealed to her stomach first, her heart later: the country place was a 1772 cottage right out of a Currier and Ives, complete with old maples and fat cows and a brook in the front lawn. It had gardens of green lace. It was surrounded by quiet like the breath of peace; and through the gardens, in the stillness, Melvyn Douglas walked his lady, summoning every technique of romantic attack he had learned from the past experienced years.

Helen was only human.

This period was Discovery, mutual, complete.

The ultimate triumph came a few weeks later, surprisingly at the suggestion of a small white-haired woman who waited for them on the sidewalk as they came out together after the show. "Could I have your autographs?" she asked, rather timidly. "Both of them if you'll be so kind."

While they were signing she said, "You know, I do admire you so much. Especially that—well, *strong* love scene at the second-act curtain. I've seen it eight times."

Helen and Melvyn said they were glad, and Thank you. The old lady took the book back, beaming. "Just one more thing," she added. "You're married to each other, aren't you? Nobody told me but I just know it."

The two stopped dead and looked at
er. "How," asked Melvyn, "do you
now it?"
"Because of that love scene." The
ld lady chuckled. "You've got to be—
hy, it would only be *decent.*" She
aved the book gaily. "God bless you,"
he said, and trotted away.
Melvyn caught Helen's eye. They be-
an to laugh, feebly.
"Well," he said, "it's an idea."
Soberly she nodded. "It is at that."
They were married the next day.

E had never thought of Hollywood.
Iost of the pictures he had seen ap-
eared to be hacked and hammed out,
ndifferent entertainment which was in-
ifferent to art. A few had impressed
im; and since the recent advent of the
alkies he had come to believe that here
as an extraordinary medium for some-
ne with the right ideas and the courage
o use them.
Wherefore he was subconsciously re-
eptive, despite his professed scorn of
he celluloid industry, when Sam Gold-
yn decided to make "Tonight or
Never" with Gloria Swanson, and ap-
roached him to play the lead.
When he mentioned the subject to
Helen, whose views on Hollywood were
itriolic, she planted her hands on her
ips and gave battle, a rousing fight
hich turned into a kind of free-for-all.
he did not quite convince him; there
ere too many other considerations
orcing him to the inevitable.
There was a depression. He had
normous responsibilities, more than
ver now that he had married Helen,
nd he was under economic pressure,
nd the salary offered him seemed un-
eard of. Besides, Helen was more suc-
essful than he, in New York. It was
herefore pride, that caster of deciding
otes, which forced Melvyn into accept-
nce finally.
But it was a compromise. They would
ake a belated three weeks' honeymoon
o Europe, first. And he would stay in
Hollywood only for the one picture.
Sadly, in early 1931, the Melvyn
Douglases packed and entrained for the
Coast.
They arrived on a rainy morning, took
a cab through the dirty station environs
nd through crowded Los Angeles to
Hollywood, to the Roosevelt. There was
a convention there and only one double
oom with bath available.
From its windows they looked down
n a flat, dripping city. After a while,
ecause it was late, they went to Musso
Frank's for dinner. The chef had a
eadache that night. The chops were
urned.
Melvyn and Helen came out, still hun-
gry, to find the rain had become fog.
A garish, awful, cheap street stretched
away into enveloping mist. They were
alone in a world of unfriendliness.
Standing there, they reached out and
took each other's hands.
Then, instinctively and simultaneous-
ly, they began to cry, blubbering woe-
fully, with no attempt at concealment,
for fifteen minutes while passers-by
paused to stare.
The next day they called an acquaint-
ance. "Where does one live in this
town?" they asked him.
"There are only two places to live,"
the man said archly. "Beverly Hills
or Malibu."
Hanging up, Melvyn found a Gideon
Bible and put it on the dressing table.
Helen's fingers touched his as they laid
their hands on the Book. Solemnly,
with uplifted eyes, they vowed never,
never to live in either Beverly Hills or
Malibu.
The next day they found a farmhouse
in the San Fernando Valley.
The Hollywood story of Melvyn Doug-
las, and of his wife Helen, is known to
you. During the first years he discov-
ered how magnificent the woman he
had married could be. It was Helen
who, miserable and homesick, took the
time and the intelligence (after Melvyn,
in his first enthusiasm, had signed a
five-year contract with Goldwyn) to
adjust herself to the new circumstances.
It was she who, having accepted a Coast
play in order to keep busy, remained
uncomplaining in Hollywood while Mel-
vyn was sent by a venomous Providence
to New York, on loan.
But she bawled with delight when, at
the end of nine months, he came to her
and said, "I can't stand it any more.
We've got to get out of here."
He said simply to Goldwyn, "I smell.
Let me go."
And eventually Sam understood.

BREATHLESSLY happy at having
tossed away three-quarters of a million
dollars in return for freedom, Melvyn
flew to San Francisco to visit Helen, who
had gone up the Friday before. That
night, lying in bed, they heard the far
whistles in the harbor, the shrill call of
romantic distance.
Half-serious, Melvyn said, "Let's go
to China."
She stretched luxuriously. "All
right."
They left that week on a cruise that
would take them around the world.
After two weeks at sea, Helen joined
Melvyn at dinner one evening and told
him she had discovered she would have
a baby.
A French doctor in Paris, whom they
consulted, said, "You must go home,
madame. You must rest."
Another, in Rome, said, "I've never
heard of its being done before—but if
you take care of yourself, I can't see any
objection to your going on around the
world."
So the Douglases proceeded, arriving
in Hollywood just before the birth of
the baby. But it was not born in Holly-
wood. "I won't have our first baby
brought into a place we hate," Melvyn
said.
Helen went to Pasadena for the de-
livery. . . .
Then they moved again to New York.
Melvyn did a play, directed a produc-
tion or two—and Helen Gahagan signed
with RKO to do "She."
He came west to visit her and Colum-
bia offered him the lead opposite Clau-
dette Colbert in "She Married Her
Boss."
They had expected great things of
"She." It was a terrible hodgepodge, a
soft thud at the box office.
"She Married Her Boss" was supposed
to be a quickie, to fill in. It was a re-
sounding sensation and made Melvyn
Douglas a star.

HE had no alternative, afterward, but
to stay in Hollywood, retain in what
manner he could the deep-rooted prin-
ciples of eager living and earnest hard
work that he built up through the hard
long years, safeguard the happiness he
had found with Helen, and delight, year
after year, the American theater audi-
ences who saw his pictures. It was
necessary for him to discover that the
man little neurotic Melvyn Hesselberg
had created out of the nervous vital
stew of his youth could keep his man-
hood, his ideas, his form of life intact
in whatever circumstances, in whatever
environment.
He has done this.
He has, if you will, found himself; and
the enormous success that is his, the
adulation, the money—these things are
secondary.
But in final consideration, he is still
dynamite. It's that inexhaustible vital-
ity and that imagination of his.
Watch him, and what he does; for it
might be anything.


JOAN FONTAINE *in RKO-Radio's* "GUNGA DIN"




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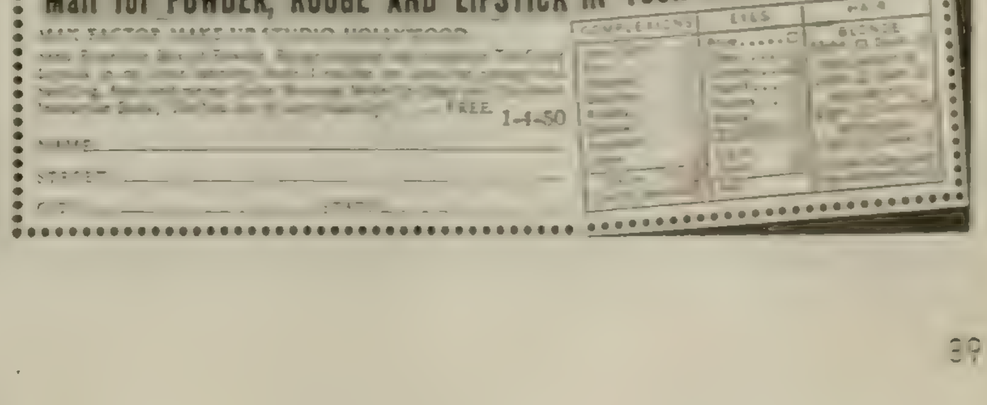


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# Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

*Continued from page 51*

same, Terry is important, being the cairn (a cairn is a sort of ancestor of the nowadays more popular Scottie) who was ultimately chosen to play the rôle of *Toto* in "The Wizard of Oz," said to be the most important canine rôle ever portrayed before a motion-picture camera.

The history of how Terry (a lady, despite the fact she is playing a gentleman's rôle) was selected is interesting. Seems that Mervyn LeRoy, who is producing "The Wizard," had simply scoured the country for a dog smart enough and versatile enough to play *Toto*, to say nothing of being sufficiently like the fictional canine to seem plausible. And with no luck. Seems, also, that Terry's master, Carl Spitz, dog fancier and owner of the already cinematically famous Buck, the St. Bernard, is something of a gambler. He heard LeRoy was going to produce "The Wizard of Oz." He read the book a couple of times and decided it wouldn't be easy for LeRoy to find a dog capable of the stunts that *Toto* has to perform. So he set out to create a *Toto*. This is where Terry came in, because Terry, one of Spitz's collection of dogs, was selected for the rôle.

For two months Spitz trained her to do what *Toto* must do—to pull a rope which, in the story, releases the scarecrow, to chase the old witch, to bark at a lion, to pick up apples and put them in a basket, to escape from a market basket, to bite a man playfully (in the picture it will be Frank Morgan) in the seat of the pants. Then he took Terry around to see Mr. LeRoy.

"I have a dog here," he began.

"Good heavens, man," groaned LeRoy, "I've seen a thousand dogs! I've about given up hope of ever finding a dog who can play *Toto!*"

"Don't do that, man," Spitz came back. "Here is *Toto.*"

Whereupon Terry did her tricks and LeRoy did a portrayal of a producer snapping up a "find."

So now, they're guarding Terry with their lives at M-G-M until "The Wizard" is finished, realizing that even $10,000 would be little enough compensation for losing her.

### Chuckle

PAULINE MOORE (in 20th Century-Fox's "Three Musketeers") promised to take her three-year-old daughter, Laurie Ann, shopping one day, but as a precautionary measure decided to teach her a few facts about herself in case she should get lost. She therefore sat down and carefully confided to the youngster her father's full name and the family address.

"Now, do you remember everything, darling?" she inquired when it was over.

"Oh, yes," Laurie Ann said.

"Well, then, let's have a drill. Where do you live?"

"At home," Laurie told her.

Pauline tried again. "Where is home?"

Laurie Ann looked disgusted. "Here, o' course."

"What is the address?"

"Oh, dress in closet," Laurie Ann informed her, brightly.

"What *street* do you live on?"

"This street."

"Well—" desperately, "who lives on this street?"

"We."

Pauline solved the matter by writing the information down on a card and pinning it in Laurie Ann's pocket. It seemed simpler.

### Personal—for Fred Astaire

Mr. Fred Astaire,
RKO Studios,
Hollywood, California.
Dear Fred:

We hear you have just about finished your contract with RKO and are leaving shortly for a trip around the world, so this is to wish you *bon voyage*. We'll miss your pictures and we hope you will come back some day to make more.

One thing, though, Fred . . . as an interviewer, we won't miss you too much on account of you were always terrible copy, Fred. Maybe you know that. You wouldn't talk about anything but your dancing—not anything—and we've learned that a star's fans want to know ALL about him, and why not, we say, since it is fans who make a star? Being confidential and letting your life be an open book is a part of the price of fame, we maintain.

We remember the time we happened to meet your mother (about the loveliest lady there is) and she told us about you when you were little and how you crept under a bandstand one day when the band was rehearsing and she found you there, "directing" the band with your own little baton. She told us some of the cute things you used to say, too, and we wrote a story and quoted you. And then you called us on the carpet and gave us hail Columbia because you said you didn't like to be associated with baby talk. But probably you did talk it when you were four, Fred. . . .

Anyway, here's wishing you lots of luck and also here's wishing ourselves better luck with Astaire interviews if and when you should return to the screen! Yours,

Cal.

### Screwball Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD is an amazing place—and you may take the word of Mrs. Don Ameche for that. Recently, when husband Don was leaving home for the studio one rainy morning, he glanced at the weather and remarked, "Well, it's raining, so we won't make that rain sequence today." To which Mrs. Ameche lifted her eyebrows and remarked, "Would you repeat that, please; I don't quite get it." "Why, you see," answered Don, "we were supposed to work outside and make a bunch of rain scenes, but it's too wet—we'll have to work inside on the stage today, I guess."

"Let me get this straight," worried his wife. "If it's raining you can't make a rain scene, and if it doesn't rain you make a rain scene because it's so nice and dry outside—is that correct?"

"That's right," grinned Don. Yes, Mrs. Ameche thinks Hollywood is wonderful.


LOOK *for the* RING *around the bath tub in your*

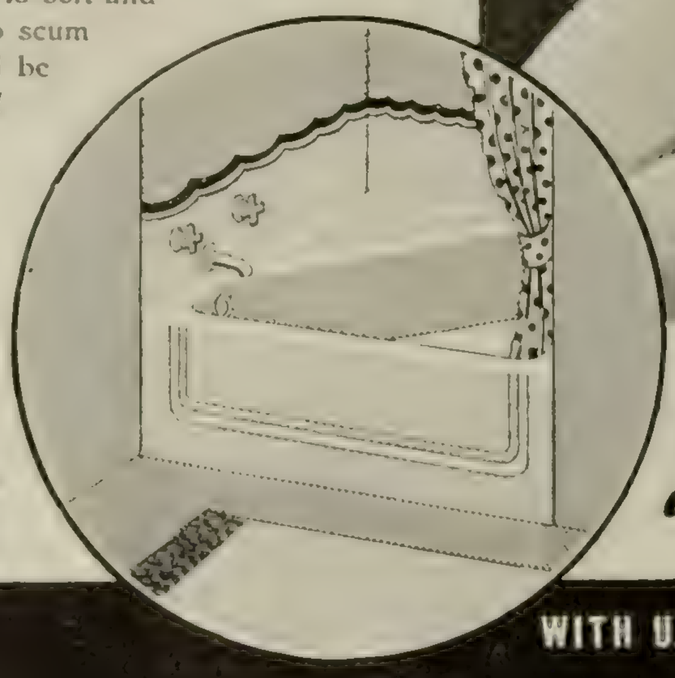



*After* a SHAMPOO, if your hair is dull, dead or lifeless looking and tangles or snarls easily. *A horrifying thought* ✦ but simply remember ✦ *that the ring around the bath tub*—the wash bowl and the deposit on an unclean comb is *soap scum*, and that it forms and resists clear water rinsings, when soap or soap types of shampoo are used.

✦REMEMBER: Hair acts as a filter when rinsed, and will collect more soap scum than the smooth sides of a tub or wash bowl, dimming its natural gloss and multi-colored highlights. ✦ Make this simple test, compare the ends of the hair to the hair close to the scalp. If three-fourths of its length is dull or lifeless looking, and tangles or snarls badly ✦ *"the ring around the bath tub is in your hair".*

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### Thriller

OUR spine is still creeping a little, as a result of that story Adolphe Menjou told us recently. It happened during the World War. Menjou and three or four buddies, on leave one early evening, were trudging into a small town in the French Argonne.

Suddenly an enemy plane appeared overhead and, precipitously, Adolphe and his companions rushed to the nearest shelter, a deserted trench, and frantically packed themselves in.

In due time, the plane, after dropping an ineffectual bomb or two, flew away into the gathering dark. "Come on, fellows," Adolphe said, "let's go."

Whereupon, some of the members of the group clambered out. But the man Menjou was lying next to, with his arm around most chummily, didn't move.

Adolphe gave him a push. Still the man didn't move.

Hastily, Adolphe lit a match and threw the light into the unresponsive one's face . . . to learn that the man wasn't a member of the group at all, but a dead German.

### Anniversary

MAYBE you thought Bob Burns was a comparative newcomer to the screen, but if you did you were badly mistaken. Bob, to the consternation of the assembled cast, celebrated his twenty-fifth screen anniversary during the filming of "I'm From Missouri" at Paramount recently. Seems Bob started his career in 1913 when he played the rôle of a Swiss guard in "The Swiss Orphan" for the old Biograph Company in New York. He was all dressed up to begin with, but after about 300 peasants in wooden shoes had clumped over his prostrate form he was considerably mussed up—and pretty fed up with pictures (he got three dollars for the part), which is why he didn't return to the screen until 1930.

### Look to Your Laurels, Lamour

WE don't go in for prognostications as a rule, but we've seen a girl at Paramount who, we venture to say, will be a top star in the not too distant future . . . Patricia Morison. We had heard raves about her for some time, but put them down to a publicity department's usual enthusiasm over any newcomer. And then we saw Patricia.

Well, Oliver Hinsdell, Para's dramatic coach, describes her as a "brunette with a blond personality" and we can see what he means. She has, someway, the verve and intensity of a brunette and the sunny vivacity of a blonde. As Hinsdell says, "She's all mixed up but she's sweet."

It seems, too, that she is a cameraman's dream because she has no bad camera angles. You can simply shoot her any way you want to. Smiling, blue-eyed and built after the fashion of Phidias, Patricia also has the distinction of having the longest hair (dark auburn) in the picture business, her thirty-nine-inch tresses surpassing Dorothy Lamour's by three inches.

She was born in New York, the daughter of William R. Morison, the English writer and artist, and Selena Carson Morison, who served in the British intelligence department during the War. A Paramount talent scout found her on the Broadway stage in "The Two Bouquets." Her first picture is "Persons in Hiding."

### Howard Humor

WHEN Leslie Howard was signed for the rôle of *Ashley* in "Gone With the Wind" he wired Margaret Mitchell the following message—"I'm not at all envious of *Rhett Butler*, because, thanks to you, it was 'Melanie Ma'am' that I wanted—but seriously, I feel it a great honor to have been selected to enact one of the rôles of your book, the title of which escapes me at the moment."

### Why, Nelson!

WE should be talking about Nelson Eddy's surprise marriage, we suppose, but, as a matter of fact, the most entertaining story we have heard about Nelson lately has nothing to do with his new wife, but is an anecdote about his old Pennsylvania newspaper days.

Seems his city editor sent him out to cover a murder which was so mysterious that nothing was known about it except that the body of an unidentified man had been found floating in a river.

Still, Nelson's paper published several editions daily and it was up to him to phone in new "leads" for every edition. Desperate, after exhausting every other bit of news on the story, he telephoned a fabricated yarn that a posse of sheriff's officers were dragging the river bottom in search of other clues.

"Good," the city editor said. "I'll send out a photog to get pictures!"

So Nelson had to pay members of a road gang working near by $2 apiece to pose as members of his "posse" in order to substantiate his story.

### Comedienne

THIS "short-short" is just another bit of proof that truth is stranger than fiction—or exactly like fiction. It is about an ambitious kid who got her Big Chance on Broadway as understudy to Ina Claire in Ina's Broadway play, "Jumping Jupiter." That was back in 1910 and the youngster was still in her teens and still had her career before her—a great career as a dramatic artist, she was sure.

Soon came her opportunity. Ina, whose rôle in "Jumping Jupiter" was a sprightly but not particularly comic one, was taken ill and the young understudy took her place.

Earnestly, eagerly, she put her whole soul into her performance. She made a name for herself that night, but not in the manner she had dreamed of. Almost with her first lines the audience sensed a certain something about her which she hadn't intended at all and didn't even know she possessed—a strange, inexplicable something which makes a person funny. They laughed and, with that first laugh, they broke her heart. But how could they know that? After all, they laughed, not in ridicule but because here was a born comedienne who was giving to the rôle a different interpretation than even the gifted Claire had done. They were crazy about her.

By the time the final curtain had been rung down, she had become a sensation. Her career was launched.

But just the same, this new sensation went home and cried herself to sleep that night. Because she hadn't tried to be funny at all. She had tried to give a serious performance.

You, yourself, have laughed at her many times, recently in M-G-M's "Stand Up and Fight." The name is Helen Broderick.

### Cal's Thought for the Month:

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest mistake is in too careful deliberation. A town of quick, nervous energy, everything in it and of it should be geared to that tempo. Quick movie-making, quick action, quick thinking. For you give Hollywood two years for detail and it will give you "Parnell" every time.


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Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

whose daily routine always includes outdoor sports, has recently come to Wilmington as a bride. She shoots, swims, golfs—and is often seen motoring through the magnificent estates near by.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

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# How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

GRADE yourself from genius for nearly one plus point. If you get perfect Mary, you don't know one thing. If your score is 10 or 15 you're doing quite well; and if you total a score of 20 or more, you know your stuff as STARTLINGLY. Check on page 94.

1. This singing star's first Technicolor picture will be Jerome Kern's:

*Irene Dunne* — *Deanna Durbin*
*Grace Moore* — *Gladys Swarthout*

2. Since her recent much-publicized romance with one of Hollywood's most important stars, this young lady has been signed for two more films by the same studio that has him under contract:

*Ann Sheridan* — *Joy Hodges*
*Annabella* — *Barbara Stanwyck*

3. Now that Joan Blondell has left Warner Bros., the studio is grooming this young actress for the type of rôles Joan used to play for them:

*Jane Wyman* — *Gale Page*
*Gloria Dickson* — *Lucille Ball*

4. He is the only member of the "Birth of a Nation" cast still active and prominent on the screen:

*George Bancroft* — *H. B. Walthall*
*Adolphe Menjou* — *Donald Crisp*

5. She was once publicized as Hollywood's "unkissed girl":

*Ellen Drew* — *Olympe Bradna*
*Lana Turner* — *Anita Louise*

6. This actress' sisters will appear with her in "Alexander Graham Bell":

*Priscilla Lane* — *Loretta Young*
*Joan Bennett* — *Olivia de Havilland*

7. He was a cavalry officer in the Spanish-American War:

*Lewis Stone* — *Lionel Barrymore*
*Edward Ellis* — *Henry Davenport*

8. This star once taught the Duke of Windsor how to Charleston:

*Fred Astaire* — *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*
*Cesar Romero* — *George Ratt*

9. The leading rôle in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" will be played by:

*Edward G. Robinson* — *James Cagney*
*Spencer Tracy* — *John Garfield*

10. Only one of these actresses has never been married:

*Marjorie Weaver* — *Eleanor Powell*
*Lola Lane* — *Madeleine Carroll*

11. He once played the saxophone in an orchestra:

*Alan Marshal* — *Tyrone Power*
*Fred MacMurray* — *Lloyd Nolan*

12. When this comedienne played the tragic mother rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front" the audience laughed so hard at the preview that the scene had to be remade with another actress in the part:

*ZaSu Pitts* — *Mary Boland*
*Alice Brady* — *Billie Burke*

13. This actor owns a night club and a girls' softball team:

*Cary Grant* — *Maxie Rosenbloom*
*Randy Scott* — *Richard Dix*



Irene Dunne in "Love Affair"

14. He was signed to play *Scarlett O'Hara's* father in GWTW but his option expired before his rôle began and since he was needed at another studio, he's out of the picture:

*Jed Prouty* — *Walter Connolly*
*Walter Huston* — *John Barrymore*

15. This former heavyweight champion of the world will make several westerns with songs:

*Jack Dempsey* — *James Braddock*
*Max Baer* — *Gene Tunney*

16. If Constance Bennett divorces her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, as she says she will, she will probably marry:

*Gilbert Roland* — *Don Alvarado*
*Gene Markey* — *Walter Wanger*

17. In her new picture, "Broadway Serenade," she will tap dance as well as sing:

*Ann Sothern* — *Lily Pons*
*Joan Crawford* — *Jeanette MacDonald*

18. This opera and film star created a storm along the Riviera when she curtsied to the Duchess of Windsor:

*Lily Pons* — *Grace Moore*
*Miliza Korjus* — *Gladys Swarthout*

19. You will find this Hollywood couple playing leading rôles in the Broadway hit, "The American Way":

*The Basil Rathbones*
*The John Barrymores*
*The Joel McCreas*
*The Fredric Marches*

20. This screen comedian is generally conceded to be Hollywood's richest star:

*Mischa Auer* — *Harold Lloyd*
*Harpo Marx* — *Jack Oakie*

# The Shadow Stage

*(Continued from page 53)*

**★HONOLULU—M-G-M**

GRACIE ALLEN'S newest starring picture has comedy, music and plenty of fast action to keep you happily occupied. She shares her honors with Robert Young and Eleanor Powell in this: Young is a screen star who finds a double to make his personal appearance tour and then goes off to the double's Honolulu plantation. He meets a girl on the boat and at the plantation finds his fiancée, as well as her father and some detectives. It's a bad predicament and while he works it out you have a chance to laugh at Gracie and watch Eleanor's irrepressible feet tap out rhythmic accompaniment to the fine score. Metro intended this to be Miss Powell's picture, but, somehow, Gracie Allen seems to have appropriated it.

**ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount**

WHATEVER story comes with this picture is merely a series of anticlimaxes designed to hold together a lot of sequences in which people sing. Lloyd Nolan plays the young captain of a Mississippi showboat and does excellent work. Dorothy Lamour, looking attractive, sings four songs during her stay on the showboat; she is fleeing from a manager who makes her perform in sarongs. Four numbers are also warbled by the incomparable Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson Choir. Jessie Ralph gives a Tugboat-Annie characterization, but good, and comedy in its less subtle form is offered throughout. You will like the music enough, probably, to ignore the faults in story and production.

**★IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M**

ROBERT SHERWOOD was allowed to adapt his own play in his own manner and the result is gorgeous. Clark Gable, never more vital, plays the hoofer who survives the World War and tries in multitudinous ways to keep body and soul together in the following years. In a European hotel he meets Norma Shearer, whom he had last seen as a trapeze artist in a small American town. Now she's a phony Russian countess, traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions manufacturer. Also at the hotel are Burgess Meredith, a fanatic radical who is ready to die for his pacifism, a young English couple on their honeymoon and a German scientist.

Take these people against the electric background of the next war—which is just beginning—and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Add to this the magnificent characterizations of Gable and Miss Shearer and you have the best in entertainment.

**★GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio**

GIVEN unlimited budget and a great cast, Director George Stevens has told the story of Kipling's poem with such drama, such terrific action, such blood-curdling pace as to wear you out. Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are three buddies in the British Indian regiments. McLaglen isn't too bright; Cary is just a slap-happy adventurer; and Doug, Jr. plans to quit, marry Joan Fontaine. However, the revival of a cult of assassins, under the leadership of madman Eduardo Ciannelli, sends all three out into danger.

Grant, led by *Gunga Din*, a water boy who wants to be a soldier, finds the golden temple where the cult meets. Then it is up to *Gunga Din* to prove his courage. Cary Grant's work is an absolute delight. McLaglen is as good as ever before and Doug, Jr. does a good job. Sam Jaffe, without a trace of humor, plays with utter sincerity the title rôle.

**★ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Orlob-Paramount**

THERE is no doubt about it, the producer and Dudley Murphy, the director, were sincere in their efforts to make the first major picture made in the East at Astoria since 1935 a production that would make the public think. Using the President's famous line from his second inaugural address, "one-third of the nation is ill housed . . ." they have made a propaganda film—a sermon for slum clearance—that will make you want to attack with an axe the first old house that you see on the way home; but it's all very unreal emotionally.

A tenement house is the prime character; Sylvia Sidney, a slum girl, Leif Erikson, polo-playing owner of the building and Sylvia's little crippled brother seem to be making speeches against a backdrop rather than being definitely involved in a plot.

Allowing for the above mentioned drawbacks, there are thrilling moments and the cast is excellent.

**★THE MIKADO—Toye-Universal**

IT is hopeful to see the screen reach a new milestone in this—the first full-length production of any one of the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan of happy memory. "The Mikado" is one of the most lyric and colorful of the operettas written by this distinguished team and in this version it has lost little of its delightful sentimentality, its frothy but at times surprisingly modern and ironical humor.

The film was produced in England



They fought together as kids; they dance together today: John Garfield and his wife, the former Roberta Mann


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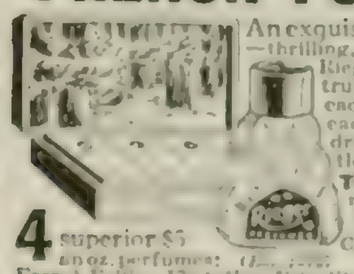
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and practically all the principals were drawn from the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. American Kenny Baker, however, takes the leading rôle of *Nanki-Poo*, son of a Mikado of Japan in the Middle Ages, who roams the country as a minstrel when deprived of his love, *Yum-Yum*, who is promised to *Ko-Ko*, one-time tailor, now Lord High Executioner. Mr. Baker performs well, The *Pooh-Bah* (Lord High Everything Else) is splendid in his pomposity, *Yum-Yum* is creditable, but it is *Ko-Ko*, the bewildered comedy tailor, who is the most hilarious of all.

The chorus, the incidental music by the London Symphony, the Technicolor, and the settings (though not pretentious) all add up to a most ingratiating whole.

### PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount

J. EDGAR HOOVER, you may remember, wrote the book from which this minor effort was taken. The cases were real ones in the files of the Bureau of Investigation and the plot here has been whipped up without losing the essential realism. Lynne Overman and William Henry, with Helen Twelvetrees and sundry others, have clearly drawn rôles which they play with understanding. Important is the advent of newcomer Patricia Morison, whose work in this film has made her a "white hope" at the Paramount studio.

### THE LONE WOLF SPY HUNT—Columbia

HERE'S Warren William again as the *Lone Wolf*, this time hunting for spies. Spies are the vogue just now, anyway. William is being a respectable businessman in Washington when a spy ring, unable to open a safe, remember his genius at this work and kidnap him. He escapes and honestly helps the law, his patriotism blooming. Ralph Morgan is the menace. Ida Lupino, as the *Wolf's* sweetheart, gets in his way but sometimes helps and Virginia Weidler tags along.

### NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners

BONITA GRANVILLE, as *Nancy Drew*, this time gets mixed up with a group of journalism students who enter a newspaper contest. The editor assigns them unimportant stories, but Bonita leads them onto a murder case--and then the action starts. Frankie Thomas, Jr., helps her out and the whole setup is very tough on the poor murderer, who takes a beating. This is an amusing little number if you're in the mood for Granville.

### ★AMBUSH—Paramount

MORE blood and thunder and shooting—this time with Ernest Truex as the sinister brain of a gang of bank robbers. He engineers a daylight robbery by spraying vapor at the tellers and in his getaway is forced to take along two innocent victims. They are Lloyd Nolan and Gladys Swarthout. There is a beautiful chase by stolen truck and plane to a mountain hide-out. Broderick Crawford, as leader of the gang, makes his part tell and Nolan gives character to his rôle. The surprise is Miss Swarthout, who does not sing a note and still gives an impressive performance.

This has thrills, romance and an ingenious plot, all blended nicely into a smooth production.

### SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

SUCCESS of the revival of horror pictures inspired this up-to-date chiller. The interesting thing about it is that the material is excellent, not cheaply done for commercial purposes. Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Basil Rathbone work together with such an awesome effect of terror it is almost unbearable. The old baron's son returns to *Frankenstein* and discovers the monster is still alive; he tries to give it a brain with dismal results. Josephine Hutchinson has a small part. Prepare for nightmares.

### BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

THE *Fitch* Family—Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Joyce Mathews, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee—here meet their human troubles with staunch courage and humor. There is a ripe pathos which emerges after Ruggles and Mary adopt two young boys and one of them falls sick; essentially, however, the picture is a comedy and the laughs are timed in the unfailing tradition of the two top players. Take your entire family to see this.

### WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic

THIS is a triangle piece, inexpensively produced, with lots of drama and adequate performances.

Henry Wilcoxon, Frieda Inescort and Claire Dodd worry together through the tangles of love, wherein Miss Inescort is a woman physician and can't quite make up her mind whether her duty lies with crippled children or with her husband and daughter. Sybil Jason is the youngster who decides the issue by getting hurt. Cora Witherspoon plays her nurse.

### FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio

WITH Bobby Breen's face and supersweet young voice to work with, any of his pictures is limited to a certain type of sentimental treatment. This is less saccharine than its predecessors. Bobby lives with Leo Carrillo and Henry Armetta, fishermen, in happiness until Lee Patrick, Carrillo's sister-in-law, comes to join them and brings along her frightful offspring, Tommy Bupp. Things get unpleasant after that and climax with Bobby's discovery that he is an orphan. He sings a few songs, all in the usual manner.

### PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic

IF you have wondered where James Dunn has been keeping himself, look this up at a neighborhood theater. Here he plays a speedboat demon who has been kicked out of Annapolis. The Navy wants him to design a fast torpedo boat, but he refuses; then the Captain's daughter, Rochelle Hudson, steps in and he agrees.

However, Dunn is just too mischievous and things don't go very smoothly. Horace MacMahon and Gordon Oliver work with him, but the comedy is pretty obvious.

### BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio

NOTHING gives, here. After a long wait, during which you are regaled with the problems of a girl whose cosmetic-salesman lover has jilted her for another woman with ten million dollars, you discover the outcome is of little importance.

This is because the triangle story is stupid, the players not at their medium best and the direction uninspired. Lucille Ball, Patric Knowles, Donald Woods and Frieda Inescort struggle against hope.

### CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

THE Little Tough Guys, following closely on the heels of The Dead End Kids, come out in this dreary movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. One particular guttersnipe is framed on a murder charge and given a death sentence, although innocent. The detective who caught him doesn't think he's guilty and neither does the detective's son, Frankie Thomas, who joins the Tough Guy gang to try and prove it.

Plenty of moral is pointed about crime not paying.

# The Gay Romance of Cary Grant

*(Continued from page 27)*

rage. "It was awful on Phyllis," he said. Then he laughed and relaxed again down into the red leather chair.

"I'm old and philosophic," he explained, looking neither one, since he isn't either, "but she's not and it got her all upset, just when we wanted to barge around and have a lot of laughs. I think we probably will get married, but I'm not sure. We may get married tomorrow or we may have a quarrel and never speak to one another again; but, whatever we do, this much is certain: I will not live my life for a lot of journalists. I'm not going to marry a girl to make some newspaper a good headline."

From which if you gather that Mr. Grant is an individualist, you will be perceiving the most accurate of all facts about him. He free-lances today because he prefers to pick and choose his parts. He lives in a casual, comfortable way with Randolph Scott because that way he has companionship when he wants it, without any of the complications of a highly geared home or the loneliness of a bachelor residence in some hotel. He lives comfortably within his income, worried neither about the past nor the present. But he is smart enough to realize that marriage in Hollywood is just the reverse of marriage anywhere else. In any other community marriage means security and settling down. In Hollywood it usually means insecurity and settling up, since a married male at the box office is distinctly inferior in appeal to an unmarried one.

But above and beyond all, Phyllis and he are having fun and fun is the thing that Cary is fondest of. It is glorious to call her ten and twelve times a day. It is a thrill to party with her four and five nights a week, but also to have one or two nights when he can stay home and read, reading being the second thing that he is fondest of. He's in love—completely, excitedly, deliriously. It's all so perfect just the way it is right now. But one night he may come home, feeling lonely. One night Randy may be out, Phyllis may be out, the kitchen may be out of tea. And then. . . .

But "then" is something Cary never worries about. "Now" is what he's keen for. "Now" is what he lives for. And "now" for Cary Grant, with Phyllis smiling in it, is simply elegant.

# Let's Hunt for Treasure

*(Continued from page 23)*

hopping her at the airport under all sorts of weather and load conditions; nights were spent arguing and figuring and dreaming. It really looked as though this was the one treasure hunt in the proverbial million.

Then the first blow fell.

The studio wouldn't let me go. I was heartbroken. Bud was the guy who was going to have all the fun . . . and he did.

The mine flopped at the sneak preview, but Bud, probably feeling I ought to get something for my money, named a mountain to commemorate it. Flynn's Folly.

To my mind, Flynn's only folly that time was to have let a job interfere with all the fun.

BUT there's always a recompense for everything if you want to see it. Mine came almost before Bud had gotten back to Hollywood. An old ship captain whom I'd known for years and in five of the seven seas wandered into Hollywood. When I first met him, years ago, he'd lost his ticket in some nameless scrape in the islands. We were both working our way back to England on board a tramp. As kindred souls will, we got to swapping yarns and little by little he told me of one of his cherished ambitions—to unearth a vast and fabled cache of gems and gold buried near Addis Ababa.

We agreed we ought to have a crack at that treasure. We were off Aden when the Captain of the tramp we were working on received a radio from the owners. He was to proceed at once to an unscheduled stop at Djibouti, French Somaliland, and there pick up a cargo of rubber. When word of this reached the forecastle, Captain M. and I merely looked at each other. Nothing else was necessary. No discussion of plans. We knew.

We jumped ship in Djibouti (which, incidentally, is no place to jump ship unless you're rich or well-connected), found an amiable French colonial and his wife with whom we stayed until our ship had left port. They turned out to be delightful people and Madame gave us the name and address of her cousin in the capital, some sort of a high-ranking official.

We took the comic train down to Addis Ababa. Obviously, it was beneath our dignity to arrive without baggage or the full accouterments of the lion hunt we were presumably engaged upon at the time. A bored gentleman with more faith in his poker ability than was justified by his belief in two pairs provided a few items of apparel and a few hundred francs, but we were still without baggage. Nor could we interest anyone else in taking a chance at the gaming table with us.

In Addis Ababa we were met by the Frenchman, cousin of our late hostess. Captain M. and I both exclaimed angrily over the deplorable state of the laws of Somaliland and the thieving proclivities of all baggage agents. We made quite a fuss about the whole thing and, after a few drinks, we made even more of a fuss about it. The result was that we overplayed our hands and what looked like a gift from heaven turned into a boomerang.

Word of the sad plight of the two indubitably wealthy Inglisi hunters reached the Foreign Office; from there it traveled to the Prime Minister, Ras Somebody-or-other, and thence, I imagine, to Haile Selassie himself. Now, at that time, the Ethiopians were encouraging tourist trade to the limit. The Conquering Lion of Judah wanted to demonstrate the innate hospitality of his people; so, forthwith, he or his prime minister dispatched two emissaries to the pub in which we were discussing the country with obliging white residents, pumping them as to caravan routes to the south and the possibilities of moving around without a Government escort. Native police, of course, would be a definite handicap in smuggling anything out of the country if we *did* happen to find something.

At that moment there was a stir in the room. Everyone rose respectfully and the waiters bowed low to the two impressive-looking gentlemen. They crossed to us with majestic austerity, bowed and informed us that henceforth we were the personal guests of His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie, Emperor of Abyssinia, Ras of Tigré, Amhara and Shoa, the Conquering Lion of Judah, Defender of the Faith and half a dozen more titles. At the end of the recitation they smiled again, bowed and led us out.

Naturally, Captain M. and I took advantage of the awed respect accorded us by the proprietor and overlooked the matter of the check. Such details were beneath our new dignity.

WE were taken at once to one of the minor palaces in the capitol and there ensconced with full honors, a large staff of servants, bales of fresh clothing, tobacco, wine and food. It looked like what it was—a regal windfall.

But when the next train came in from Djibouti, Ras Tafali, our Escort in Chief, began to look strangely at us and ask embarrassing questions. Later, our French friend told us that the Foreign Office was burning up the wires to Djibouti in an effort to locate our nonexistent baggage. That same day Ras Tafali took us on another tour of inspection of Public Buildings. This time it was the local bastille—and a more revolting-looking spot I have never seen. It made us wonder uneasily what the score was.

We had been there ten days and were still no closer to sneaking away with a proper little caravan to cover the eighty miles southeast to where we judged the treasure was buried near an old Coptic monastery . . . and the regal hospitality was beginning to wear a bit thin. Very thin, we felt.

The next Friday, the second train since our arrival came in. Naturally, we felt that we should meet it just to keep up appearances, but our lamentations over the ever-missing baggage seemed false even to us and met with no responsive cluckings from the stony-eyed station agent. By the time we got back to our palace we found it stripped of its finery and its staff. One man, the gate-keeper, remained. He handed us a note requesting our immediate presence at the Foreign Office.

From the little hill overlooking the town we could see the Foreign Office and ever so many other Public Buildings.

We could also see the bastille.

We nodded cheerily to the gateman and headed in the general direction of the Foreign Office, turned abruptly off into some back streets, grabbed our French friend in the middle of his siesta, snagged him for the ready cash he had on him in case of emergencies and sneaked quickly out of town.










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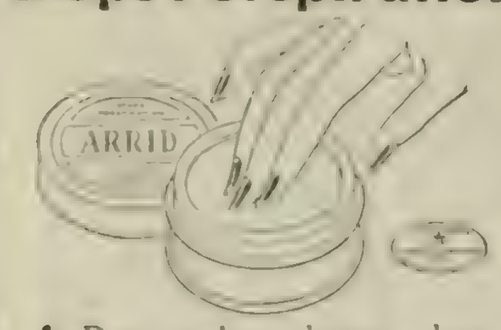
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We lay in a culvert, damning all buried treasure heartily, until the Djibouti-bound train chuffed past us up the grade. It never made more than fifteen miles an hour, so it was easy to swing on board and lay low on the rear platform until we crossed into French territory.

For all I know, that treasure still lies beneath the ravaged soil of Ethiopia. Personally, it can stay there.

I NEVER saw Captain M. again until a day not so long ago when he barged into Hollywood. He'd read in a paper about my purchase of the *Sirocco* and my plans to go after the wily sailfish in the Caribbees.

Now, as you have probably gathered already, treasure hunters are essentially optimistic. Captain M. was no exception. He cocked one rheumy eye at me as he stoked his pipe and spoke ever so casually.

"I hear you're getting under weigh for the Barbados."

I waited.

"Very strange," he muttered, trying to look mysterious, "I'm planning to make a voyage there myself."

I nodded. I knew he needed no prompting.

He lowered his voice appropriately. "I've a map, lad. Chart. Sunken cannon. Treasure. Isle of Pines!" He fairly hissed that at me and then sat back complacently to gauge its effect.

Yes—you've guessed it! Captain M. came along.

On this treasure trip the Captain and I fished our way from the Florida mainland to Cat Cay and down through the chain of islands bottling up the Gulf of Mexico.

We found the cove we were looking for near Nuevo Gerona. It was idyllic, a perfect place for our work and we lost no time in digging up our diving equipment out of the hold.

I started diving as soon as the sun was high. I dove for four days trying to find that cannon with its treasure, narrowing down the field of search in concentric circles, limited by the length of my air hose and life line. It seemed to me that during those days every time I came to the surface someone handed me another frantic cable from the studio. My next picture had been moved up on the production schedule and they wanted me back. They wanted me back with almost as much determination as I had to find the cannon first. I was on a hot lead and knew it. I felt it in every bone. The next dive would be it. . . .

At length I could stall the studio no longer. I had to give up. . . .

And the day after I left, Captain M. went down. In his first dive he lit squarely atop the weed-grown cannon! Intrinsically the value of that treasure was not a great deal—most of it was semi-precious African bracelets—a few of them gold; however, as I write this article, my paper weight is a beautifully wrought bit of metal of African workmanship, one bit of loot to serve as reminder of the Captain's and my second treasure hunt.

* * *

Captain M. cabled me the other day from the Isle of Pines. He's gotten hold of another chart. A Chart of a Buried Treasure.

So, as soon as I finish production on "Dodge City" . . . well . . . maybe. . . .

It'll be worth trying, anyway . . . treasure hunting always is!

# Brief Reviews

*(Continued from page 6)*

wife, Henry Fonda as his brother, Randy Scott, Henry Hull and a host of others tear through the best combination of a cops and robbers bang-up Western you ever cheered through. (*March*)

### ★ JUST AROUND THE CORNER—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's studio has given her a perfect formula for her growing-up talents in this gay picture. Daughter of a depression ruined architect (Charles Farrell), she manages to charm a flint-hearted old mogul into putting papa back into big-time money. Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Cora Witherspoon, Bill Robinson and others do their stuff. (*Jan.*)

### ★ KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

Ye old Southern feuding between two aristocratic horsey families is brought to an end by a boy loves girl (Loretta Young vs. Richard Greene) angle, but despite the old plot you will revel in the magnificent Technicolor shots of the Blue Grass country, the Kentucky Derby and the southern atmosphere in general. An orgy for horse lovers. (*March*)

### LAST WARNING, THE—Universal

Detectives Preston Foster and Frank Jenks manage to trace a blackmail note through a labyrinth of guests at a house party, undeterred by murders and kidnappings. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene. (*March*)

### LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY—Universal

The guys have quite a gay time when they get an invitation from Mary Boland to take a vacation at a swank estate. They use some boy psychology to make a man out of rich brat Jackie Searle, finally foil a holdup. If you like this sort of pudding. (*Feb.*)

### ★ MAD MISS MANTON, THE—RKO-Radio

Miss Stanwyck, carrying her furs with great aplomb as a Park Avenue heiress, runs afoul a murder in the first reel. Bodies continually disappear, but "Babs" and her coterie of debs clear up a crime wave in a swank way to the disgust of Henry Fonda, a hard-working reporter. You will grin like silly all the way through. (*Jan.*)

### ★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

Due to expert technical direction and Technicolor, this is in the main an exciting, if sketchy, saga of men's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Basting it together is a triangle love affair between Louise Campbell, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland. (*Jan.*)

### NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warners

Another series, boys, and nothing to hold your hats over. It has Bonita Granville playing sleuth when a rich graduate of her school is kidnapped before she can endow a swimming pool. Short-wave radio and carrier pigeons are cast in supporting roles. (*March*)

### ★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M

The latest in this amusing series, this cannot fail to crack the box office in its own right. The *Hardys* (Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker and Fay Holden) go ranching, find the Wild West is woolier than they thought it would be. The *Judge*, as usual, pulls Mickey's ridiculous chestnuts out of the fire. (*Feb.*)

### PACIFIC LINER—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie carry on the bitter end through a cholera plague on shipboard; Victor as chief engineer, Chester as the doctor and Wendy as the nurse. Then the picture is over and you go home. (*March*)

### PARDON OUR NERVE—20th Century-Fox

In this, you get Lynn Bari and June Gale as prize-fight manageresses. The situation is good for a few laughs with "Big Boy" Williams and Edward Brophy gagging as if they meant it. Michael Whalen supplies the romance, such as it is. (*Feb.*)

### ★ PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

Bing Crosby is a rich cowboy who has quite a todo making up his mind whether to marry a Paris divorcee (Shirley Ross), or a little peasant wench (Franciska Gaal). The Bing has developed what might be called "Crosbian humor," dry, happy and superbly modern, and Franciska Gaal has plenty of sex with a smile. Elegant. (*March*)

### PECK'S BAD BOY AT THE CIRCUS—RKO-Radio

This tale is just what you expect it to be, with Tommy Kelly being much too angelic for "Peck's Bad Boy." Benita Hume (Mrs. Ronald Colman) and Spanky McFarland are in the cast. The kids' bikes will all be lined up in front of the theater, but you better skip it. (*Feb.*)

### ★PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M

George Bernard Shaw's wit and wisdom trickle delightfully through his first full-length picture. A modern interpretation of the tale of the sculptor who falls in love with his statue, this had to do with a professor of languages who adopts an ignorant flower girl, builds her into a beauty, falls in love with his experiment. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller and Wilfred Lawson are brilliant—so is the production. Please go. (*Feb.*)

### RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount

Leif Erikson and Akim Tamiroff in a jumbled yarn of an ex-Cossack who lands in Leavenworth while his son joins the Army to help Papa escape the law. Frances Farmer is the woman who clings through Thick and Thin. (*Feb.*)

### SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount

When Ray Milland returns from Europe with a secret French bride (Olympe Bradna), he discovers his mother plans to announce his engagement to Irene Hervey, an heiress who can hoist the family bank account. Out of such a situation comes some excellent comedy. The supporting cast is in top form. (*Feb.*)

### SECRETS OF A NURSE—Universal

Put a nurse, a crooked fight racketeer, a criminal lawyer, a prize fighter together, yell "Roll 'em" and you get this. Nurse Helen Mack loves fighter Dick Foran; attorney Edmund Lowe loves Helen; nobody loves anybody else, and someone is killed. Oh well . . . (*Feb.*)

### SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

Golly, this is a bad picture. There was originally a good idea in a woman running a personal service bureau while on the lookout for a husband, but the humor missed fire. Connie Bennett is the inventive business gal, Vincent Price (late of "Victoria Regina" on the stage) does nicely in his first screen rôle. (*Jan.*)

### SHINING HOUR, THE—M-G-M

A somewhat tarnished story of a dancer who marries a rich Midwesterner. The psychology behind his snobbish family's reactions is slightly dated, but Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullavan both give magnificent performances. The rest of the cast—Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Fay Bainter—are too good also to miss. (*Feb.*)

### SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox

Mother England's highest paid movie star cavorting around as the leader of a vaudeville troupe touring the Thames countryside. Gracie Fields has to be seen to be appreciated; both her comedy and her singing are simply corking. She has fun and so will you. (*March*)

### SPRING MADNESS—M-G-M

Add another college picture on the not-so-hot side. Lew Ayres is the Harvard senior who doesn't want to get married. But Maureen O'Sullivan's gal-pals gang up on him and everything winds up (including his hopes for a free life)' at the spring dance. Burgess Meredith, as Ayres' friend, hams a little. (*Feb.*)

### ★ STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

A well-knit fast-action story laid against the ructious background of slavery and the rivalry between the old stagecoaches and the new railroads in Maryland. Robert Taylor is handsomely cast as the proud young Southerner, Florence Rice is sweet, Wallace Beery is tough, Helen Broderick is humorous—the whole shebang is great stuff. (*March*)

### STORM OVER BENGAL—Republic

A just-so melodrama, this has the oldest of plots and a simulated English accent. Patric Knowles is the intelligence service aviator who discovers the secret radio station among native tribes; Dick Cromwell gets heroic and Rochelle Hudson is the only girl in the carload. (*Feb.*)

### STORM, THE—Universal

A whirlwind of action takes place in this minor drama. Charles Bickford, he-man wireless operator, and sea captain Barton MacLane put on terrific brawls when Bickford's pal, Preston Foster, dies on shipboard. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are loverlike; Andy Devine and Frank Jenks supply the comedy. (*Jan.*)

### ★ SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox

An excitingly well-handled story of the splinter fleet, that World War group of ships which hunted enemy submarines. Richard Greene is the rich snob shown the error of his ways by Nancy Kelly (Zanuck's new find—and nice); Preston Foster is swell as the officer who heroically regains his lost reputation. Very fine. (*Jan.*)

## *HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?*

Check your answers to the statements on page 92 with these correct ones:

1. Deanna Durbin
2. Annabella
3. Jane Wyman
4. Donald Crisp
5. Olympe Bradna
6. Loretta Young
7. Lewis Stone
8. George Raft
9. Edward G. Robinson
10. Eleanor Powell
11. Fred MacMurray
12. ZaSu Pitts
13. Maxie Rosenbloom
14. Walter Connolly
15. Max Baer
16. Gilbert Roland
17. Jeanette MacDonald
18. Grace Moore
19. The Fredric Marches
20. Harold Lloyd

### ★ SUEZ—20th Century-Fox

If you like your history artistically (if not too truthfully) told, you will be highly entertained watching Tyrone Power, as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, dig the Suez Canal. Loretta Young, as *Empress Eugenie*, and Annabella, as a French gamin with a heart of gold, take his mind off his work at times. The photography, the simoon sequence and the supporting cast are exciting. (*Jan.*)

### ★ SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M

The new Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film has the famous team married, playing in a stage success, separated by the machinations of Frank Morgan, a producer, Mischa Auer, a playwright, and Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood agent. This has beauty and the delicious melodies of Victor Herbert sung by the pair—both in perfect voice. (You'll go without any of our remarks.) (*Jan.*)

### SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

Bean porridge in the pot, quite, quite cold. Ken Murray and Johnny Downs are the small-town jitterbugs in the big city, who find success, go back to home sweet home to start a garage. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching. (*March*)

### SWING THAT CHEER—Universal

You swing it—we give it to you. We're kind of tired of football at this point, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown and Robert Wilcox having a misunderstanding over Constance Moore. Finally, there's the day of The Big Game, tra-la-la. (*Feb.*)

### ★ THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

Americanism and democracy are the keynotes in this highly amusing comedy built around the nation's sample average man chosen by two advertising demons, Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie. Jack Haley's "average" reactions will make you roar and the romance quotient is supplied by Arleen Whelan and Binnie Barnes. Have a good time. (*Feb.*)

### ★ THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount

As "Thanks for the Memory" was such a song hit, Paramount decided (and right they were) to give us this film by way of an encore. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross are reunited as the young married couple who have trouble for a roommate. One of the best comedies of the month. (*Feb.*)

### ★ THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia

In this delightful film sequel to "There's Always a Woman," Joan Blondell has been miraculously changed into Virginia Bruce, but Melvyn Douglas continues on in his rôle of high-class detective whose giddy wife decides to crack the big jewel case in her own way. Sparkling and ingratiating. (*Feb.*)

### ★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warners

You may feel that the "Dead End" kids need a bath and a spanking, but here they are again, slit-eyed as ever, co-starring with Warner's new find, John Garfield, in a suspenseful tale of a petty crooked prize fighter. Ann Sheridan adds plenty of uumph and Garfield lives up to his reputation magnificently. (*March*)

### TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

You might recall that this is the story of *Tom* and *Huck Finn* on *Uncle Silas'* farm; there's a murder and there are twins to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. This was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, but things aren't as they used to be. (*March*)

### TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

This is a dishful of whip cream for them that likes it. Roland Young again plays his bewildered whimsical banker, Billie Burke again flutters through as his dissastisfied wife, Alan Mowbray is again the humorous butler and Connie Bennett is again the ghostly heckling friend in need. The process shots have novelty value. (*March*)

### ★ TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists

Fraught with suspense and action, this drama flits up and down the scale of human experience and half around the globe before the climax. Suicide, murder, flight and pursuit are all in a day's work to Joan Bennett, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Sothern, Sidney Blackmer and Thomas Mitchell. A lively and entertaining evening. (*Feb.*)

### UP THE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

If you are not sick of prison pictures, you may find some humor in this remake (it was originally filmed eight years ago) kidding the prison system. Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher are the confidence men in stir who discover Tony Martin about to make a break for freedom. They fix things up just dandy and in addition steal the show. (*Feb.*)

### ★ WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners

Here's another American documentary film which the Warners do so well. This has the additional virtue of a good love triangle (John Payne, George Brent and Olivia de Havilland) merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. The crash and stunt sequences are fine and dandy. (*March*)

### ★ YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres both handle their jobs with sincere competency in this conventional story of a veteran physician's faith in a young intern who prefers a metropolitan hospital ward to country practice, lands in trouble when he defies a rich patient. Jo Ann Sayers (new to films) is Ayres' romance. (*Jan.*)

### ★ YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Selznick-U. A.

Introducing a giddy family which lives by its wits on other people's pocketbooks. Billie Burke is the flighty mamma; Roland Young, the upstart father; Janet Gaynor and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., brother and sister. Paulette Goddard is Doug's heart interest, Richard Carlson, Janet's. Minnie Dupree is elegant as the rich old lady who changes the family's tune. A good job. (*Jan.*)

### ★ ZAZA—Paramount

Gloria Swanson originally emoted in this meller-drammer of the woes of a French musical star who falls in love with a man who she discovers is already a husband and a father. This has been heavily censored, but the charm of Claudette Colbert and the splendid cast, headed by Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and others, make it important. (*March*)


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## Casts of Current Pictures

"AMBUSH" — PARAMOUNT. — Screen play by Laura and S. J. Perelman. Story by Albert Ray. Directed by Kurt Neuman. The Cast: *Jane Hartman*, Gladys Swarthout; *Tony Andrews*, Lloyd Nolan; *Charlie Hartman*, William Henry; *Inspector Weber*, William Frawley; *Gibbs*, Ernest Truex; *Randall*, Broderick Crawford; *Sheriff*, Rufe Davis; *Sidney Blue*, John Hartley; *Captain Gonzales*, Antonio Moreno; *Captain Bosen*, Harry Fleischmann; *Cora*, Polly Moran; *Mechanic*, Richard Denning; *Storekeeper*, Raymond Hatton; *Pop Stebbins*, Clem Bevans; *Sam Moore*, Max Hoffman, Jr.; *Bank Teller*, Archie Twitchell; *Bank Guard*, Wade Boteler; *Woman*, Jane Dewey; *Child*, Billy Lee.

"BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Doris Anderson and Paul Jarrico. Story by Edmund L. Hartman. Idea by Grace Norton and Adele Buffington. Directed by Glenn Tryon. The Cast: *Jean*, Lucille Ball; *Denny*, Patric Knowles; *Jeffrey*, Donald Woods; *Flora*, Frieda Inescort; *Gwen*, Inez Courtney; *Eve*, Leona Maricle; *Patricia*, Frances Mercer; *Peggy*, Whitney Bourne; *Cyril*, George Andre Beranger; *Jean's Secretary*, Kay Sutton; *Lois*, Ann Evers.

"BOY SLAVES"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Albert Bein and Ben Orkow. Directed by P. J. Wolfson. The Cast: *Nellie*, Anne Shirley; *Jesse Thompson*, Roger Daniel; *Tim*, James McCallion; *Miser*, Walter Ward; *Lollie*, Charles Powers; *Knuckles*, John Fitzgerald; *Tommy*, Frank Malo; *Atlas*, Paul White; *Pee Wee*, Walter Tetley; *Albee*, Charles Lane; *Graff*, Alan Baxter; *Drift Boss*, Fred Kohler, Sr.; *Sheriff*, Arthur Hohl; *Camp Cook*, Olin Howland; *Harvey*, George Breakstone; *Jesse's Mother*, Helen McKellar; *Freddie*, Jimmy Zahner; *Snob*, Charles Peck; *Small Town Judge*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Motor Cop*, Adrian Morris; *Brakeman*, William Pawley; *Truck Drivers*, Paul Guilfoyle and Rube Demarest; *Farm Woman*, Leona Robert; *Store Clerk*, Irving Bacon.

"BOY TROUBLE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Laura and S. J. Perelman. Based on a story by Lloyd Corrigan and Monte Brice. Directed by George Archainbaud. The Cast: *Homer C. Fitch*, Charles Ruggles; *Sybil Fitch*, Mary Boland; *Patricia Fitch*, Joyce Mathews; *Butch (age twelve)*, Donald O'Connor; *Joe (age six)*, Billy Lee; *Mr. Snively*, Andrew Toombs.

"CAFE SOCIETY" — PARAMOUNT. — Original story and screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The Cast: *Christopher*, Madeleine Carroll; *Chick O'Bannon*, Fred MacMurray; *Bells Browne*, Shirley Ross; *Mrs. DeWitt*, Jessie Ralph; *Old Christopher Guest*, Claude Gillingwater; *Sonny DeWitt*, Allyn Joslyn; *Prince Vladimir*, Don Alvarado.

"CODE OF THE STREETS"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Arthur T. Horman. Screen play by Arthur T. Horman and Gordon Kahn. Directed by Harold Young. The Cast: *Lieut. Lewis*, Harry Carey; *Chick Foster*, Leon Ames; *Bob Lewis*, Frankie Thomas; *Danny Shay*, James McCallion; *Tommy Shay*, Paul Fix; *Halstead*, Marc Lawrence; *River Street Kids (Little Tough Guys)*, *Sailor*, Harris Berger; *Murphy*, Hally Chester; *Monk*, Charles Duncan; *Trouble*, Wm. Benedict; *Yap*, David Gorcey.

"FISHERMAN'S WHARF" — PRINCIPAL-RKO-RADIO.—Original screen play by Bernard Schubert, Ian Hunter and Herbert Clyde Lewis. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. The Cast: *Tony*, Bobby Breen; *Carlo*, Leo Carrillo; *Beppo*, Henry Armetta; *Stella*, Lee Patrick; *Angelina*, Rosina Galli; *Rudolph*, Tommy Bupp; *Pietro*, George Humbert; *Luigi*, Leon Belasco; *Tony's Gang*, Salvatore Dimino, Leonard Kibrick, Stanton Mu, Jackie Salling, Ronnie Paige, Milo Machetti, Jr.; *Priest*, Reverend Dodd; *Slicker the Seal*, Himself.

"FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Dorothy Yost. Original story by Nathalie Bucknall and Endre Bohem. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. The Cast: *Norma Page*, Florence Rice; *Gertie Robbins*, Una Merkel; *Patricia Page*, Ann Rutherford; *Mary Forbes*, Mary Howard; *Dr. Stephen Melford*, Alan Marshal; *Robert Mailland*, Kent Taylor; *Express*, Buddy Ebsen; *Miss Tobias*, Jessie Ralph; *Miss Bennett*, Sara Haden; *Doctor Sidney*, Phillip Terry; *Doctor Phillips*, Tom Neal.

"GUNGA DIN" — RKO-RADIO. — From the poem by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. Directed by George Stevens. The Cast: *Cutter*, Cary Grant; *MacChesney*, Victor McLaglen; *Ballantine*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Emmy Stebbins*, Joan Fontaine; *Gunga Din*, Sam Jaffe; *The Master*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Colonel Weeks*, Montagu Love; *Major Mitchell*, Lumsden Hare; *Higginbotham*, Robert Coote; *Ganesha*, Abner Biberman; *Stebbins*, Cecil Kellaway; *Telegraph Operator*, Charles Bennett.

"HONOLULU" — M-G-M. — Screen play by Herbert Fields and Frank Partos. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The Cast: *Dorothy March*, Eleanor Powell; *Brooks Mason and George Smith*, Robert Young; *Joe Duffy*, George Burns; *Millie De Grasse*, Gracie Allen; *Cecelia Grayson*, Rita Johnson; *Mr. Horace Grayson*, Clarence Kolb; *Nurse*, Jo Ann Sayers; *Gale Brewster*, Ann Morriss; *Wong*, Willie Fung; *1st Detective*, Cliff Clark; *2nd Detective*, Edward Gargan; *Washington*, Eddie Anderson; *Psychiatrist*, Sig Rumann; *Eve*, Ruth Hussey; *Native Dancing Girl*, Kealoha Holt; *Jailer*, Edgar Dearing.

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood. From the Pulitzer Prize Play "Idiot's Delight" by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Clarence Brown. The Cast: *Irene*,


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"LET FREEDOM RING"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Ben Hecht. Directed by Jack Conway. The Cast: *Steve Logan*, Nelson Eddy; *Maggie Adams*, Virginia Bruce; *Chris Mulligan*, Victor McLaglen; *Thomas Logan*, Lionel Barrymore; *Jim Knox*, Edward Arnold; *David Bronson*, Guy Kibbee; *"The Mackeral,"* Charles Butterworth; *Rutledge*, H. B. Warner; *Underwood*, Raymond Walburn; *"Bumper" Jackson*, Dick Rich; *Gagan*, Trevor Bardette; *"Pop" Wilkie*, George F. Hayes; *Ned Wilkie*, Louis Jean Heydt; *"Ma" Logan*, Sarah Padden; *"Curly,"* Eddie Dunn; *Sheriff Hicks*, C. E. Anderson.

"KING OF THE TURF"—SMALL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Original screen play by George Bruce. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The Cast: *Jim Mason*, Adolphe Menjou; *Goldie*, Roger Daniel; *Mrs. Barnes*, Dolores Costello; *Mr. Barnes*, Walter Abel; *Grimes*, Alan Dinehart; *Arnold*, William Demarest; *Santelli*, Harold Huber; *Murphy*, George McKay; *Carr*, Lee M. Moore; *Bartender*, Oscar O'Shea; *First Tout*, Cliff Nazarro; *Second Tout*, George Chandler; *Taylor*, Milburn Stone; *Policeman*, Charles McAvoy; *Interne*, William Bakewell; *Coffee Pot Proprietor*, Harry Semels; *Taxi Driver*, Donald Kerr; *Pony Man*, Tommy Quinn; *Pawn Broker*, Barlow Borland; *First Trainer*, Charles Sherlock; *Second Trainer*, Eddie Chandler; *Auctioneer*, Tom Hanlon; *Groom*, Snowflake.

"LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Original from the stories of Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by Peter Godfrey. The Cast: *Lanyard*, Warren William; *Val*, Ida Lupino; *Karen*, Rita Hayworth; *Spiro*, Ralph Morgan; *Patricia*, Virginia Weidler; *Devans*, Tommy Dugan; *Palmer*, Forbes Murray; *Jenks*, Ben Weldon; *Thomas*, Don Beddoe; *Walter*, Marek Windheim.

"MADE FOR EACH OTHER"—SELZNICK-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by John Cromwell. The Cast: *Johnny*, James Stewart; *Jane*, Carole Lombard; *Judge Doolittle*, Charles Coburn; *Mrs. Mason*, Lucile Watson; *Eunice Doolittle*, Ruth Weston; *Carter*, Donald Briggs; *Higgins Twins*, Tully Marshall; *Office Boy*, Mickey Rentschler; *Beauty Shop Operator*, Ruth Warren; *1st Cook*, Esther Dale; *2nd Cook*, Renee Orsell; *3rd Cook*, Louise Beavers; *Doctor's Secretary*, Nella Walker; *Elevator Starter*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Judge*, Harlan Briggs; *Jury Foreman*, Arthur Hoyt; *Obstetrician*, Robert Strange; *Baby*, Jackie Taylor; *Blondie*, Ruth Gillette; *Waiter*, George Chandler; *Drunk*, Grady Sutton; *Dr. Healy*, Harry Davenport; *Simon*, Ivan Simpson; *Sister Madeline*, Alma Kruger; *Pathologist*, Robert Haynes; *Western Union Clerk*, Charles Lane; *Messerschmidt*, Edwin Maxwell; *Hutch*, Harry Depp; *Younger Doolittle*, Fred Fuller; *Gambler*, Stanley Ridges; *Plug Ugly*, Frank Moran; *Proprietor of Black and Tan Cafe*, Harry Tyler; *Gambling House Shill*, Paul Fix; *N. Y. Police Sergeant*, Francis Ford; *Policeman*, Grant Withers; *Hotel Clerk*, Lucien Littlefield; *N. Y. Mounted Cop*, Ed Deering; *Newark Airport Operations Mgr.*, Robert Elliott; *Radio Operator*, Irving Bacon; *Asst. Radio Operator*, Milburn Stone; *Conway*, Eddie Quillan; *Collins*, Russell Hopton; *Hatton*, Ward Bond; *Rock Springs Radio Operator*, Jack Mulhall; *Denver Radio Operator*, Gary Owen; *No. Platte Radio Operator*, Carlisle Moore; *Chicago Radio Operator*, Victor Kilian, Jr.; *N. Y. Hospital Dr.*, Harry Worth; *John Hopkins Doctor*, J. M. Sullivan; *Farmer*, Olin Howland; *Farmer's Wife*, Fern Emmett; *Nurse*, Marjorie Wood.

"MIKADO, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Operetta written by W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The Cast: *The Mikado of Japan*, John Barclay; *Nanki-Poo (His Son)*, Kenny Baker; *Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner)*, Martyn Green; *Poo-Bah (Lord High Everything Else)*, Sydney Granville; *Pish-Tush (A Noble Lord)*, Gregory Stroud; *Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Peep-Bo (Three Sisters and Wards of Ko-Ko)*, Jean Colin, Elisabeth Paynter, Kathleen Naylor; *Katisha (an elderly lady in love with Nanki-Poo)*, Constance Willis; *Chorus of Schoolgirls, Nobles, Guards and Coolies.* The Chorus of the D'Oylv Carte Opera Company.

"NANCY DREW—REPORTER"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Kenneth Gamet. Based on the "Nancy Drew" stories by Carolyn Keene. Directed by William Clemens. The Cast: *Nancy Drew*, Bonita Granville; *Carson Drew*, John Litel; *Ted Nickerson*, Frank Thomas, Jr.; *Mary Nickerson*, Mary Lee; *Miles Lambert*, Larry Williams; *Bonnie Lucas*, Sheila Bromley; *Eula Denning*, Betty Amann; *Bostwick*, Thomas Jackson; *Capt. Tweedy*, Frank Orth; *Killer Perkins*, Dickie Jones; *Effie Schneider*, Renie Riano; *Soxie Anthens*, Jack Perry; *Whitney*, Charles Halton; *Deputy Dist. Attorney*, Leonard Mudie; *Police Officer*, George Guhl; *Coroner*, William Gould; *Deputy Coroner*, Jack Mower.

"ONE THIRD OF A NATION"—ORLOB-PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Arthur Arent. Adapted by Dudley Murphy. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The Cast: *Mary Rogers*, Sylvia Sidney; *Peter Cortlant*, Leif Erikson; *Sam Moon*, Myron McCormick; *Donald Hinchley*, Hiram Sherman; *Joey Rogers*, Sidney Lumet; *Ethel Cortlant*, Muriel Hutchinson; *Arthur Mather*, Percy Waram; *Asst. District Attorney*, Otto Hulitt; *John (Butler)*, Horace Sinclair; *Myrtle*, Iris Adrian; *Mr. Rogers*, Charles Dingle; *Mrs. Rogers*, Edmonia Nolley; *Mr. Cassidy*, Hugh Cameron; *Mrs. Cassidy*, Julia Fassett; *Mr. Rosen*, Baruch Lumet; *Inspector Castle*, Byron Russell; *Building Inspector*, Robert George; *Inspector Waller*, Wayne Nunn; *Mr. Cohen (1870)*, Max Hirsch; *Mrs. Cohen (1870)*, Miriam Golding; *Min*, Bea Hendricks; *Jim*, William Pote.

"PERSONS IN HIDING"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by William R. Lipman and Horace McCoy from J. Edgar Hoover's book of the same name. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Peter Griswold*, Lynne Overman; *Dorothy Bronson*, Patricia Morison; *Freddie "Gunner" Martin*, J. Carrol Naish; *Dan Waldron*, William Henry; *Helen Griswold*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Alec Inglis*, William Frawley; *Blasé Blonde*, Judith Barrett; *Burt Nast*, William Collier, Sr.; *Madame Thompson*, May Boley; *Flagler*, Richard Stanley; *Flo*, Dorothy Howe; *Joe Buller*, John Hartley; *Ruth Devoe*, Janet Waldo; *Powder*, Richard Denning; *Ma Bronson*, Leona Roberts; *Curly*, Philip Warren; *Gordon Kingsley*, John Eldredge; *Zeke Bronson*, Richard Carle; *John Nast*, Roy Gordon; *Male Stenographer*, John Hart; *Maid*, Lillian Yarbo.

"PRIDE OF THE NAVY"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Ben Markson, Saul Elkins. Original story idea by James Webb, Joseph Hoffman. Directed by Charles Lamont. The Cast: *Speed Brennan*, James Dunn; *Gloria Tyler*, Rochelle Hudson; *Jerry Richards*, Gordon Oliver; *Gloomy Kelly*, Horace MacMahon; *Joe Falcon*, Gordon Jones; *Mrs. Falcon*, Charlotte Wynters; *Brad Foster*, Joseph Crehan; *Capt. Tyler*, Charles Trowbridge.

"SON OF FRANKENSTEIN"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Willis Cooper. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The Cast: *Baron Wolf von Frankenstein*, Basil Rathbone; *The Monster*, Boris Karloff; *Ygor, the Shepherd*, Bela Lugosi; *Elsa von Frankenstein*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Inspector Krogh*, Lionel Atwill; *Peter von Frankenstein*, Donnie Dunagan.

"ST. LOUIS BLUES"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by John C. Moffitt and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Additional dialogue by Virginia Van Upp. Based on an adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan of a story by Eleanore Griffin and William Rankin. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The Cast: *Dave Guerney*, Lloyd Nolan; *Norma Malone*, Dorothy Lamour; *Aunt Tibbie*, Jessie Ralph; *Ivar De Brett*, Jerome Cowan; *San Ramos*, Tito Guizar; *Ida*, Maxine Sullivan; *Major Martingale*, William Frawley; *Punkins*, Mary Parker; *The Band*, Matty Malneck and his Boys; *Sheriff*, Victor Kilian; *Mr. Hovey*, Walter Soderling; *Shorty*, Cliff Nazarro; *Mrs. Hovey*, Virginia Howell; *The King's Men*, Grafton Lynn, Rad Robinson, Jon Dodson.

"STAGECOACH"—WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Story by Ernest Haycox. (Collier's story "Stage to Lordsburg.") Directed by John Ford. The Cast: *Dallas*, Claire Trevor; *Buck*, Andy Devine; *Ringo Kid*, John Wayne; *Doc Boone*, Thomas Mitchell; *Curly Wilcox*, George Bancroft; *Gatewood*, Berton Churchill; *Chris*, Chris Martin; *Capt. Whitney*, Cornelius Keefe; *Billy Pickett*, Francis Ford; *Billy, Jr.*, Kent Odell; *Capt. Sickel*, Walter McGrail; *Indian Scout*, Chief Big Tree; *Mrs. Gatewood*, Berendo Fowler; *Sheriff*, Lou Mason; *Hatfield*, John Carradine; *Lucy Mallory*, Louise Platt; *Lieut. Blanchard*, Tim Holt; *Peacock*, Donald Meek; *Chris' Wife*, Elvira Rios; *Mrs. Whitney*, Florence Lake; *Mrs. Pickett*, Marga Ann Daighton; *Cavalry Scout*, Yakima Canutt; *Telegrapher*, Harry Tenbrook; *Express Agent*, Paul McVey; *Bartender*, Jack Pennick; *Boone's Landlady*, Nora Cecil.

"TAIL SPIN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Frank Wead. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The Cast: *Trixie Lee*, Alice Faye; *Gerry Lester*, Constance Bennett; *Lois Allen*, Nancy Kelly; *Babe Dugan*, Joan Davis; *Bud*, Charles Farrell; *Alabama*, Jane Wyman; *Dick (Tex) Price*, Kane Richmond; *Chick*, Wally Vernon; *Sunny*, Joan Valerie; *Speed Allen*, Edward Norris; *Al Moore*, J. Anthony Hughes; *T. P. Lester*, Harry Davenport; *Mrs. Lee*, Mary Gordon; *Cafe Manager*, Harry Rosenthal; *Storekeeper*, Irving Bacon; *Announcer*, Sam Hayes.

"THREE MUSKETEERS, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by M. M. Musselman, William A. Drake and Sam Hellman. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: *D'Artagnan*, Don Ameche; *Three Lackeys*, Ritz Brothers; *Queen*, Gloria Stuart; *Lady Constance*, Pauline Moore; *Milady De Winter*, Binnie Barnes; *King*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Naveau*, John Carradine; *De Rochefort*, Lionel Atwill; *Cardinal Richelieu*, Miles Mander; *Athos*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Aramis*, John King; *Porthos*, Russell Hicks; *Vitroy*, Gregory Gaye; *Duke of Buckingham*, Lester Matthews; *Landlord*, Egon Brecher; *Bailiff*, Moroni Olsen; *Ship Captain*, Montague Shaw; *Guards*, Jean Parry, Fredrik Vogeding; *Captain Fageon*, Georges Renavent.

"WOMAN DOCTOR"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Joseph Moncure March. Original story by Alice Altschuler and Miriam Geiger. Directed by Sidney Salkow. The Cast: *Judith*, Frieda Inescourt; *Allan*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Gail*, Claire Dodd; *Elsa*, Sybil Jason; *Fanny*, Cora Witherspoon; *Dr. Mathews*, Frank Reicher; *Dr. Martin*, Gus Glassmire; *Johnny*, Dickie Jones; *Louise*, Joan Howard; *Veterinarian*, Spencer Charters; *Miss Crenshaw*, Virginia Brissac; *Moxie*, Rex.

"YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Casey Robinson. From the stage play by Mark Reed. Directed by William Keighley. The Cast: *Ellen Murray*, Priscilla Lane; *Douglas Hall*, Jeffrey Lynn; *Titus Jaywood*, Roland Young; *Ann Murray*, Fay Bainter; *"Granny" Whitman*, May Robson; *Connie Nevins*, Genevieve Tobin; *Lewis Murray*, Ian Hunter; *Sergeant Murphy*, Robert Homans; *Police Officer*, Edward Gargan; *Angus Dibble*, Spencer Charters; *Martha*, Lottie Williams.

"YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Don Ryan, Kenneth Gamet and Robert Buckner. From a story by Warden Lawes. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The Cast: *Frank Wilson*, Humphrey Bogart; *Madge Stone*, Gale Page; *Johnnie Stone*, Billy Halop; *Attorney Carey*, John Litel; *"Pop,"* Henry Travers; *Fred Burke*, Harvey Stephens; *Scappa*, Harold Huber; *"Red,"* Joe Sawyer; *"Smitty,"* Joe Downing; *"Toad,"* George E. Stone; *Principal Keeper*, Joseph King; *Warden*, Joseph Crehan; *Gas Station Attendant*, John Ridgely; *District Attorney*, Herbert Rawlinson.


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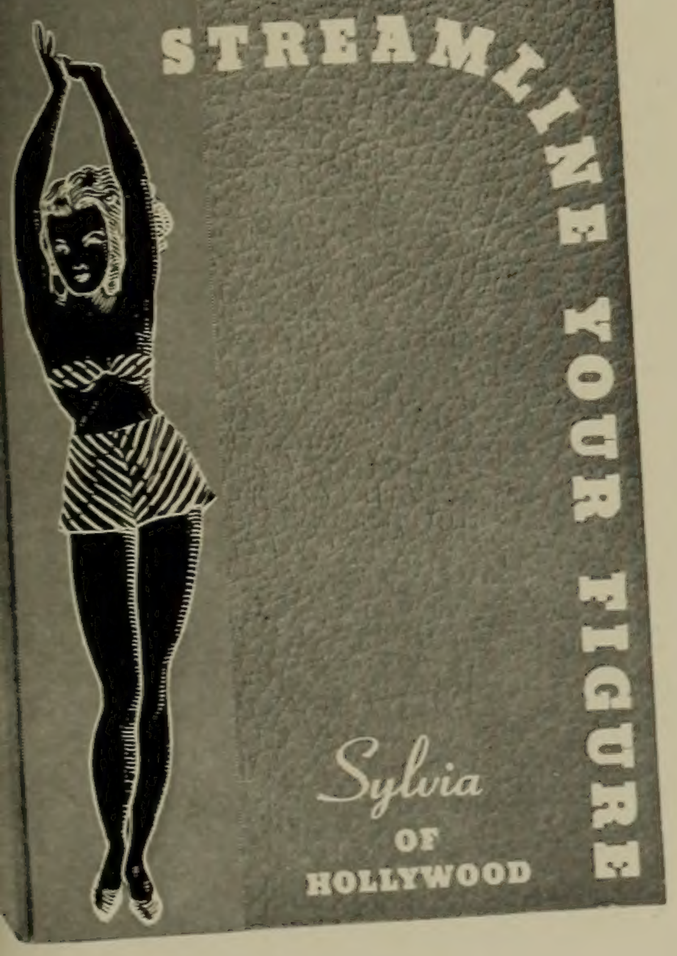













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gy Calves and Ankles
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ducing the Bust
ingy and Saggy Bosoms
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